Smoldering Flames

A. PALMER GOETZINGER

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ADVENTURES AND EMOTIONS OF A FLAPPER

By

CLARA PALMER GOETZINGER

with illustrations by
GLENN SHEFFER

CHICAGO

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TO my little Flapper Friend
who regaled me with the
high lights of this tale.
C. P. G.

NAN LIVINGSTONE!

Smoldering Flames

My name's NAN LIVINGSTONE.

Something exciting is always happening in my young life. In a few days—FLUEY!—only hazy memories. Then I kick myself. SO, I'm going to keep a Diary, and write the TRUTH. THAT'LL be as hard a job as any "yes, Ma'am" girl wants to tackle, let alone one who is a bit nicked.

TAKE NOTICE!

ALL YE PRYING DRESSER-DRAWER INSPECTORS:

In case you snoop in my personal belongings and FORGET to return THIS, please remember that I'm not writing for QUIZZES but for NANZES—not writing for the benefit of KATS, but just MYSELF and POSTERITY if I live that long. Am starting this Diary during the merry-go-round time of my life—not quite seventeen. And finally, that is not an EXCUSE for anything I may write, but rather a darn good and interesting REASON.

THAT'S about all for YOU!

* * * * * * * *

Shouldn't begin this explosion just before luncheon, for I feel much like an unfed panther looks,—my eyes are blue-green and wild, and my jaws have an urge to crunch the first poor nut who irritates me. But there's an awful itch and feverish yen to purple-ink all over these pages. I know there has to be a beginning, just like there was with delirious Mother Eve,—and certainly she started an everlasting series of mystery stories. As a beginning, I'm going to transfer some of my hunger by "institooting" this private Diary.

Every girl has a talent or two hidden away in her brain-box. So far I've sensed several, but oodles of dates and the necessity for a good memory has about taxed me to capacity.

Resolutions often prove fierce revolutions; which means I'm occasionally hurdled into wall-eyed insomnia trying to escape self-made promises. Right now my secret motto is:

KEEP CALM, ACT NEUTER, BUT LOOK PASSIONATE!

Am not offering any mother's-lambkin alibis for anything I may write in this convulsion, because this is to be the only court on earth to know what truly happens between party of the first part and party of the second. Also, whatever ails me will be gloriously evident on the surface, and won't require the family doctor for diagnosis.

Might start this Diary by declaring that I'm an UN-understood daughter. But that would paint me a poor sport. Mother's given me pal-like tips in advance. She has the wisdom of ages, when it comes to translating my delsarte and emotes. Indeed, it strains my utmost genius to participate in the numerous parties, an' ever'thing, yet not return home to the accompaniment of milk wagons. I dasn't introduce mother to Gin Breath, or the Morning Sun.

I trip a mean pair of footens when the hypotizin' sax moans me and Boy-Friend into Blissland. But late trains, punctured tires, broken-down bridges, or an over-dose of anything fails to register with mother. She says little—but her expression is far from Greek.

Theresa is playing the hall-chimes, announcing luncheon. Welcome melody, sayeth my longing tummy! I'm grateful Theresa plays the chimes—she stutters.

More Anon.

* * * * * * * * *

SIMPLE CONFESSIONS!

Diary, don't you like KAT commenced with a K?

I DO—it MEWS plainer.

Phonetical spelling would make life much easier for me—and for a lot of other bum spellers.

It must have been painful for MRS. Webster to have lived with so perfect a speller. She couldn't get anything on that wise bird—not even the last word.

Most wives change their husbands a whole lot. But it's evident Noah spelled as he pleased—and the world followed suit. (Follow, follow, I will follow Webby! Forgive me!)

Whether or not I like Mr. Webster, I'll be able to read my own Diary without an interpreter.

The best method of being relieved of the boresome things like correct spelling, is to jump on the scales and get a weigh. WOW!

* * * * * * * *

SKITS AND SKELETONS!

Not having to earn my living—being in the set that laps up its manicured ease—a member of a proud old family—guess I'm the only freak in it.

I'm eternally hunting for, or making thrills—if I don't unexpectedly fall into them.

Sixteen years and ten months old—truly there's an ancient feel about me. Yet, I'm neither better nor worse than most flappers my age. BUT, I AM DIFFERENT!

Live Wire should be my middle name, for I'm a shock to my relatives, and death on KATS.

I smoke; take a nip when I think the party needs it, or I do; adore wild experiences; dance every minute I get a chance; and pet when or where I sense the fever rising.

I dislike chaperoned parties, but know from experience that any party not in need of some kind of a chaperon is plain BLAH.

Far from being ruined, I'm only a bit chipped around the edges, but not so the old kittens have anything to gossip about. Secretly, being somewhat of a KAT myself, I know how much I dare let the old dears find out. At that, they're some stealthy prowlers.

* * * * * * * *

(More money than brains.)

MY IDEA OF THE FAMILY "COAT-OF-ARMS".

Those who love me call me "Nanny."

My sorority pals call me "Nan."

Buddy calls me "Sis."

When mother desires to create an impression, she says "Nanett" in tones no one misunderstands.

* * * * * * * *

The Livingstone family is one of the oldest in the country, with an astonishing tree whose roots and branches are oozy with money, blue-blood, and history. (Good or bad, it's' heavy on the history—I'm making some of it.)

* * * * * * * *

We have two Coats-of-Arms.

When father was alive his democracy was so United States that the "Coats" remained hidden among the mothballs, and were only aired during the time he was gone on extended trips.

Since Dad's death, things have changed with the speed of a bullet. Now mother splashes both family "Coats"—Grandfather Bournique's and Grandfather Livingstone's.

Mother's maiden name was Bournique. Her ancesters had heaps to do with Paris, Bordeaux, and thrilling French history, oodles of which never reached pen and ink—something that's not going to happen in this generation.

Dad's father, Grandfather Livingstone, was born in New York state, but lived most of his life in Virginia. He was descended from a long line of nincompoops from England.

Mother engaged a so-called "Specialist" to combine the two family "Coats." Now the horse, shield, and spears of the Bourniques, are all mixed up with horn, book, quill, crown, and something which looks like a totem pole, of the Livingstones. Unless Mother corrals a certain nifty traffic cop, it is likely she will continue to cover her door-knockers, linens, and stationery with this two-family combination which Dad said many a time: "is all Tom-fool-trumpery—best left where it started—and not suited to the U. S. A."

I think airing dead bones on one's family Coat-of-Arms, is much like the newly rich wearing diamonds in the morning, hanging their orientals on the clothes-line, or looking thru lorgnettes with that Ritzy air which plainly says: "I'm a grunting pig on a plush cushion."

Unless they've been assigned to a mighty hot location, most of our worm-eaten forefathers must fairly twist double with mingled scorn and amusement when they learn that their old "Coats" are being displayed by Zoo performers.

Snob scenes are generally staged by the newly rich, but occasionally the regulars get the disease, too.

I miss Dad awfully. When I was thirteen he dropped dead from heart failure. At that time he was President of the First National Bank of Turner, Virginia.

When we moved away from Turner, three years ago, it had a population of fifteen thousand. Everybody knew everybody. It tickled mother pink that we were known as:

"THE LIVINGSTONES OF VIRGINIA."

I attended the public school because Dad insisted it was the public's deposits which created the interest and profits upon which we lived, and he had to encourage public utilities and institutions. Mother was all for private tutorage, but Dad just wisely smiled and ordered my grammar schooling continued among the "mongrel tribes", as mother still calls the children of my Turner public school days.

It took about a year to settle the Livingstone estate and sell our glorious old home, so we could move away "where styles change more than twice in a lifetime, and people don't spend their Sunday afternoons strolling in the cemetery reading the inscriptions on the headstones." (Them's mother's own woids.)

Now we live on Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, in one of the most expensive and exclusive "apotments", where on every floor the private front entrance to each separate apartment is ornamented with some ornery "Coat" on a fancy-doodle door-knocker which plainly explains and exclaims: "altho we have heaps more money than brains, the bones of our dead rattle with honors."

You should hear mother say "mawhning" for morning, "apotment" and "nevvah"—it's delicious! She's long since become a humdinger on the Italian "A", and airing the musty old family "Coats".

"Prudence" is the name Buddy and I call mother. At first she thought it disrespectful,—sort of resented the familiarity, much like a stubborn mare with the heaves resents being forced into harness. After many explanations, mother finally understood that we loved her all the more when we could treat her like a pal and not a pick. Now "Prudence" claims our pet-name makes her feel younger, and she listens for it.

Here's a sample of mother's daily program:

Until about nine-thirty the early mornings are always given over to sleep.

From about nine-thirty until eleven, she revels in the company of masseurs, hair-dressers, and skin-rejuvenators—especially the latter.

Every day, any time between eleven-thirty A. M. and one P. M. mother has a luncheon appointment either in our own "apotment" or at one of the smart clubs, hotels, or shops, where the Italian "A", "my deah", and delicious gossip have a thrilling exchange of experiences.

During the afternoons mother thrives on the companionships of want-to-bes, hangers-on, has-beens, the clever, dumb, idle-rich, the active snobs, the talented, women's clubs, bridge parties, charity affairs, matinees, afternoon teas, and special meetings.

Mother's evenings are generally spent attending either brilliant or dull receptions in the company of those who admire her among both sexes. Some of them may not admire her as much as they want to "stand in" with her, and be seen in her company, but they are THERE like flies around honey.

Some of the rejuvenated darlings are plainly jealous of mother's youthful appearance. A few envy her so much money, and wish she'd lose it. (Women are often generous that way.) Others are HUMAN souls and have enough talent or coin of their own to waddle without crutches.

There's a funny, if not great, assortment among the attractions in Prudence's set. Besides two millionaires, several educators, the truly born-cultured, and the almost-truly, there may be found bankers and near bankers, musicians, artists, merchants, actors, pawn brokers, Navy Officers, importers (some of booze), two or three bond salesmen, one floor-walker, and other necessary dancers of the floor-walker type who have acquired society manners, who make excellent partners and fillers (frequently the latter).

I have discovered a few wits among the males (and near-wits) who are sons of the powerful and rich.

There are several clever, smart girls—old, young and of doubtful ages; also a few troubled with nerves and adenoids —the latter, for the most part, dumb daughters of ambitious mamas.

In addition, there are the lounge campers; dance hounds; after-dinner speakers and professional funny men; PET fanciers of several varieties; bridge fiends; ukelele strummers; classical dancers, and those of the shredded wheat

THEY ARE IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER.

kind; asthmatic saxophone moaners; gold-diggers — some cunnin' and babyish, others more visibly talented. There are several real beauties—some cruel, a few merciful. I musn't forget the chronic talkers, such as talk about their operations and financial losses; freaks and near-freaks; one or two excellent doctors, and an eligible dentist; a few lawyers who have proven expensive luxuries; ministers and other smooth liars like real estate brokers and mining stock salesmen; Army Officers—and those who never went across the pond, but who knew vastly better than General Pershing how to run the fireworks; movie celebrities; fourflushers; a golf champion and a foot-ball hero; those who are sitting pretty, and those who are hanging on a limb—are all more or less among the wealthy and mother's set.

No matter what their "Coat", height, or shape, each one seems to serve a purpose.

Worse, and more of it—someone thinks each specimen is near-perfect and loves IT.

Love is sort of a disease. I break out regularly.

This is the year 1922, during which time, and a few more years, I intend to keep a diary of not only MY whizzy epidemics, but many of the doings pertaining to the family.

From now on, I'll break a leg trying to win a race against Fibs; he's the worst enemy a Diary encounters.

SOME JOB!

Here's "taking it straight" that I'll stick!

My Diary is a one-girl opinion—but I'll try not to be too catty. Anyhow, no one is supposed to read it but myself, so I can write a peck of stuff that I would't dare express, and get it all out of my system.

TAPS!

* * * * * * * *

NEXT

Here's where I tampa with Dame Gossip! Not Florida, either!

We've lived in Chicago since I was fourteen, exactly two years and ten months at the same address. Mother is so particular that she has hired and fired eleven servants in that time. I never know what kind of a Hottentot is going to open my door and announce breakfast.

The last maid, Theresa, has been with us four months, and the butler, Parker, but two. They are in love with each other—possibly that accounts for their remaining so long.

SOME STUNNING WIDOW!

Theresa stutters, and her upper lip wiggles like the upper lip and nose of a rabbit before she can get a sentence well started.

Parker has a cauliflower ear, his neck comes out even with his jaws, and his eyes are popped.

These two have nothing on each other for beauty.

I get a kick every time I hear the one, or see a sideview of the other. I hope neither one ever reads this.

If Theresa and Parker marry, their kids will look like wall-eyed pike. And won't they chatter?

When Theresa once gets started, Parker uses the sign langauge, and waits for the spell to subside, as Tennyson's Brook has nothing on her.

I'm glad Parker serves with his hands and not his looks.

Just as I'm grateful that Theresa's delicious chocolate layer cake can't stutter and chatter, but it's THERE, and melts in my mouth like butter before the sun.

I'm not too skinny, but just "slender." I can eat fattening stuff by the pound, while many of the other girls moan with jealousy just looking at me.

So far, I've made Prudence appear like an upstage Tartar. 'T aint so. She's a darb, and has a wonderful bump of understanding. I can be quite truthful to her most of the time.

I've discovered that flattery is mother's susceptible spot, so plaster it freely on occasions and save myself many a deserved lecture.

Mother makes SOME STUNNING WIDOW!

And does that little widow know how to vamp? Why, she just socks 'em into heavenly unconsciousness.

So far, Prudence has tried to hide her successful brands for "lookin' 'em over" and "enticin' the beasts", but she didn't count on her ch-e-i-l-d having plenty-plots of her own. I'm of her sex, and all of Prudence's tricks have originated from flapper epidemics, and I recognize 'em.

We're all mother Eve's devoted followers!

Think that one pretty widow can speak the Garden-of-Eden language without the flappers translating it with ease? Can't be DID!

Bless her!

Prudence is a peach, and a WINNER!

* * * * * * * *

The first two years in Chicago I had a private tutor by the name of Adolphus Magnus Laugenslager, who gave

me stupidly intensive instruction. (I almost choke when I try to pronounce that P.H.D.'s handicap.) Most of the time I was his despair. I disliked the subjects he taught me, excepting French and History.

To read his name, you'd think him fat as a hunk o' pork—a German brewer. Guess again. This brain-developer's hair was greasy and stringy—his face long and sallow—fingers gaunt like a skeleton—and secretly he was my mind-picture of lean, half-fed Uriah Heap, and about as thrilling.

The Potter fell short of inspiration before he was half through with that flat-foot—yet Uriah had so many university degrees that I often wondered where he stored 'em.

Had Dad lived, I would have attended public High School with the "mongrel tribes." Eventually I would have gone to some woman's college and perhaps been ground out a credit to the family "Coats"—at least in athletics, the Arts, horsemanship, languages, and history.

Prudence doesn't like to see girls doing sports in competition with boys—but I DO—particularly swimming.

As it is, I, Nan, am the usual upper-crust flapper with wealth and society as my steady diet.

Talents I might have cultivated, and athletic inclinations, are all relegated to the ash can. Instead, I'm dippy perfecting the snob habits and dizzy routine of my class at large—the class which glories in and flaunts musty old "Coats"; the class which receptions, dinners, theaters, and dances most every night, during which time they're filling up on rarebits, caviar, and other nightmares; the class which crawls out of bed about 9 A. M., like bloodless, rain-soaked worms, and gulps down a dose of bromo, a soda, or a nip, and returns to bed to let the stimulant have the necessary results; the class which, most of the time, partakes of its breakfast in bed, and rises about eleven o'clock to be bathed, massaged, and rejuvenated; the class which repeats this sort of intoxicating life day after day, and night after night.

The worst part of it all is I wouldn't admit this in person—secretly I sort of sense its dangers—but out of it I get my greatest thrills. So, I, Nan, have learned to like this life—nay, little one, I PREFER IT.

I'm too lazy or indifferent to do anything minus a KICK.

I'll race like a wild pup to give some affair or attend one, with excitement or thrills.

Scientific lectures or books on psychoanalysis give me a pain.

Yes, I'm LAZY!

BUT: My laziness must be qualified: I'm lazy when INDIFFERENT, but peppier than PEP when there's a KICK in it.

I don't give a hang about deader-than-dead pre-historic animals, or worry whether or not I'll meet them hereafter.

I like the "World's History" because it still lives in exciting descriptions, and has plenty plots, kicks and action.

I adore perpetual GO.

Constant changes fire me with a priceless, tingling sensation, that is the beginning of glorious excitement.

Decoration Day wouldn't be Decoration Day without a parade—but I wouldn't use the energy to MARCH in a parade—takes too much of that hidden GO which I must use for more modern stunts—stunts with a punch and thrill.

Which reminds me: I wish it were the LAW to cremate the dead. The weeps would be over sooner, and sentimental widows would be more quickly on the still hunt for new husbands. (It might work either way.)

I think EVERYBODY needs a mate—a pal—or a boy or girl friend. They're pests part of the time—but like as not they're often HANDY.

What would the dead care or know about it, anyway?

Cut out the gruesome cemeteries, and most of society's DON'TS, and then we would hear and see NEWS. SPICY NEWS!

TAPS!

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ANOTHER SPURT!

Men and women of mother's age, and older, seem to take everything for granted—sort of lost snap. They receive their invitations with a shrug or a grunt, and wonder who'll be there and what they'll wear.

Flappers and cubs are more nutty about just GOING. We're immediately on our toes about the invitation—not only who'll be there, but with whom WE'LL go—not so much what the others will wear, as what WE'LL wear—afraid we'll miss one of the many thrills which each party always gives.

That may be one of the diseases of youth, but it's not without its feverish sport.

I said this Diary was to be TRUE and 'TIS.

OH, BOY!

SOME JOB!

Every time I take up my pen, my impulse is to paint myself less limp—less crazy—less lazy. Sweet as it may read in the years to come, it just can't be DID.

I've cheated in nearly everything else—I'm going to play square with THIS.

* * * * * * * *

A MILD HEMORRHAGE!

Most of the time my blood tingles and my brain burns with excitement as I am stimulated with the intoxicating changes events bring to me. Every day, and every night, SOMETHING NEW.

It is glorious to go! Go! GO!

When it is over I am limp—exhausted mentally and physically—like an old girl of twenty-five, or a very old one of fifty. I know my weariness is caused by NOTHING TRULY WORTH WHILE, but while excitement LASTS it's THRILLING.

The instant I open my sleepy eyes and realize the beginning of a new day, I'm once more ready to drink my bromo—jump under the falls—and don the war paint for another day or night of GO.

THIS IS THE LIFE, and too glorious to trade my chances for that of a tame settlement worker, or an out-of-date missionary.

(Most of the missionaries dress as tho their clothes had been shot at them from the battle of Bunker Hill.)

What does the settlement worker get out of life, anyway? Mostly somebody's discards, and promises that are seldom kept.

I'm a flapper but ONCE—and that NOT FOR LONG, so doing for others ALL of the time has its shivering limitations.

Right now, if I had the opportunity to trade my home, social position, allowance, sorority pals and others of my set, for the chance of converting a thousand heathen, or being in the shoes of the minister's popular daughter, or the honored assistant at the Hull House, I'd run like a panther for fear I'd be silly enough to accept such a job in a moment of hysterics.

WOULD I RUN?

I'll tell the foreigners they'd never get a chance to pick on me!

Settlement workers receive MENTAL PAY—mental satisfaction—heaps of weeps—and plenty of kicks of the wrong

kind from those they try to help; exactly as they meet a bunch of flatterers and fourflushers, social climbers and hypocrites for friends. I've heard Prudence rave about it all a dozen times, and listened to Peggy (our minister's daughter) explain the hardships and discouraging conditions, until I'm mighty glad I'm NAN.

MENTAL PAY doesn't buy you stunning gowns and give you the feeling of looking LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS most of the time.

Mental Pay MAY have its lure, but it does NOT draw wealthy and eligible men around you, any one of whom is liable to make mad love if you play the game cleverly—ask you to costly and thrilling affairs—and jealously show they're crazy about you.

I LIKE a certain mad love—it's SPIFFY—makes me feel important—PREFERRED.

Mental satisfaction is a peculiar sensation—sort of spiritual hysteria—once in a while I have that, too—perhaps not in the same way as the missionary, the minister's daughter, or the settlement worker has it, but I have a mild case occasionally.

What is the settlement worker's REAL satisfaction if she has to cater to the generosity of the rich ALL OF THE TIME, in order to meet the upkeep—if she has to receive ALMS in order to clothe herself and the foreigners—if she has to BEG to LIVE?

BAH!

ISH!

None of the begging stuff in mine! People run from you like they would from an epidemic.

I want the foreigners (Chinese and WHAT) to have the opportunities they need so they can help themselves (which THEY ALWAYS DO); BUT, I'd rather donate the cash to help them, and associate with MY set than theirs.

Which reminds me: I've never seen any foreigner (by that I mean those NOT speaking English) from whom I could get one-hundredth part of the thrill HELPING, that I can just LOOKING at some sweet shop girl who has the pride to keep her teeth, neck, and ears clean, the manner and air of somebody's million-dollar baby, and the yen to BE somebody—or SOMEBODY'S SOMEBODY. I just adore such a girl for her honest ATTEMPT.

I, Nan, don't want the job of nurse-girl to ANYBODY, especially the CHINESE AND WHAT.

I'm not a selfish, bad girl (no matter how this reads), just because I'm off settlement work for life.

Simply expressed my HONEST OPINION, and I don't like ANYTHING which resembles being HYPHENATED.

(Perhaps we flappers are not so dumb as we look; but the has-beens don't give us credit for an ordinary THINK.)

I can't see a darn thing in hysterial MENTAL PAY.

ONLY the thing you pay oodles of cash for is the thing you VALUE.

By the time I finished the World's History, Civil Government, and some city POLITICS, I decided we had a sloppy mess to straighten out right here on the home-plate.

Also EVERY NATION FOR ITSELF ON NATIVE SOIL.

AFTER the immigrant is physically, educationally and financially able to TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF, THEN let him TRAVEL.

That's only my (MY) opinion. MEBBE my LIMITATION.

I may be miles off the right track, but—cheap labor—many strikes—gang murders—transferred cooties—concludes the end of a PERFECT DAY for me.

We've thousands and thousands of ENGLISH speaking men, women and children who need education and assistance —PERHAPS not as much as the Chinese and WHAT, but —MEBBE.

Once I was told by Prudence that inasmuch as my sentiments couldn't very well be senile, they must be infantile—at any rate, I was more or less a flapping bolshevik. HUMP!

EVERY FELLOW TO HIS TASTE—and mine does NOT run toward playing Buttinski and sending missionaries where they're NOT wanted.

I love my set.

I love heaps of their goodness, and much of their badness, and wouldn't trade or leave it for WORLDS—because—BECAUSE I ADORE beautiful clothes, manicured fingernails (on a woman), appropriate hair-dress, and the constant change and excitement in society,—everything but a snobby Coat-of-Arms.

I may die young, but while here I'll LIVE.

I'd rather die at thirty and have LIVED, than to EXIST until I was sixty and be a MISSIONARY.

ROT?

MEBBE!

I KNOW it reads like goose-flesh, but I promised only TRUTH in this. So, "them's my sentiments".

I COULD spend every cent I could get my hands on, and right now I DO spend my entire allowance, and work mother

for more—BUT I'd love to sacrifice and freely SHARE my personal income (left to me by Dad) with some girl from a clean, poor home, who had been given a little start, showed talent for finer things, and was just instinctively bright.

THAT, to me, WOULD be real MENTAL PAY; but she'd have to be a U. S. A.

I might teach her a few things not according to Plato, but if the right stuff were bred in her bones, she'd know when and where to stop.

I KNOW where to stop, but—

She'd contract "apotment" and "nevvah" in no time, and all the other "twicks," including hunting among the dead bones of her ancestors for a fancy "Coat."

I like some things not according to the Scriptures, but I'm not bad, and bear a fine name. Am not parking my weaknesses in a balloon and sending it up for the KATS to use as a target. There's a loving heart in me and PLENTY —but be assured NOT FOR CHINAMEN AND WHAT.

Some hemorrhage for sixteen years and ten months?

Oh, not so worse!

I'll learn!

* * * * * * * *

CHILLS!

I shiver at what I MIGHT have been born into had the Potter chosen to give me to a poor family.

I'd hate to live to almost seventeen years of age and possess my present yen for beautiful clothes, and at the same time be desperately poor but proud.

Under such circumstances, if I didn't become an expert gold-digger, smug and proper, I know I'd STEAL and prove to the world that it's clothes, CLOTHES, and more CLOTHES and how she wears them, that FIRST makes a girl attractive, THEN GIVES HER A WELCOME THAT SHE'D NEVER GET WITHOUT THE CLOTHES. After that, it's the girl's personality and her ability to HOLD her admirers.

The freedom of these last ten months has completely spoiled me for sewing on any poor man's buttons.

It's a blessing that the Livingstone family has plenty of this world's goods, and that I, Nan, am not obliged to do tame, blah, dusty, domestic work. I'd loathe my job—MEBBE WORSE.

* * * * * * * *

A BIT OF GOSSIP!

Judy's joyous daily merry-go-round!

In my set there is one particularly popular and very attractive girl (Judy Von Hemmingway) whose famliy has an expressively painful "Coat." She is exceedingly proud, and equally poor. Judy washes the dishes, sweeps and dusts the house, and does most of the cooking for her invalid mother.

Judy's brother has several degrees after his illustrious family name, and is a Professor at the Latin School on the Drive. He has supported the little family of three ever since the father committed suicide, shortly after losing his entire fortune.

Although Judy doesn't tell the other girls how humiliating some of her duties are, I KNOW how wearisome it must become to make over and dye clothes season after season in order to appear chic (as she always does—she's a genius). Judy is proud—hides her disappointments—and frequently refuses a lift even from me, her chum. She always remodels and dyes any gown I give her before she'll wear it.

Judy's case is just one of thousands—most of them I'll never hear about, or even know remotely. It's a most distressing situation—this business of being poor—AND proud, especially for a girl.

Which brings to my LACKING THINK the thought that a Professor's salary is darn little—almost an insult to obtaining "degrees"—so much so that I secretly wonder if it's not more satisfying, yes, THRILLING, to be a free and merry GOLF champion, than a champion of LANGUAGES. At least, there's vastly more honors, more sport, and a heap more THRILLS.

BESIDES: Some rich widow might want to marry the GOLF champion, and pay well for the opportunity—but she'd never give the tame Professor a second glance. TOOT!

* * * * * * * *

NEXT

A thought!

I get 'em occasionally!

When a baby girl comes to the home of poor parents, in all probability she arrives uninvited—the family remain poor—and she continues right along thru her flapper days UNINVITED, simply because she can't make the grade.

What does the average girl get out of her flapper days unless she has money? Not much more than the eternal "don't," and constant disappointments—to say nothing of her punctured dreams, and always criticized longings.

GEE! It certainly is HELL to be POOR!

By the time they are twenty, most poor girls marry; then it's babies and diaper washing in addition to the other fetching slavery—all free star features of keeping up a poor and hungry man's paradise. PIGS and PIES! LA, LA! VER' NIZE DREAM! OUCH!

* * * * * * * *

I love to cuddle up on my chaise lounge, read over what I have written, dream heaps, and smoke my favorites.

* * * * * * * *

A PUNCTURED IDEAL!

Once, for almost two weeks, Uriah Heap had me trot around with Prudence to the Settlements to study "How Other People Live." If I had any mad idea that training foreigners was an appetizing job—I lost it that spell.

Even if I never experience poverty, all the observation in the world is not FIRST HAND, and I'll never truly KNOW the humiliation and regret there must be in being desperately poor. That's why I feel if our family ever assists anyone out of the rut, it ought to be the growing girl, just entering her FLAPPER days, and one who can speak English, PLEASE. I'd get the girl's angle better.

One of the slit-mouthed instructors at the U. Settlement confided to me that girls who never had anything seldom craved the finer things of life.

That set-jaw never was a girl—she just LOOKED that way.

The old she-chill reminds me of a piece of cracked ice—slippery enough, but too cold to munch, and too small to do any good. She's too heartless to "get" the cravings of ANY girl, and too shrimpy to care.

I "got" the hungry expressions of the girls—their admiration and suppressed yearning as they looked at mother's gorgeous sable coat, her nifty suit, appropriate oxfords, and her soft, velvety hands. It made me almost sick to my tummy as I interpreted the longing and dreaming in their eyes.

I saw many more sights, too—more than I care to recall, which made me feel grateful to have been born in MY home

I love to cuddle up on my chaise lounge, read over what I have written, dream heaps, and smoke my favorites.

of MY parents, rather than theirs.

When we motored away, there were, pressed against the first floor window panes, several flat, little noses and foreheads of the smaller children—all dreaming of the day when they, too, would be old enough and rich enough to own a real motor.

On the second floor, hidden behind the thin mull curtains (but not hidden from me) were several of the girls my age—"dangerous age," the she-owl confided to mother— whose only society is what they make and get right there in the Settlement.

When they return to their homes (or what they call homes), it's generally to a drunken father, or NO father, possibly a dope-fiend mother, or a bunch of dirty kids.

Perhaps the girls are "on their own"—which means they share a hall bedroom with some other girl in like circumstances, and both work in the same factory or packing plant, spending their free hours "having a fine time" in the Settlement.

IT WAS HORRIBLE!—And those girls MY age are in my mind frequently. Wish I were my own boss. I'd give away all my personal income, just making them happy. Perhaps that would be a foolish thing—but POVERTY holds such horror for me.

I can picture the pitiful forms as they strained their eyes to see thru the mull curtains trying to get a last view of "the rich lady and her lucky daughter" as we motored away.

I'll never voice it again—don't want Prudence to say my ideas are Bolshevik or infantile—but just this once I positively must explode:

THAT: Other nations should keep their OWN at home UNTIL they are FIT and ABLE to mix with the rest of the world.

THEN: There wouldn't be the necessity for so many settlements, clinics, and so much deformity over HERE. Neither would we have poverty among the FOREIGNERS that we do NOW.

ALSO: We COULD and WOULD give time to OUR OWN; perhaps have just CAUSE to feel we ARE greater than other nations; and PRACTICALLY and not HYSTERICALLY generous.

Well, I suppose, because I've had a LITTLE of this stuff drilled into my brain-cells by Uriah Heap, that between a small amount of knowledge, and far less experience, I am

nothing more than a FLAPPING NUT—but at least I DO THINK, in spite of the KATS.

It's a good thing that I, Nan, have SOME ideas and comparisons of MY OWN. At least, I won't "bridge and luncheon" ALL of the time. Neither will I remain so darn slow in my morals that I mentally and physically wither because I'm the pampered infant of an indulgent, rich widow.

Bless me! I WILL LIVE!

* * * * * * * *

DOMESTIC OUTBURST!

I must not fail to write that "Buddy" is my only brother, and is named Robert Bournique Livingstone. He graduated from the public grammar school in Turner, and later attended a Virginia Military Academy for one year. It was useless to try to force him to remain longer. At present he is exercising his energies in all kinds of healthy sports, especially boxing, motor-boat racing, excels in dancing, and is a nut on golf. Buddy is not such a spender as I am, tho his allowance is the same; but while I spend, he loans with the full knowledge he'll never get it back again. Buddy is so generous he'll never ask anyone to pay back a loan, and the fellows know this. Perhaps, some day, Buddy will be like the WORM—suddenly turn, and COLLECT P.D.Q.

I love the name of Buddy. It originated with me as I became more and more fond of him. When he becomes too big-brotherish, I call him "Robert"—snap my jaws—draw myself up an inch or two. Guess I inherited the KAT from the Bourniques—they were anything but tame.

Buddy's intimate friends refer to him as R.B.L.—and say it fast—like a gargle.

Sentimental girls speak of him to me as: "Your chawming browthah, Mistah Livingstonah." Perhaps not so heavy on the "ah" as it reads, but PLENTY. They use that roll-the-eyes-to-heaven expression, and try to leave an imprint on my dome.

Mother, in impressive moods, lays stress on the combination of "Robert Bournique." When she speaks thusly, Buddy MOVES.

The REGULAR girls are crazy about Buddy. These girls are mostly older than I am, but I manage invitations to their parties by flattering them into believing Buddy prefers them to someone else, or that I'll plug for them in particular.

Otherwise they would think me much too young to attend their affairs. I've had loads of excitement playing the game.

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CHILLS AND SLIGHT TEMPERATURE!

Think a Diary is heaps of fun, only once in a while I become goose-fleshy for fear someone will get a squint, then my name would be SNIPPY NIT WIT. Don't like snoopers, but liable to meet a few, especially if I write something on these pages THEY think I've no business to do.

TOOT.

Am a rambler when I write. If ever I stuck to one subject long enough to complete it, I'd think my days of smelling salts had arrived. That's one of the dozens of things in which Uriah said I was hopeless.

The old SAP!

* * * * * * * *

Pst!

Something's about to boil over!

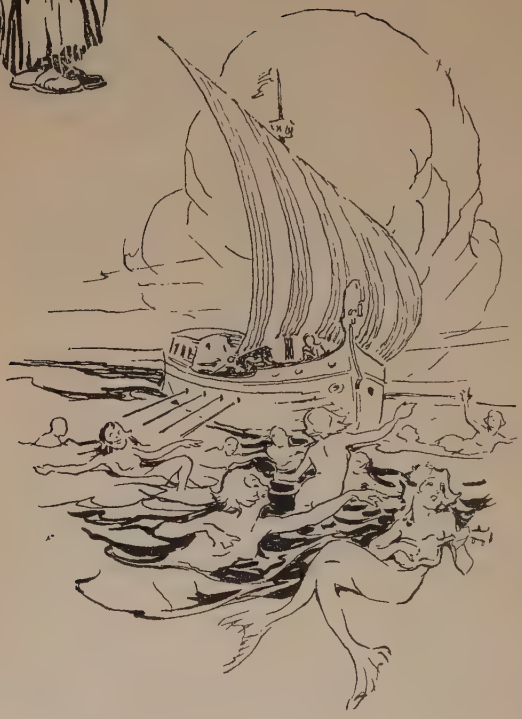
Prudence is forty-four years old, but fibs to those whom she desires to impress with her widow-youth, and says she was "so very young when son was born," which would make her only forty now. Buddy and I never snitch. She could easily pass for thirty-five, were it not for us. The face-rejuvenator has done wonders with Prudence. She dresses smartly; her hair is henna-red of the lighter shade and bobbed in the latest mode; her flesh is as fair and delicate as mine.

Prudence receives attentions and marked courtesies from both men and women not only her age, but years younger, and sometimes older.

Once I tried to vamp one of her youthful callers, and she politely sent me to my room with a motherly shot about "little girl's sleepy time," right before the male in question. Never mind, I've not finished using my sling-shot on that bird yet—he's some dancer, too.

No matter where mother goes, or what she does, she never forgets her little speech about preparing myself for the "right type of wifehood, motherhood, and life's responsibilities."

There's no use wasting breath telling a girl of my age to prepare for any such asylum. Talk like that is the bunk. It resembles the minister's sermon on Sundays—staggeringly



Old Ladies!
Wheel Chairs!

MERMAID'S SERENADE!

Dusty Felt Slippers!
False Teeth!

serious. I'm always relieved when either of them finishes crepe-hanging subjects.

Girls of my age are not anxious to get MARRIED.

What we ARE anxious about is how to BE and STAY popular and have plenty petting. We are made for LOVE, and MORE LOVE, whether or not it's always the right kind.

Can't judge for the other girls, but I DO know that different boys and men make love in a delicious variety of ways, tho all have the same fundamental ideas. At least, that's been MY taste of the golden apple—and I SAY—GIVE ME MORE!

I'm either in love with the VARIETY or with LOVE!

Instead of raising babies before I'm twenty-five, I, Nan, am going to raise a regular convention of HOTZY-TOTZY-HELLZY.

WEBSTER can't define that, but NANSTER can!

My fun won't mean anything for which dear Prudence will bite her finger nails, but just a bit of the hair-raising sport that will read thrilling history by the time I have to have MY face rejuvenated.

I'm going to get a few kicks out of life before I'm too old to enjoy anything more shocking than wheel-chairs and dusty felt slippers.

SO, Diary, stick to the ship, and you'll hear the Mermaid's Serenade.

Speaking of felt slippers—aren't they the maddening velocipedes?—particularly when the wearer scuffs as he walks.

Isn't the combination of a faded blanket-bathrobe, old felt slippers, and a hot water bottle, the death of romance? It reads like the heaves.

When I stay all night at Reene's, and see her mother's stringy hair (she WON'T bob it) partly twisted on kid-curlers—face smeary with cold cream—side bridge removed—her faded bathrobe and scuffy slippers—there creeps over me a sensation like asthma—bidding my near-seventeen years a desperate farewell.

'T'SAWFUL!

No wonder for the last ten years Reene's father has maintained an apartment at the Club.

MEW!

It boiled over, all right!

* * * * * * * *

NEXT

Lawyers and policemen—whoopie! ALL SAMEE FAMILY!

Mother pals with a Mrs. Albert Wellington Russell, formerly Jessie Bell Arnold, who has two handsome and eligible brothers.

The older, Allen J. B. Arnold, is one of the Uppy-Ups among the Corporation Counsel for the Chicago Surface Lines, also a heavy investor in profitable Bonds. (Doesn't the word "BONDS" ring mellow and cute?) A. J. B. A. is forty-five his next birthday—not so ancient.

The younger brother, Benjamin Kenesaw Arnold, must have been a misfit some way—possibly the pampered son of a snobby family—for he does two very extraordinary, if not interesting, things for a man brought up as he is supposed to have been. He boxes like a veteran and other he-man stunts, and spends his days as a MOUNTED TRAFFIC POLICEMAN in the heart of the Loop. Can you beat that for a descendant of blue blood? He is thirty-six—still young enough to be interesting.

Guess they HAVE a few hot-tamales in the police department, altho most of the policemen I've seen look like distorted pot-bellied gorillas—with no reflection as to their ability.

I believe a policeman should LOOK like a soldier and a he-gentleman. IT'S POSSIBLE. He should be able to fight—yes, FIGHT LIKE A BEAST for JUST CAUSE; but use his fists, wit, and diplomacy like a Prince; and NOT forget that he is IN the police department FIRST to REPRESENT the law, then to be an EXAMPLE of the law, and lastly, hired to ENFORCE the law.

I believe a policeman should be the bravest man on earth, not only to get into the thickest of a fight with fists and gun, BUT to be SO BRAVE he CAN be the EXAMPLE OF THE LAW that he is paid to ENFORCE and not just fire a gun, or talk like a boiler works.

This may be the logic of one flapper IMP-OF-MISERY, but once in a while I OUGHT to be right—SO, sane or not, they're MY sentiments.

BUM?

Well—MEBBE!

Anyway, I've suddenly taken a shine to brass buttons!

* * * * * * * *

MEW!

Some KATS have tagged me: "too sophisticated for a girl of her age."

Page Mr. Webster!

I'm not that disease at all—but just impulsive—possibly a bit rattle-brained—natural—Nan!

It's not in me to pretend a lot of bunkum and slush that's NOT THERE!

What's in my system will break out!

Why kid myself into thinking I am what I AIN'T? (Bum grammar, but PAT.)

Why pretend I enjoy Socrates when I adore Elinor Glyn? S'TRUTH!

I'm almost purring now!

* * * * * * * *

SOOSH!

Soft pedal!

I can hardly picture my mother, proud Prudence, falling for a traffic cop. BUT, when one beholds this Apollo, BENJAMIN KENESAW ARNOLD, astride "Daniel Boone," and one gazes at his disconcerting, handsome features, full man-lips, and hears escape—from between two rows of perfect, white teeth—a speaking voice more hypnotic than any baritone in Opera, it's no wonder Prudence thinks this Knight-Of-The-Policeman's-Uniform is SOME PUMPKINS!

I suppose this chatters like the average elongated flapper afflicted with the adjective-eruptus, but, Diary dear, he's nothing less than SOME STUNNING HIM, and his name JUST FITS!

It's a crime, but we call this specimen "Bennie," for short.

Bennie has laughing eyes, is broad shouldered, tall, and has the most adorable, tapering body—just like pictures of a glorious, athletic Greek.

He is TWENTY years my senior.

The other morning it seemed to me, when he dismounted from "Daniel Boone," and picked up my handkerchief, that he gave me a bit more than a fatherly twinkle with his deep Irish-blue eyes.

Every move Bennie makes indicates control, grace, strength, and the master. His smile is a regular brain-storm provoker, and torturingly hypnotic.

GET ME, Diary?

OH, BABY!

BENJAMIN KENESAW ARNOLD.

If he doesn't eventually belong to Prudence, he's GOT to be SOMEBODY'S POPPA!

UMMMMmmmmmmmm!

'Fraid I'm losing my bearings!

Twitching 'round the heart!

Register on the blink!

Sumpfing's the matter—MEBBE appendiheartis!

What about ME making a hit with this administrator of the traffic laws? Worse things than that have happened.

Prudence hasn't yet said SHE is even in love with him—it simply LOOKS that way.

All's fair in love, the third degree, or the police department. (That's out of my system.)

At least, Bennie LOOKS as tho he were quite able to give plenty of thrills any time the inspiration took possession.

MEBBE I wouldn't be in love at all.

MEBBE it's just the fever.

You have to feel a certain HOTZY-TOTZY of love at the time or the thrill is NIL. When you DO, it's GREAT! Have been there! I KNOW!

WHAT'S GREAT?

That divine sensation that the KATS call PUPPY LOVE!

MEBBE Bennie's kisses aren't as irresistible as his melodious, speaking voice!

(Wonder if mother has kissed him yet!)

His lips are red—unusually red, full, and look deliciously soft and warm!

OH, BOY! HOPE THEY ARE!

I, Nan, am going to try Bennie's brand of kisses some of these opportunities—see if I don't—and SOON! I can almost taste 'em!

ZOWIE!

Events are stranger in real life than in fiction—lots stranger.

HYMN number toot-it-tee-toot-toot-TOOT!

* * * * * * * *

TOOT!

Prudence says I've a complex on exclamation marks and adjectives. If she read this, she'd think I had a complex on paragraphing, too.

There's no use trying to keep a Diary according to Uriah Heap—it would read like a dried prune.

(I should wear a bustle because my grandmother did.)

Exclamation marks express a PILE!

They not only sigh or breathe the thought, but say it out in EARNEST!

I like 'em! ! ! ! !

I like adjectives, too! They give a load for the money! ONE adjective is sometimes worth an entire paragraph of explanation.

Example?

"SCRUMPTIOUS!"

I'm all broken out with adjectives, exclamation marks, and crazy paragraphs. At least, it keeps SOME dear Pussies busy giving me absent treatment!

PAGE URIAH—HE WILL COMFORT!

I'm having too much sport—telling other nations where to camp—to mind a few little pockmarks on my originality—(wherever that's located.)

COO-COO!

* * * * * * * *

OVERSTUFFED PEACOCKS!

I give Mrs. Russell credit for not only being very proud of her two brothers , but equally so of MRS. RUSSELL—in the meanwhile, MR. Russell is a convenient cuss and gets what's left. SHE is boss, fat, proud and forty, ashamed of being human, and afraid of being civil. She speaks the "deah," and "apotment," and "browthah" lingo until you feel like a cracked piece of shallow pottery.

I, Nan, like a little of the "ah" business—but I won't buy a road map just to try walking home with the entire Italian dictionary.

Prudence has a milder case of the Russell malady—but is extremely affectionate—and not shorn of her bump of understanding.

Bless mother's honest attempt to keep young, and her human attempts to land a husband.

MY attempt at ANYTHING, or lack of same, must sometimes startle mother, but she's a patient peach, and it's glorious we can call her PRUDENCE.

RARE PARENT! (Doesn't that read wise-like?)

She's a TREAT—and I'm for HER!

* * * * * * * *

Five minutes later!

Bubbles ready to burst!

Right there I got to day-dreaming. Much like the mumps—you can have the affliction more than once. I get 'em regularly. (Day-dreams, I mean.)

Was thinking of what I like to do best.

I adore ADVENTURE, and some of the younger fellows who go about in our set are so blah that they bore me to distraction. They THINK they're smart, but in reality they're a hit-me-on-the-wrist bunch. Most of their conversation is: "Atta boy"—"I'll tell the world"—"I'll say we will."

At first I thought that stuff was clever, but after it was worn to a frazzle, it lost its goose-flesh for me. I want spiffy and different stuff in mine.

Some of the younger fellows try to copy the actions and speech of the older men. Even to ME that's funny—the nursing-bottle-booby-mimics.

Also, I don't care for the crazy sissy who is always famished for a chocolate-malted-milk with beaten ice-cream and ground nuts on it. He's generally a Willie, all-the-time mushy, and flappy with fat.

I adore LOVING, but I don't adore ATTEMPTS by a SIMP—especially a fat one.

What I want, I WANT—and REAL!

I, Nan, am supposed to be much too young to have a steady admirer, but, nevertheless, I've quite a following for my age. If I don't get chill-blains, but stick to this Diary, I'll have a few events and names to jot down which will read like the Exposures of Royalty—mebbe the Police Gazette.

Excitement is THRILLING!

I'm liable to have PLENTY!

TOOT!

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Met Bennie today—dressed in his golf togs. He looked smart—and adorable.

Don't necessarily want an ash-man when I want a man of grit; but Traffic Cops are certainly thrilling—and begosh! they lose none of their hypnotic appearance when they golf—I'll tell the world!

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NEXT

"Snappy" Allison, who is twenty-one and in his senior year at Northwestern, is crazy about me. He has declared his

Bennie looked smart and adorable in his golf togs.

love at least twenty-five times in a manner I could easily worm into a proposal. One of the reasons Snappy keeps at his favorite job, is because I won't take him seriously, and don't fall all over myself every time he tries to demonstrate. It's lots of sport just to keep him at his feverish accomplishment.

Snappy is a good mimic, has an excellent memory for repeating yarns he has once read or heard that are truly funny—but he is not cleverly original. If he were, he'd be a scream. He's BLAH when his supply runs low.

There's one thing Snappy CAN do that suits me most conveniently—that is DANCE.

Sweet Pan's Pipes!

Can that sprout DANCE?

Did Marc Anthony love Cleopatra? It's proven beyond a doubt—for History states Marc made an ass of himself numerous times over Cleo.

I, Nan, love to conquest, to lead, to tease a little bit, yet I've never been forced to blushes for my fun—at least, NOT SO FAR.

Yes—I KNOW!

SOME DAY—MEBBE!

MEBBE!

Several of the girls are eating their hearts out for a bit of the devotion and attention Snappy gives to me.

Because I glory in making men and boys my slaves, instead of falling all over them, I've half a dozen hanging on my 'phone number to the average girl's ONE.

Buddy tells me men don't like to go out with girls who fall into their arms with too sudden gush the first time they ask to kiss them—and most men DO, or they're funny men, or peculiar, or unpopular, or plain fish. I KNOW!

Not only has Buddy told me a heap, but other men, and some of the girls who are in love with Buddy, have confided a mouthful, too.

I've had any number of object lessons concerning the woes of falling in and out of love—enough to watch my own step a bit and HEED—at the same time have a thrilling kick while doing my daily dozen.

Buddy says men are afraid of girls who immediately want to be engaged, or who take a requested kiss, or a declaration of love, as a passive (if not active) sign of an engagement.

A man wearies of the sentimental Miss who is jealous of him because he prefers to take some other girl out the next evening. (Buddy's saved my face heaps of times.)

Said a daring young man
To a maid one day:
"Will you believe me, baby,
When to you I say—
You're the only girlie
I could love, you know,
Or want to keep forever—
Do I stand a show?"
Said the slender maiden
To the lad so bold:
"You're a charming fellow,
But, of you I'm told
That each girl you go with
Always hears that tale;
You're a handsome Mormon,
But your loving's stale.
We may look like dummies—
Mascara, paint, and queer—
But we're not such rummies—
For walking's good, my dear."

I'm full of spiffy SPASMS!
They may indicate chills or fever, but either symptom always produces poetic fits!

LIMERICK—LIMPUS!

WRITTEN BY—SIMPUS!

SHADES OF SOCRATES!

QUICK—SMELLING SALTS!

I deduced from the confidence of five different girls concerning the SAME MAN, that men are afraid of the girl who is too easily won, too gushy, or too demanding. In this case, each girl was jealous of the next girl in question, as each girl took it for granted that she was the ONLY GIRL to whom he had made love, and who had a RIGHT to his attentions.

Thought I'd burst an artery trying to pretend I'd never heard the tale before. It was SOME LITTLE WARNING TO NANNY.

Later, that same Solomon became awfully sweet on me. I led him on shamelessly, enjoying every minute of my progress, and finally took fiendish delight in deliberately tweeking his Roman nose (HARD, TOO), when he confidently tried to demonstrate. For a few days he was, or pretended he was, awfully angry; said I hadn't the least idea of what respect was due honest affection; and that what I needed used on me was a stout stick, and a governess to teach me better manners.

Well, THAT'S a one-man opinion!

What he needed was a blow-out patch to reduce his ready-to-burst girdle of male conceit.

When I related my experience to Prudence, she just smiled wisely and said she guessed I didn't need a governess as much as the young cub needed his nerve cut out. And that I used the proper methods on such a Mormon-shirt-front.

(Prudence never uses slang—but that's what she implied.)

No wonder I tell her nearly EVERYTHING!

She's HUMAN!

She's REAL!

She has the gift of BEING a mother!

If I'd had Reene's mother, the old girl would have thrown up her hands in saintly horror, and told me I was fast going to Hell.

If I'd had Siggy's mother, she'd called in the Salvation Army to pray for my lost soul.

Since that same MALE has recovered from his shock and anger, he has tried harder than ever to convince me that I AM THE ONLY GIRL.

As far as I can learn, they ALL do that—the old ones as well as the cubs. WHACK 'EM, and they'll EAT OUT OF YOUR HAND. (MEBBE.)

Girls would have lots more fun if they played the game less seriously. I found that out early.

Buddy tells me that after a man has had seven hours' sleep, he hopes the girl will forget three-fourths of all he blurted out the night before.

Aren't men passionate Solomons and slippery eels?

When a man IS truly in love, he goes at it differently.

Some day I'll get the thrill-of-thrills when the right Columbus discovers Nanabus.

Some day I will get THE thrill-of-thrills when the right Columbus discovers Nanabus.

If girls didn't run after boys so much, and act so darn tickled every time a boy smiles at 'em, perhaps the boys would be easier to nab.

FEED and FLATTER are mother's methods.

Today I'd be among the wallflower dumbbells were it not for Buddy and mother.

Certainly I LOVE TO LOVE!

And it takes the real, spirited Nan Livingstone to lead 'em, yet not to demonstrate her longing to hug 'em silly.

Again: I LOVE TO LOVE!

* * * * * * * *

NEXT

Blondes, brunettes, or carrot tops!

?

RICHARD THORNTON, popularly known as "Dicky", is always one of the first to flutter about me at the dinner-dances and social affairs to which we both happen to be invited. You should see some of the girls (especially the older ones) give me the black glances when he is showering attentions on me. They insinuate he is "rocking the cradle". (It must be agony to expose so much angora.)

Oh, well—"All's fair in love or war." (Some love-sick yap wrote that.)

Let the best wit win! Here's trusting I may discover an extra supply in my storage dome!

I, Nan, am out for NUMBERS, and just ONE particular man does not interest me any too much—AT PRESENT.

I'm half starved for VARIETY!

Leather brains in the discard!

That's why boys under twenty appear so SILLY-NILLY, and that's all they do appear!

They think they're HUMDINGERS, when they're really Mollys, and "I'll-tell-the-worlds", and their love-making flat as sad buckwheat cakes.

SWEET CUBS, but I prefer the spice of a man like DICKY.

I may have to have hidden carfare—but it's MINT JULEP WHILE IT LASTS.

Dicky Thornton's a bear!

* * * * * * * *

It's utterly impossible for me to keep this Diary in perfect SEQUENCE! My thoughts revert back to so many things that I forgot to write. Here's one:

Neglected to say that Snappy Allison, besides dancing divinely, has the most beautiful teeth, a well-built body, and an "air of family", as Prudence says. That means he has a "Coat", and all the fussy trimmings. I am bursting to kiss him. So far, I've staved him off with various excuses, like holding my hands—kissing THEM—and placing his arm about me in a big-brother sort of way.

I'm no set-jawed piker—just considering the answer—that's all!

Postponements can't last forever. Don't think he's QUITE tame enough for that. He certainly lacks the deliberateness that Dicky-Boy possesses in quantities, or he WOULD kiss me.

Haven't confessed that I love Snappy, neither have I denied it. Don't ever think I could love him the way he seems to love me. He is so patient and hopeful. Snappy spends money like a Monte Carlo Bank. He's a Handy-Andy-Doo-Bunk for me, but almost bores me to tears when he runs out of funny yarns; then all he can do is to hold my hand and SIGH.

MEBBE I don't appreciate him!

But I THINK it's this way:

I want my freedom, much attention, numbers, variety, and plenty thrills! To be engaged would be my idea of a graveyard prom!

* * * * * * * *

NEXT

"Button, button—who's got the button?"

Exciting? Well, just wait!

It's getting warmer and warmer as my Diary progresses. Delicious fun!

I'm secretly having all the laughs and thrills!

MEBBE I WOULDN'T be so brave if somebody got a good look at this, and snitched.

* * * * * * * *

MY HEART thumps hard with anticipation!

Prudence, the dear, has so carefully explained to me how a girl will RESPOND in feeling or emotion to the kiss she

receives from a boy, and at once THINK she loves the one she's kissing, while all the time it's only a HUMAN RESPONSE and NOT in the least like the combination of spiritual affection and more quiet, lasting passion that I SHOULD experience when the REAL LOVE comes to me. Am truly grateful to Prudence for explaining all Life's problems so HONESTLY. I'm yet to find her in a lie. Many a time her frank answers and warnings have kept me from making a veritable fool of myself. For, in my secret heart, I deeply WANT to be mushy—MEBBE WORSE.

A girl has a hundred opportunities her mother never knows about, and all the while most mothers think they know EVERYTHING about their daughters.

Prudence is fair and just!

Her memory is very good concerning herself, too.

In HER girlhood she loved to be kissed, and still DOES, so she always understands ME. She isn't ashamed of WANTING to be loved NOW, tho she wouldn't confide this to any other person but me, and no doubt has a heap better sense of choice than I have. That is just WHY I need never be ashamed of TELLING her when I've had a bit of petting. Isn't she the born and exceptional PAL?

I told Prudence all about the first time I went out with Dicky Thornton, and she lovingly warned me concerning the difference between BLAH-Snappy and WORLDLY-Dicky.

It has all proven true.

Prudence didn't blame me a bit for kissing Dicky, but SUGGESTED not going out alone with him again without some semblance of a chaperon, and not kissing him again until my NEXT birthday.

I promised that there'd be a bluff of a third party along whenever I went out with Dicky in the future, and no more kisses until my birthday.

It was only on that one occasion that I kissed Dicky; and it was I who drew away from his loving embraces right while he was in the mood for several encores, and THAT took strength in more ways than one—for in REALITY I didn't want to stop.

I can hear him now.

First he plead: "Oh, Nan, PLEASE! Now's the time! This is the best opportunity we've ever had! Don't spoil it, SWEET!"

When he saw that I was firm, he finally said: "Well, you're the doctor."

After I made him realize that I was FAIR and not CROSS, he added: "Sweetheart, don't blame me—you're adorable!"

I know Dicky tries to bring up the subject whenever we chance to meet, but I refuse to commit myself. Want to, but won't!

A girl has so many ways and means of avoiding a crisis or encouraging one, if she truly WANTS to. That's pat!

When the time arrives for my next birthday kiss with Dicky, it will seem all the nicer to both of us.

SLANT-EYED MICROBES!

I, Nan, said "NICER"!

That word is so meek! Just what I had in my mind was "MORE DIVINE"!

SWEET MEMORIES!

What I experienced with that Dicky-Boy was a regular SUGAR JUBILEE!

LIPTUS, UNITEUS, UMMMmmmm!

(Pig-Latin or SUMPFING! Any girl my age could easily translate its meaning.)

I will write Dicky's exact words—they're delicious to remember.

"DEAREST! KISS ME"!

Sweet honey oozing from the intricate comb!

I DID!

That was FLAMING BLISS and SOME KISS!

I'll say the memory of it is worth a dozen dreams of what some younger boy's kisses might have stirred within me.

REGRET IT?

MEEGOSH! NO!

His lips were soft and maddeningly HOT. Dicky parted them ever so little as he slowly found the speaking tube in mine.

Well, I've been kissed in my young life, or THOUGHT I had, but Dicky's kisses were little less than world-beaters and worth a life-time of memory to me.

(WHY IS IT SO LONG UNTIL MY NEXT BIRTH-DAY?)

MEMORIES!

It was MOONLIGHT and HIM!

I SIGH!

I TREMBLE!

I DREAM it over a hundred times!

Sweet, SWEET DICKY-BOY—THAT LAST KISS!

It gave me the deliciously adorable sensation of having slowly partaken of a warm, soft, moistened peppermint wafer. It was exquisite and LINGERING in its indescribable chills

and hot waves—that wafer perfectly blended between my lips, on my trembling tongue, and in my throat.

UMMMmmmmmm!

HEAVENLY TASTE!

A PEPPERMINT KISS!

DIVINE KISS! FIRST I EVER RECEIVED JUST LIKE IT!

CAN NEVER FORGET ITS DELICIOUSNESS!

COLD, HOT, PAIN, TREMBLING, HEART PUMPING LIKE MAD—BLISS!

It was sublime while it lasted; and, dear Diary, it lasted until I suddenly realized that I was LIVING, and also allowing Richard Thornton to know just how GREAT it tasted to ME, and what I was LEARNING with quick-order service from Dicky's personally applied brand.

SOME BRAND!

SOON—MY BIRTHDAY—ANOTHER KISS!

Funny how ONE particular kiss makes you want ANOTHER! Yet, not always from the same party!

Since the beginning of time, boys have been roasted about being fickle; but I, Nan, can testify that girls are not so far behind in enjoying variety and numbers.

I, NAN, AM MAKING NO EXCUSES!

REMEMBER?

I wrote, somewhere in the beginning of this attempt, that there must be TRUTH!

SHOCKED?

Well, I'm not going to SPLIT HAIRS!

This is an HONEST Diary, and MINE!

MINE!

* * * * * * * *

NEXT

Handsome, massive HE—brass buttons!

Ever since I kissed Dicky, I've been bursting to kiss Bennie Arnold; but I won't compete with mother if SHE wants him.

Never see him in his uniform unless I happen to be shopping in the Loop. That very pleasure was mine twice last week.

On the first occasion, among other things, I purchased some soft chocolates as a feast for Daniel Boone, and marched over to feed the proud horse while his master wasn't looking. Bennie soon spied me and, like the gallant he is, sprang from the saddle and lifted his cap with the air of a Prince. At

first I thought he was a bit flustrated, but was soon convinced Bennie never forgets he is an "Arnold" even while performing the duties of a traffic cop.

MARVELOUS! The influence of a "Coat"!

The combination of society-bachelor and traffic-policeman seems utterly impossible, yet Benjamin Kenesaw Arnold is apparently making a success of both. Isn't that the fish's fins? What do you suppose is his game?

The last time Bennie and I met I repeated my offer to shake hands. This again compelled him to dismount. He held his cap and bridle in his left hand, with his right he slowly reached to clasp mine. All the while his wonderful eyes were looking at me with questioning tenderness.

MEBBE it was plain Irish blarney!

MEBBE is was an expression of tolerant paternalism, and I was too anxious, or conceited, or dumb-headed to "get" the LOOK.

MEBBE he was wondering what kind of an idiot I was to offer to shake hands on the street with a busy traffic-cop, and to force him to dismount just to talk to ME.

MEBBE!

To me, the touch of Bennie's hand was ELECTRICAL!

I, Nan, not quite seventeen, may be one perfect NINNY, but I THINK Bennie received my wireless. I DON'T think he was a bit displeased with what he received.

Priceless, mysterious, thrilling — THAT GLORIOUS LOOK!

For an instant I was LOST—yet I was THERE with HIM!

Yes—THERE WITH HIM!

OUR FINGERS TOUCHED as most fingers DON'T touch—in a manner which leads on a bit, but does not visibly commit.

It sent an exquisite warmth all over my body!

I loved the touch of his firm man-hands!

I adored the gentle manner with which he BEGAN the hand-clasp; but I was in glory when I realized the strength with which he FINISHED.

Truly, I hope Bennie's attitude was NOT PATERNAL!

For today—thus endeth the "emotes" of my "romantic gushes", as Prudence explains 'em!

* * * * * * * *

I SIGH!

It's exciting to dangle men like Bennie!

Older men are flattered by the smiles of girls my age. They like to SAY we are "only little girls" so they can PAW over us a bit; but I notice that they like to KNOW that we are interested and accept their attentions, even if a bit slyly.

Prudence says I'll be burned some day for my DANGLING. MEBBE!

Old boys are so eager to be treated youthfully, and when they receive that treatment, it's like soothing ointment on a wound, and has hypnotic results. I've tested 'em!

Old boys have just enough conceit to artfully shake a leg and twist about with conscious ecstasy when a pretty flapper flatters them.

As a rule, older men make the easiest, most eager, sure-fire sheiks and generous meal-tickets.

It gives me only a simple kick to watch a young cub pay for my dinner; but when an old bird shells out, it is the day's trick-thrill. I KNOW! I'VE WORKED 'EM!

The cubs take a lot for granted, and know less about how to get it!

Younger men make ideal dancing partners and are just glorious to go motoring with, BUT they're not half so free with their coin, or so easily flattered.

The younger ones don't have so much to spend, and have an awful lot to learn about the graces, the smoothness, and the fine points of making love.

I don't like to go to parties with a VERY bald-headed man, for he always appears older than he is, and looks as tho he were clothed in brains rather than garments.

I don't like to go about with a man wearing false teeth, either. I'll admit false teeth are more easily brushed than fixed ones, but frequently they click, look dead, and give me the wiggles.

I'm TOO young to pal with false teeth!

I don't want men so old they look like RELICS!

I like 'em just old enough to be putty in my hands, and to enjoy the process!

Around thirty to forty, men are fascinating.

BEFORE thirty, they're crude, rude, conceited, monotonous or blah.

AFTER forty, they're little less than dangerous, with too much money expended in crowns, plates and bridges, and at the manicurists.

Between thirty and forty, they're peachy company, too old to be BLAH, and too young to have the RHEUMATISM.

If there is one stunt a girl of my age CAN do, it is to make men between thirty and forty her SLAVES.

Old boys love it when a pretty flapper flatters them.

Of course, as Prudence says, it has its danger marks; but that's the case with MOST THRILLS. That's where a REAL thrill comes in.

A girl has to be a QUICK thinker; a good gambler; and a CLEVER little trick, to win most of the time. She has to possess FORESIGHT, because mere HINDSIGHT may leave her in an awful pickle. She must always hide some CARFARE in her stocking; know HOW and WHEN and WHERE to WEEP occasionally; know when to LAUGH and when to JIU JITSU; and her dainty feet must be trained to long WALKS.

That's my SPEECH!

TOOT!

Mothers, fathers, and even brothers who DON'T teach the girls in their families these little tricks, which are a vital part of ANY GIRL'S EDUCATION, are NOT doing their BIT, are falsely modest, actually silly, and ACCOUNTABLE FOR MUCH.

MUCH, and all its trimmings!

Even URIAH admitted this.

I can almost hear our saintly (?) minister reproving me for my assertions, saying: "It's a shame that a girl of your age utters such statements."

It's a shame that there IS a crying NEED for my secret confession; but since Mother Eve, it seems there ALWAYS HAS BEEN, and I guess as long as there're girls HUNTING for thrills, there'll be boys to DELIVER 'EM!

THAT'S THAT!

MURDEROUS OUTUS! (Virgil, forgive me!)

A "knock-out" in favor of the old dears!

The gong!

TAPS!

* * * * * * * *

LISTEN! Find your ear-trumpet!

Just recalled SOME JUICY GOSSIP!

During last summer our minister's daughter had a nervous breakdown, and went to an exclusive camp for a three-months' rest. Prudence allowed me to go, too, as Peggy was older and more like a chaperon.

While still at the camp, Peggy confided to me her life's history. A short while after I had learned the truth about her condition we two slipped over to a certain farm mostly known to sorority girls, and Peggy gave birth to a tiny son.

A rustic farm certainly sounds nice in POETRY.

She was awfully sick at the time—I'd never heard anyone have a baby before—it almost frightened me into old age—so I called Prudence over long-distance and begged her to come up on the next train, and perzackly WHY.

By the time I phoned, Peggy had started moaning so loudly that I suddenly understood more about goose-flesh than ever before in my life.

There I was—scared stiffer 'n stiffer every pain she had—as helpless as she, poor creature.

When the country doctor arrived in his rattling Lizzie, I could have hugged him into mince-meat—so grateful were we both for his gruff "Howdy".

None of us could half see, even with the aid of smoky kerosene lamps and fly-specked reflectors.

The party became MORE musical and painful when the flesh-eating, man-sized mosquitoes began a systematic maddening feed on our feverish hides.

Every time poor Peg called for water, I'd have to muster the nerve to use my shaking ham-feet. They never seemed so helpless, so swollen, and NOT MINE before.

That wasn't the worst part of the drinking-water business: I'd have to coax and churn that rusty, squeaky old pump about twenty times before the germy flood began to splash all over my trembling legs. I was sopped to the bone.

Another thing: the mosquitoes planted a huge field of sword-fish in my ankles.

?!?!?!?! I wouldn't dare write it!

A rustic farm certainly sounds nice in POETRY!

?!?!?!?!?!

Sweet Diary: I want MY rural cricket-mission to have a cow-barn directly across the road, opposite the parlor window. It is such an encouraging appetizer to have one's "sittin' room" so close to a bovine-bank-account which smells INCOME every minute of a hot summer's day and night. (Maud Muller will have nothing on me as to rustic and poetic inspirations.)

Then there must be a stubborn, half-petered-out, old well, with muddy-looking water, which produces a bumper crop of pollywogs and other swampy playmates.

Oh, yes—certainly I must have a tippy, cobwebby privy, and all the waspy-bumble-bee trimmings.

Also: a slick, green-eyed, black cat forever under my feet; and a flea-covered, grouchy goat scratching its hide against a disabled screen door.

I want moss-covered chunks of slippery fieldstone here and there for a walk between the kitchen door and the privy—

all these ankle-breaking stones to be so irregular and far apart that I have to stretch my legs like an acrobat, and split my skirts with every leap.

Not the least of my poetical dreams is the huge, cobwebby Reers-Soebuck catalogue which will serve as company (?) IN THE PRIVY.

One of the particularly pleasant items must be the rotted, torn, cotton netting nailed on to all the half-open windows in place of wire screens.

A thousand other advantages help to make a farm so poetical, to say nothing of the flies in the syrup—the jazzy ball the mice hold every night in the rafters—and a rat-bowling-tournament with walnuts on the attic floor. This last is such a restful accompaniment to rustic sleep.

THAT'S what I want in mine—**NOT!**

Oh, for the life of a farmer maid—
A farmer maid—
A farmer maid.
Oh, for the life of a farmer maid—
A farmer's life for me!

My original poetry must have been inspired by my rustic experiences—and about as good!

(Page SEQUENCE! That bird's roaming again!)

The farmer met Prudence at the station and brought her out in his rickety truck.

Next day she told me, jogging over the five-mile stretch of bumpy roads was a marvelous proof that exercising in a humpty-dumpty truck was vastly more reliable than eating stewed prunes.

At least, old trucks are useful!

Even she joyfully ignored the busy bees and familiar wasps next morning as they buzzed in and out of the tippy privy.

Prudence brought loads of necessaries in her two satchels, which the doctor was glad to use, and so was the farmer's wife.

Was Prudence a sweet boss—an angel of generosity?

I'll tell the wise old world that even if Prudence wore out the soles of her only shoes, she'd still be able to stand on her feet!

(Stop that, Nan!)

CALL SEQUENCE!

No one on earth knows about that unfortunate baby-party excepting Prudence, Peggy, the doctor, the farmer and his good wife, John Alden, and myself. We're all sworn to secrecy.

For the last three years John Alden has taught the Junior Bible Class in our church during vacations. No doubt he will continue to do so. The Church was invented for side-steppers! And John certainly stepped!

Peggy has always worked, and still does work, on any Church or Settlement job her father assigns to her. (He's heavy on the "assigns", believe me.) Peggy's a willing angel! Too willing!

Doing much the same kind of work, it was but natural that Peg and John should fall in love. It proved a case of too long a secret engagement, and two passionate souls who couldn't resist each other. They never thought about a baby—but it came ALL SAMEE.

For John's sake Peggy hid her condition the best she knew how until afraid her parents or some of the Church members might suspect. Then she decided on the eventful trip—allowed me to go along—and later said I proved a loyal scout during and after the party.

Think I grew up on that farm!

SOME EXPERIENCE!

Last September John Alden returned to Columbia for his Senior year in Law. Their future depends on his graduation and admittance to the bar.

It would have cost the saintly minister his job if the congregation had had a chance to chew that delicious bit of juicy gossip. BUT, nobody told—nobody found out—and nobody ever will.

Dear Prudence found a comfortable parking place for the six-pound baby boy. She is paying for its board and care, expecting (according to John Alden) that he and Peggy will marry as soon as he is admitted to the bar. Later they will formally adopt "a baby"—which, of course, will be THEIRS.

Sounds romantic NOW—but it sounded like a nightmare about an hour before the baby arrived.

Prudence says: "Such marriages DO happen occasionally."

It will be glorious for Peggy. I can never forget how terribly she cried when she had to leave the little fellow—he looked so helpless and frail.

I'm going to take a nap.

Here's hoping I don't dream of bumble bees!

* * * * * * * *

(Are you sore at me, SEQUENCE?)

I forgot to write this , too: During the excitement before the baby was born, I heard the doctor say to Prudence:

This is going to be a long tedious, dry birth—possibly I'll have to use instruments."

"INSTRUMENTS!"

The doctor's warning made me wabbly in the calves of my legs. His voice had a far-off-hollow sound.

Even that wasn't enough—after a few seconds he almost bellowed in my ear:

"Get a clean enameled pan and boil this tray of instruments. After they have boiled hard for twenty minutes, carefully drain by lifting the tray without touching or disturbing the instruments. I warn you, don't touch them or handle them under any circumstances," he repeated.

I noticed the tray had holes on the bottom, so it slowly dawned on my befuddled brain how I could lift the tray without touching the weapons, and yet have no water remain on any part of the outfit. Sort of sleight-of-hand business.

Oh, for the life of a NURSE, tra la!

I must have grunted some UNsatisfactory answer, for the doctor sharply brought me to my senses:

"Miss Nan, did you hear what I said?"

I half whispered—for my jaw was jazzing:

"Yes, Doctor,"—just like a whipped pup. My pep had gone on a tour with SEQUENCE, I guess. MEBBE I was wondering what the doctor meant by "dry birth"—for we were all mighty thirsty for some kind of a bracer, the night hot, and the room stuffy.

I meekly took the tray full of clicking, murderous-looking tools, and hobbled toward the door leading into the kitchen.

As I was making a detour around a bad-omened black cat all curled up on the rag-rug close to the door, once more I caught the doctor's words to Prudence:

"This event may be somewhat of a shock to that fresh young flapper, but I wish all girls her age could witness what she will tonight." Then he grunted with a sort of professional glee.

His very grunt almost congealed my blood—to say nothing about my fear as a witness to the party.

I couldn't exactly hear what Prudence replied—but it must have been a little contrary to the doctor's opinion, for he blurted out an answer which easily reached me thru the open door:

"Tut! Tut! Best thing in the world even for YOUR daughter. She's no different from other venturesome girls of this generation—and would never believe a scene like this could be, even if you tried to warn her a hundred times. It'll do the fresh little papoose good—some day she'll have babies just the same—when the RIGHT TIME and the RIGHT MAN comes along. You need not worry, Mrs. Livingstone—this will do her a world of good," he repeated with satisfaction.

ALREADY IT HAD served its purpose—but I shook on the outside of my stomach, and had chills all over my body in spite of the warm summer's night. Suddenly I began to think of the narrow escapes I'd had and WANTED before that hour. They all rushed thru my confused brain like Indians doing a war dance.

My legs almost caved under me as I imagined the tray of instruments falling at my feet with a bang!

Finally I managed to get the ugly looking things covered with boiling water; saw the process well started according to the doctor's order; and stumbled to the nearest kitchen chair, just in time to hear a blood-curdling scream from poor Peggy.

Horned toads—spooks—cyclones tore thru my befuddled brain as I thought Peg"s executioner had arrived.

Yes, Diary,—Some day I MAY have babies—but I bet I'll adopt 'em—if Peggy's wails are any warning!

So far,—I'll choose the small-pox.

'Nuff for today!

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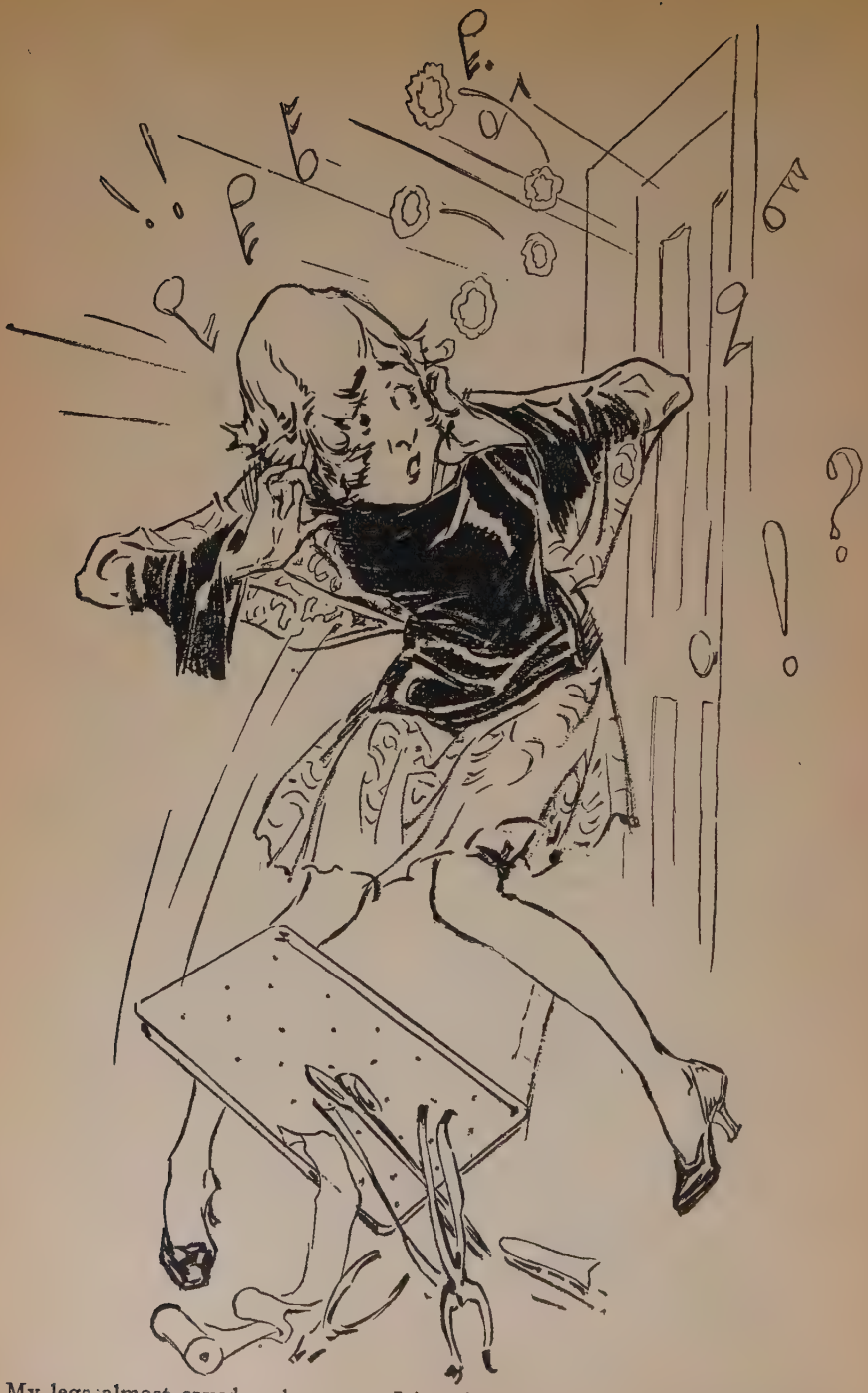

My legs almost caved under me as I imagined the tray of instruments falling at my feet with a BANG!

ANOTHER MEMORY!

Will you PLEASE chain yourself to me, SEQUENCE?

One of the first duties Prudence performed after she arrived at the farm, was to long-distance John Alden to come at once. He did—poor nut. And no idea about the orchestration to be thrown in with his visit. The farmer met him at the station with the noisy truck. They reached the farm about an hour before John's son was born, and just in time for him to see and hear PLENTY. One minute I could have wrung his neck—the next, I'd feel sorry for the poor dub. It was SOME PARTY!

I never saw so ghostly-looking a man in my life as he was while kneeling beside Peggy's bed. It was part of the celebration he hadn't bargained for.

To give John credit, he had love in his heart and on his lips, but a terrible fear in his mind—fear for Peggy's life, he afterward told me. PERHAPS that was all. Bet there was a wee bit of fear for himself mixed with his awful sighs.

Every time poor Peggy had a violent pain, John would dig his fingernails into the palms of his hands, his temples would stand out like purple ropes, and fresh tears gush from his swollen eyes.

I think life would have ended for him then and there had Peggy died. There was no mistaking his love—that part was certainly and awfully real. He was worried into ten years growth.

Poor Peg!—All unselfishness and pity for her John! She patted and stroked his hair, and even took her own handkerchief (all wet with agony tears) and wiped his flooding eyes, trying all the while to keep up his courage, and to make as little noise as possible.

I cried too.

So did Prudence.

Even the hard-boiled doctor blew his nose in a manner which made me think his tears had taken a detour.

It was somewhere around that time that I got to thinking real hard, and could have almost hanged John Alden, and then vindictively laughed at his suffering.

Toward morning Prudence made me realize, in her gentle, frank way, that it always takes TWO. That neither one was "basically evil"—but rather "pathetically thoughtless" not only of their own future, but of others. Prudence is so generous and just in her blessed mother-wisdom.

I was sorry for my ugly feelings, and tried to make up for them. John knew I understood the situation better, after Prudence and I had a long talk.

Part of the celebration John hadn't bargained for.

He forgave me!

Most girls in Peg's place would have reached up and clawed out John's mop of hair by the roots, and finished by telling him he'd not be so worse as a eunuch.

But not so Peggy!—she just bravely worshipped her John —almost mothered him—and suffered with and FOR HIM.

Prudence says: "Women are born to sacrifice."

Which, I suppose, defines LOVE!

Wonder whether EVER I, Nan, will love just THAT WAY!

After what I SAW and HEARD, I'm scared into paralysis at the thought of babies—and old man TRUST can go camp on some other girl's door-step. He's no friend of mine!

BUT—GEE—I'D HATE TO DIE SINGLE!

I'd miss a lot of lovin'!

I SHIVER!

HOLD THE FORT!

* * * * * * * *

Wise and dizzy CUBS and CUBLETS—nothing ever daunts 'em!

Fleeting gossip or warning WON'T stop 'em—nothing will —UNLESS they attend a forced party like Peg's—or have an orchestra seat like MINE! BLOOEY!

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NEXT

Some of the younger fellows have told me that they know their onions—but John Alden thought so, too. HE DOES by this time. He harvested SIX POUNDS.

WHO'S COO-COO NOW?

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Prudence says she truly agrees with the doctor, and is glad I SAW a pitiful, living demonstration of just TRUSTING to FATE—false devices—empty promises—dangerous gossip —and ALL A GIRL HAS TO GIVE.

LOVE'S SOME RIDDLE!

IT'S A TEMPTING, SCRAMBLING PUZZLE!

HEAVY on the "TEMPT" for the SHEIKS and SHEBAS!

Oh, HANG TRUST! He's no good, anyway!

This much I DO know: I'll never need any other warning —verbal or physical—not to give ALL.

This minute I can hear John Alden squall and bawl like a husky effort at a college yell for his Alma Mater.

BUT, what I can remember about the cries of poor Peggy—the wages of hindsight—seems like the wails and moans of THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS!

At that—I wish I'd never seen!

HOPPIN' HOROSCOPES!

Even now I shiver—especially during the night—I can hear those chilling, pitiful wails—and the kinks in my titian hair straighten right out just thinking of PROSPECTS. The doctor told mother (I heard him) that SOME DAY I would have a baby.

Zowie!

I'll tell my Diary—IT'LL BE A LONG WAY OFF!

HOWEVER:

That hasn't stopped me from WANTING TO BE LOVED. Neither has it stopped me from WANTING TO LOVE.

But, believe me, it HAS taught me to SPRINT LIKE A WILD GAZELLE!

'S'TRUTH!

* * * * * * * *

NEXT

Aren't some reformers awful liars?

When I listen to Peggy's preacher-father ranting like a crazy man about flappers and their dress, crime, dancing, taking a drink, smoking, and children being the constant companions of their parents, I could HIT THE LEOPARD ON THE SPOT, and that's no cinch,—for the reverend gentleman has never once played fair and square with Peggy, as Prudence has with me.

He puts on a meek front (too utterly too-too) and says he was never tempted, never had evil thoughts, never had the time to experience any of the modern wickedness, and cannot understand how any GOOD boy or girl can have passionate cravings which MIGHT result in sorrow for themselves and others.

Bet that buck never even had the measles, nor a decent rise in temperature.

Which reminds me: WHO and WHY were we ever made?

Certainly not just to EAT APPLES, and to learn that they first grew in the Garden of Eden, and some of 'em had worms!

Poor Peggy WAS and still IS afraid of her too PERFECT parents, so she made the mistake of petting TOO MUCH. She had no one in whom she could confide. She didn't DARE. Then she had to LIE and SNEAK about it all to her always-perfect father and mother, and the dear Church SISTERN. None of those PREFERRED souls had ever been tempted. They represented the two P's, the PIOUS and PERFECT. (To me, the PESTS and PARASITES.)

Truly, it would be right interesting to know in what bulrushes the minister and his wife discovered Peggy.

FIRST: I think his reverend nibs was originally to blame for the farm-house party because of his critical attitude.

SECOND: I think Peggy and John got EXCITED, and didn't give THOUGHT a chance to make a home-run.

I may have the average flapper's impudent contempt for long faces and reputation slashers, BUT—

I HATE HYPOCRITES!

I've a mean sling-shot!

* * * * * * * *

LISTEN!

I've a SCHEME!

Peg must go to Europe to study music. She must fall in love with a widower who has one infant son. She and the widower must to all intents and purposes get married. He must suddenly die. Peg then adopts dead husband's son and returns with IT to Chicago. Along comes John Alden, and again falls in love with Peggy. They must marry. He must give Peg's supposedly adopted son the name of Alden. All is well forever after. WHOOPIE!

PLENTY PLOT?

NO?

Oh, well—many worse yarns than that have been forced down the throats of the innocent! (And by much older heads than mine.)

Anyway, Prudence and Peggy have great times together, and Peggy always goes home looking happier and more refreshed.

Prudence never fails to impress me with Peg's virtues, and for me to forget any errors she might have made.

WHO AM I THAT I SHOULD REMEMBER THEM?

Had too many close calls of my OWN.

I'd hesitate NOW to relate my former narrow chances!

Had I kept on loving Dicky-Boy at the rate of our last

The minister and his wife discovered Peggy in the bullrushes!

kiss—well, there would have been an orphan's asylum. BUT I DID NOT! Tho I WANTED TO! MUCH!

I, NAN, love to be LOVED!

ALSO, I love TO love!

I've all I can do to attend to NAN, and no time to pick on others!

The more loving I am, the fiercer the battle, the greater my forgiveness and understanding for Peggy!

MUST have a nip of mother's marvelous wine.

Here's hoping Peg's son will live to adore her and appreciate her life-time sacrifice!

Drained to the dregs!

WAS THAT WINE GOOD?

I'll prove it was by another nip. Hope it clings to my tummy as gracefully as it does to the inside of the glass. It's aged and fit for the gods.

UMMMmmmmmmm! SMACK! Lickum, goodum!

FINALLY: Peg can't change her mind—can't fall in love with anyone else—just KEEP in love with her John! COO-COO MONOTONY!

That limitation would stifle me—I love variety so much—and MUST BE PETTED!

My life's my own little oyster—I'll do the opening!

Ought to develop a lump on the back of my head—it would indicate an idea had hit me!

SEQUENCE—whither art thou—FLEA!

I was writing about Peg and John!

PERHAPS the thought that somewhere, hidden from the world, they have a LIFE—A REAL BABY—BELONGING TO BOTH—Compensates for MUCH!

IT SHOULD—HOPE IT DOES—TO THEM!

NIXY on any baby-strangle-hold for mine NOW!

"SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY" sounds good to MUH!

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SEQUENCE, if you don't keep on one subject long enough to finish it—a lot of things'll come your way!

Prudence calls my line of chatter: "FLAPPER ANALYSIS." Don't care what 'tis—satisfies me—and I get a kick

out of heaps of things while other folks are either star gazing or picking on me.

I'd do most anything rather than be a dumb occupier of space—even wear loud sox to see if they'd make a noise.

NAN—go way back and forget yourself!

ZATSO!

YES'M—ZATSO! You CAUSE plenty noise even if you don't MAKE it—like all the other rattle-brained BOLSHEVIKS!

For a change, blow out your OWN brains just to see if you have any!

FOR GARDEN TOOLS—it's TWO A. M.!

TAPS!

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NEXT

In the days of my great-grandmother, boy-and-girl attachments were whisperingly called "courting".

In the years my grandmother was a girl, it was less elegantly referred to as "sparking".

In the hey-dey of my parents, it was understood as "spooning".

In THIS generation, the superior models (?) term it "vulgar petting".

ALL SAMEE!

But the minister refuses to admit that he even SPOONED. (He isn't honest, like Prudence.) He must have employed somebody else, then, for he has a wife: and MORE—he has THREE children. MEBBE his kids just GREW like Topsy.

I think NOT!

CAUSE WHY?

I, Nan, know by a certain look he once had in his eyes WHILE ALONE WITH ME—by the protecting (?) manner he placed his saintly (?) arm about me as he tenderly admonished me for going to the older girls' parties—for dancing—for petting, even a little bit. Indeed, that old bird is a long, long way from being BLAH! Only he knows how to act and talk before the SISTERN and BRETHERN!

He finished by inviting me to come over to his quiet study some morning, and we'd talk it all over.

DID I GO?

UNLESS IN MY SLEEP, I DID NOT!

Talk about feeling the creeps when a man is around—well—I most certainly had the SHIVERS PLUS about the time he looked into my eyes and said:

"Dear, you need a pal like I would love to be to you. It's unfortunate your dear father passed away. Now come over to my study soon, and we'll have a heart-to-heart talk," (he was holding me as closely as decency allowed with two fatherly hands) "and see if I can unfold life more plainly for you."

It was plain enough RIGHT THERE!

I told Prudence.

She confided that once he had given her a tender touch or two that were vastly more than MINISTERIAL. She called him an "EDUCATED SKUNK".

He was the one man that I had not in the least LED ON. I figured that his JOBLOTS just came in contact with almost SEVENTEEN, and thought he'd take a spiritual caress or two. He isn't the only nervy pup among the married men, whose LOOKS and fatherly TOUCHES I've fully understood and LEFT ALONE.

There're PLENTY of single fellows without taking second-hand goods.

Now days, a girl has to be ALMOST FROG-EYED not to be able to land ONE capable man who is SINGLE and AGREEABLE.

I told Prudence I'd much rather trust myself with too-loving Dicky-Boy and KNOW what to EXPECT and what I had to WARD OFF, than to go out saving souls WITH THE MINISTER and suddenly discover the need for stocking-carfare, or quick walk home ALONE.

And that's THAT!

GOODNIGHT!

TAPS!

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NOW, DIARY, you know the reason WHY I dare write all these things, and NOT feel the necessity for hiding you under the carpet below the bed. I can put you away in my private desk and KNOW even if Prudence did run across you, she wouldn't jump on my neck, call me lost, or an idiot. She wouldn't even kid me about you, or refer to anything she might have read. She'd just KNOW that you are MY DIARY, and let you REMAIN MINE.

I just bet she kept a Diary when she was a girl.

I'd like to have known her then. She must have been beautiful and a REGULAR PEACH.

Prudence MIGHT warn me to use initials instead of names. But she'd NEVER moan, or weep, or become prayerful, or

His JOBLOTS trying to give me a spiritual caress.

hysterical, or tell me I was fast going to HELL—NO, NEVER!

It's Siggy's mother who takes the prize doing the prayerful and hysterical stuff. Everytime Siggy does the least unconventional thing (that they didn't do in dear old Sweden) the TOO UTTERLY PERFECT mother almost DIES, or TRIES TO, or PRETENDS TO. She bluffs Siggy with her wails, and bum line of horror, until NOW Siggy is the SLICKEST LITTLE LIAR to her mother in Chicago.

Judy has a fake-modest, imaginative NUT for a mother, too. That old girl bites her lower lip, lowers her green eyes, and whimpers: "Naughty children—such doings were never thought of when I was a girl. You shouldn't EVER kiss a man unless you are engaged to him."

PIFFLE!

PIPE DREAM!

N. I. but N. T. (Nice idea, but not true.))

MOST of the females would be SPINSTERS until Kingdom Come, if they followed Judy's mother's advice.

It's spicy, and thrilling, contains life's greatest kick to try the ARTS and TALENTS of a man I LIKE and KNOW—and that means if I WANT TO, and am in the MOOD, I'LL PET.

Do some of the fellows know HOW?

Do I know HOW?

OH BABY! I LOVE IT—even the sweet ANTICIPATION!

NOT ALL, but much of the harm that you hear gossiped about comes thru a girl's CHOICE of a MAN, hob-nobbing with old man TRUST, the LOCATION, the HOUR! However, even some of the wildest of them can be held in check with the most BABY-LIKE methods. I've done it. I KNOW!

The ART comes in knowing how and when to STOP!

The TALENT is evident in the LURE and the method of LOVING!

It requires a baby ARTIST to cool the passions of some marvelous beasts, without making them angry or SUSPICIOUS!

No big league game has the THRILL of THIS!

It's a home run accompanied by a brass band!

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Hope I'll write more in SEQUENCE as I drift along. My bobbing around and returning to half-told subjects, or those

I suddenly recall, explains my literary lack—GENTLY.
That was kindly PUT!
Well, I'll live and learn!

* * * * * * * *

NO WONDER I'm a bit older than most girls MY AGE.

Since URIAH was dismissed, I've been allowed to attend numerous parties and some dinner-dances, and have found myself fairly popular. I attend most of the "functions" (as Prudence puts it) against her better judgment. She is anticipating a rather elaborate debut for me next June, and would much prefer I wouldn't step out. To keep me in during the fall, winter and spring affairs, would be like chaining me in a morgue. I'd simply wither up and die.

Prudence is HUMAN, and can't say NO—THE PEACH!

She's a WONDER—that woman, mother of MINE!

It must be awfully hard to ALWAYS tell the truth to YOUR OWN CHILD—especially when you're telling that child you've had the very SAME SITUATIONS HAPPEN TO YOU, or a hundred other difficult conditions none too pleasant or easy for a mother to frankly confess.

IT'S SO! PRUDENCE HAS BEEN SUPERBLY SQUARE WITH ME!

She's been square with Buddy, too. He respects her for it. Once I overheard her tell him how she wished she might arrange to have him attend just one hospital maternity clinic with our family physician, so he might better grasp the seriousness of life. I stuffed my handkerchief into my mouth, trying not to imagine what Buddy would look like after listening to just about two of the final wails like Peggy delivered. Robert Bournique Livingstone would suddenly turn into a wooden Indian. I KNOW!

Prudence never allowed us to GET the diseases and the painful, life-long consequences that some unfortunate boys and girls have contracted, because she told us about EVERYTHING long BEFORE WE NEEDED TO KNOW.

All Prudence asks, is for us to keep up the standard of the family name; and some day, after we marry "Clean Coats", she is anxious for us to "become the parents of NORMAL children, and NOT those born of accidents and ignorance". (Her own phrase.)

The word "born" makes me shiver. I see visions of shining instruments; a white tray, a black, slinky cat; a kerosene, fly-specked lamp; a cracked wood-stove; a chipped enamel

basin; a wabbly kitchen chair; an unearthly, hair-raising screech; a poetical farm; a scratchy goat; and a tippy privy.

SOME WILD ADVENTURE!

A NEEDED REVELATION!

Suppose the SMOLDERING FLAMES of youth DO require warning, watching, and drenching; and my visit to the farm answered a much needed purpose.

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NEXT

I may be a flapping NUT, but Prudence never accuses me of it. She never even says I am BAD—tho she sometimes calls me a BOLSHEVIK!

She knows I speak out in meetin'—that I love to pet, tease, and do adventurous, semi-wild stunts—but also she is satisfied that LIMIT RISKS are not in my line. NIXY!

I'm no prude—but I'M NOT HALF AS SMART AS I ONCE WAS!

THE DOCTOR KNEW HIS INSTRUMENTS!

A MODERN SYMPHONY

It beats all how times do change!
Short skirts gittin' shorter,
Silver flasks with powder puffs,
Girls not what they orter.
Cigarets—a common style,
Lip-stick thick and pasty,
Bobs that sure would make you smile,
Slang both smart and hasty.
Stockings thin like none at all—
Just a panic starter,
Sometimes rolled, and then ag'in
Fastened with a garter.
Custom makes us shocked no more,
That's the way it orter;
Time slips by, we regret that
Flapper days grow shorter.

Ahem! That spasm should be diagnosed BLANKUS FITUS—strong on the BLANK and weak from the FIT.

NANABUS YOURABUS A-ABUS NUTABUS!

Wish I were ten years old—in T. again—we "mongrels" had a language all "OUR'N".

ONCE I would have run the D.D.D.'s! (Dares, dangers, and damages.)

Many of the girls DO.

No more for ME.

UGH! CHLOROFORM! I smell it now!

To be HONEST, I don't think it is the least bit more EVIL to DO what some of the girls RISK, than it is to play the SO-FAR-AND-NO-FURTHER game that I do—but it's less DANGEROUS for ME! AND THAT'S THAT!

Yes, THAT'S THAT!

Prudence had me taught JIU JITSU—just 'CAUSE! EXCELLENT 'CAUSE!

She has been HONEST—NOT FALSELY MODEST!

She NEVER made it necessary for me to fear her TEARS, WAILS, or RELIGIOUS HYSTERIA. SHE HATES THAT STUFF.

Prudence has MORTIFIED HER PRIDE and been a REAL PAL!

PRICELESS mother who knows what motherhood MEANS!

To her a SPADE is a SPADE!

She KNOWS boys and girls PET; and she knows it is NOT always the OTHER WOMAN'S DAUGHTER who does the petting, either.

She's HONEST, and CONFESSED to these things HERSELF.

I adore her because I know she is REAL, and NOT A FAKE!

Prudence didn't intend to allow me to MEET TROUBLE unless I SAW HIM COMING, and had PLENTY WARNING!

By what girls DO and SNEAK ABOUT, most mothers must be afraid their daughters or sons will LEARN TOO MUCH about self-preservation. NOT SO PRUDENCE. She believes youth is frequently spoiled because it has NOT BEEN TAUGHT ENOUGH; not told about diseases that can even be contracted in a KISS or a handclasp; and how babies WILL COME just about the time boys and girls, men and women, THINK they are SMARTEST.

Prudence said: tho I was young, she knew I'd do the very things YOUTH ALWAYS DOES; and IF I were old

enough to have the SYMPTOMS and to DO THESE STUNTS, it was TIME to BE MY PAL.

Once Prudence told me that buyers of horses always open the beast's mouth to examine its teeth before purchase. Well, I don't exactly do that, but, believe me, I take fierce sidelooks as far as I can see, and bad teeth, pimply flesh, or uncleanliness of ANY KIND ends a boy's friendship with me O.T.S. (on the spot). Another thing I do (because Dad is gone)—I tell my doubts to Buddy, and he finds out that the fellow is O.K., or I won't go out with him EVER.

Next in line to a REAL FATHER is a REAL BROTHER. Girls need 'em MUCHER. Girls BE VIXENS, I guess.

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RESTLESS AGAIN!

THINKING about LOVE brought BENJAMIN KENESAW ARNOLD to my mind. I must find out how he and Prudence stand. Don't want to do anything I'd regret—too many boys and men to get.

Whenever Bennie appears in Mrs. Russell's drawing room, or calls on Prudence, he is all dolled up like a smart haberdasher's advertisement. However, conventional attire doesn't show off his well-shaped, long limbs half as jauntily as his dark blue uniform with puttees and spurs—TOOT!

Mrs. Russell claims to come from a very blue-blooded Irish family and a long line of important has-beens; then her two fine-looking brothers do, too. ALL SAMEE STOCK!

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DISTURBED—LUNCHEON SERVED.

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Ever hear of "mental hives"?
Prudence says I've got 'em!

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Is Bennie handsome?
HANDSOME!
Guess I, Nan, ought to know!
When I simply THINK of that bird, there come violent

thumps around my heart; BUT, when I SEE him—OH, BOY! I GET SECRET FITS!

I can't blame Prudence for naming Bennie, "Apollo". If she truly wants him, she can have him, and I'll fade away as far as Bennie is concerned. In the meanwhile, I'm at least going to make my future step-parent (if that's what he's to be) take more than a passing interest in his possible responsibilities.

MEBBE Prudence does NOT want him!

If not—well—then—THEN—MEBBE!

What's hurting the sweet Bournique pride of my Prudence, is Bennie's UNIFORM. No doubt she just about withers and gets chills at the very thought of it, let alone seeing it on a HUSBAND—HER husband in particular.

Proud Prudence and a POLICEMAN! A POLICEMAN!

I giggle now over what the gossips WOULD SAY!

The only place Prudence and Bennie would find happiness is in the dictionary.

I'm not romantically in love with the padded, belted, Prince-Albert-looking outfit a policeman has to wear, but I'd tolerate most any style of glad-rags just to have BENNIE hanging 'round.

S'MORE TRUTH!

LOTSMORE!

So few of our set know Bennie's a policeman—and THEY seemingly like to excuse it on the basis of being a LARK.

When it DOES leak out, Mrs. Russell will have a permanent paralysis along with her wave.

The Gold Coast will have the shock of its gay life—to say nothing of the spicy write-up the papers will give the glad tidings:

TRAFFIC COP DISGUISED BLUE-BLOOD.
FAMILY SKELETON
REVEALED.
GOLD COAST AGHAST.

Won't that be a WOW?

Bennie will think it a huge joke. I admire his independence. At least, he must have chosen the policeman-method of earning a living because he LIKED THE LIFE, or LARK, or sudden excitements and THRILLS. Any reason he advances will be perfectly acceptable to ME.

Bennie! Best Bet Yet!

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BLOOEY!
Just SHIVERED A SIGH!
That's one of MY regular SYMPTOMS!
'Am perfectly normal when I INHALE, even when excited or thrilled, but when I start to EXHALE—well, I not only SHIVER, but I get GOOSE-FLESH (like prickly heat) all over my arms and legs just THINKING about the THRILL of what CAUSED me to SIGH.
Too complicated for you, Diary?
Translate Virgil, and my explanation will seem simple.
(Simple-minded, perhaps.) (Too many "I's"?)
Tra la la, oh, la la!
BRRrrrr!
I'm thinking of your scowl, URIAH, dear!
Yes, I'm the same old light-weight—can't change me!
BUT—I'd rather be HERE, Uriah, then wherever you are!
COO COO!
URIAH, you old six-feet, topped off with dandruff!
I SALUTE THEE!
Wonder what NU T you are TRYING to teach NOW?

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DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING.
Last night there was a pretentious Ball held in the Crystal Ballroom of the Hotel Blackstone for the benefit of the little crippled children. It was a great event. Mother was a patroness—so were several others of our set who have inherited or appropriated fancy "Coats". (MEW.)
Funny how most of the dames and dowagers hug their purses unless they can "show off" personally, financially, or "Coatily."
They're more or less like grape fruit juice—eager to be in the public eye. (That's stale, but pat!)
Men seem different! Every man thaws out quite freely and donates to the various charities without a grunt, resenting any particular entertainment or publicity—in fact, most of them demand secrecy concerning their checks.
With a woman it's—throw in a matinee, dinner, luncheon, dance, bridge party, or SOMETHING or other, so she can SHINE or PARADE.
I'm not so young or so dumb but what this trait hits me with a jarring bang, and it makes me wonder at such queer charity—whether it IS charity.

Women will spend a small fortune and look like gorgeous peacocks just to put five dollars in the crippled children's collection plate.

A woman will spend two hundred dollars or MORE for a spiffy gown, and purchase a bridge score card at five a throw, but she wouldn't freely DONATE the two hundred and five without some social motive, possibly a little newspaper praise or flattering publicity. At least, that's the impression I've received from the women in the so-called ULTRA set.

I've seen women weep at the sight of some poor afflicted child, and actually strip themselves of what jewels they had on at the time, when an unexpected collection was called for.

Men are more conservative during such dramatic moments.

Once I was with Prudence when she all but donated her shirt. On our way home, I asked her how she liked the appearance of the gold-fish bowl which had been passed around to be filled with greenbacks, checks, watches, diamonds, gold, silver, rubies, antique jewelry and pearls, all impulsively thrown into the bowl by the tearful ones present. Prudence had removed a beautiful ring and brooch which Daddy had given her, and dropped both into the bowl. At last, when she found her voice, her sweet little mouth trembled a bit, but, as usual, only the frankest of answers escaped her lips.

"The bowl looked weighty and generous, but I feel like an impulsive, miserable fool for giving two gifts your father gave to me—now they're gone—GONE."

Prudence is all the more precious because she IS human and impulsive. She has a heart filled with tears, love and understanding. I'm SO GRATEFUL that she ISN'T PERFECT, but a REAL MOTHER.

SEQUENCE, you're a deserter! Come back to the Ball!

Prudence spent considerably more than fifteen hundred seventy-seven dollars for HER bid last night. After it reached that amount, I no longer counted. It was her money —her pleasure.

She wore a little imported evening gown costing three hundred and fifty. (I bet it was made in the rear of some local establishment, and they fixed a foreign label on it.) Her stockings cost her twenty-five; gold sllippers with beautiful rhinestone heels and buckles added another fifty; the

band around her shapely head came to twelve; the special massage of face, throat, arms and hands, not mentioning her henna rinse, shampoo and marcel, added another twenty; long gloves of ivory kid with gold stitching (to match her cloth-of-gold gown) came to twenty-five; her new ermine cape was a bargain at nine hundred; and perhaps two hundred dollars more for the harmonious undies and fancy doo-dads.

THAT'S the way with widows and money! Her THRILL —helping the cripple children—came in decorating her already beautiful body.

I ADORE MY PRUDENCE! (Don't mistake me.)

Perhaps I look at charity from the wrong angle.

BUT, is CHARITY altogether SELFISH?

It just SEEMS to me that the helping-the-poor business loses its flavor when we spend sixteen hundred dollars on ourselves to DONATE five.

SO LITTLE GOES TO CHARITY!

I, Nan, not yet seventeen—well, that MAY BE rather young to have such ideas—but I've got 'em. Mebbe it's my "mental hives" again!

When Prudence becomes angry with me, she occasionally explodes that she is sorry I am "BOTH a flapper and a Bolshevik afflicted with wild ideas and set notions."

Last night, the older dames (those older than Prudence) were dressed like young ducklings.

The flappers were lucky to have their nakedness fairly well covered.

I, Nan, like the styles they have right now. They make funny legs look funnier, and lovely legs look lovelier.

Personally, the styles show off my slender pink body in GREAT SHAPE.

Prudence thinks I use yards and yards of tulle about my shoulders and arms BECAUSE the prevailing styles expose too much of my anatomy. 'TIS SO! But, not altogether for the reason she attributes.

If I use soft tulle over my tiny breasts, which WILL PEEK over the top of the gown-line—then EVERYTHING is far more enticing than giving men TOO MUCH FOR NOTHING. I know this by the manner in which men admirers try to PEEK. And a PEEK—TORTURING PEEK—is all they get.

Some of the boys have confessed that there isn't anything more beautiful and maddening than a WEE SQUINT never quite satisfied.

I, Nan, am young—this age is mine but ONCE—each flapper to her own methods.

I say, let the old girls show all they want as THEIR BID for popularity, and toward a matrimonial catch; but I want to tease, to appeal, and to hold my boy-friends a long, long time—and I DO.

Buddy agrees with me and says that no girl can hold the attentions of boy or man by giving him too big an eyeful.

I'm much like other flappers, only my METHODS are different.

It's been like pulling teeth to tell the truth—but so far I've stood the test.

There's a hidden WITCH in every girl—some are little less than VIXENS—perhaps I'm one of the latter.

Yeppy—a bit naughty—but irresistible!

That's prezackly what I, Nan, aim to be—IRRESISTIBLE!

Buddy said that I looked like an angel with my soft silk gown and billows of tulle. He called me a "STUNNING, SWEET WOW"!

Isn't it great when a girl can adjust the blinders on the eyes of her own brother? Buddy's a dear!

Some of the dames over fifty were not such cold babies, either. Several had the good sense to wear bands or jewel dog-collars about their goose-weathered throats, and fluffy powder over well cold-creamed flesh. A few wore tulle to match their gowns, wound around the flabby fat of their upper arms and across the upper lumpy part of their backs. This covered defects and made them appear younger.

At fifty it certainly requires a VERY BRAVE woman, an attractive woman, or a short-sighted one, to wear a bob and dress like a girl of twenty. Sometimes it's funny—once in a while pitiful—and frequently just GLORIOUS to see the attempt.

DELUSION IS DELICIOUS!

I, Nan, may be a deluded nut and not know it; but at least I have youth to excuse me.

EVERY AGE must have its purpose!

I think OUR AGE—the age the smart Kats call "flapper-fooldom" is certainly teaching the world a WHOLE LOT. (Mr. Russell says: "When you have a LOT, you have a bank account.")

I may NOT feel so old when I reach fifty—but it seems the end of life to me NOW.

Prudence insists that some of my ideas seem to have emerged from the nursing bottle age—some from Russia. (MEBBE! I should moan on a sax!)

Well, even THAT is better than to be called a BOLSHEVIK! Yet, one time when Prudence couldn't stop Peggy's

baby from crying, she called IT a BOLSHEVIK, but laughed when she said it. So even a BOLSHEVIK may have a few saving graces, and be only a few days old.

When it comes to vanity, they can talk all they want about the flapper being vain, but she'd have to travel SOME to catch up to the old girl of fifty to sixty, who spends one-third of her waking hours in the Beauty Parlor and the other two-thirds trying to make the world believe in her PERPETUAL YOUTH, and to SEE HER as she WANTS TO BE SEEN—and as she is CONVINCED she has deluded the world into thinking she IS.

Wonder what I'll look like at fifty!

Wonder what I'll feel like at fifty!

Wonder if I'll have the delusions and baby-vampy ways of some of our tweet-tweet and blah-blah dowagers of fifty!

Wonder if MY neck will look like crepe-de-chiene when I am fifty!

Wonder if I'll conceitedly and utterly believe in myself and my youthful beauty at fifty!

Wonder if it is possible for ALL women to BE as truly stately and beautiful at fifty as a FEW women of that age whom I happen to know!

Wonder if I'll ever be as silly and giggly at fifty as a few MORE I know?

Hope I burst a blood-vessel before then, if at fifty I paint my lips and face like a clown, act like a kittenish yap, and tell everybody how men offer to flirt with me and drive their cars up to the curb, thinking I am "chicken", and how they follow and try to date me up.

(That's some of the old dears' line—I've heard 'em again and again.)

At fifty I want to hike, play a sane game of golf or whatever is popular, dance a little, converse refreshingly and NOT on "operations" or my "rheumatiz'", entertain merrily, be democratic and HUMAN!

Several of the older women were lovely and RATIONALLY dolled up.

Many MORE, around fifty to seventy, looked like miserable ads for the dentist, flesh rejuvenator, or the make-up artist. Long distance from the dream-mother! Still longer from the flapper!

An equal number of the OLD BOYS were hobbling mentally and physically. These ancient gold-fish let their pop-eyes rove wildly from old girls of APPROPRIATE ages to flappers of MY AGE!

Many old drakes of fifty to seventy are more dangerous than creeping FOXES.

Stealthily they come into the lives of young girls, only to leave DEVASTATION, MISERY and TEARS for all concerned.

That's a mouthful for a girl of MY AGE.

But, deplorable as it is, I KNOW!

The cunning, adroit, old heathen!

They have tried their smooth, "LIBERTINIOUS" methods on me a few times!

(I originated that word "LIBERTINIOUS" after a conversation with Buddy and a SCENE WITH A FOX.)

'Am so grateful for a brother like Buddy to consult and who FINISHED THE GOOD LOOKS OF THE FOX by himself keeping the appointment he had advised me to make in order to completely end the FOX'S advances.

I was guilty of being flattered and at first listening to a gay old boy of fifty-one (whose WIFE FAILED TO UNDERSTAND HIM but who, in reality, could have given me cards and spades as to her knowledge of her husband), and almost wrecked my own life, mother's and the wife's, to say nothing about that of the FOX—all because I was vain and enjoyed vamping, failing to heed Prudence until almost too late.

THE SUAVE OLD RAKE!

Now I know!

GUNS! Yes, I KNOW!

First I flirted with him and ENJOYED THE FUN!

After while I commenced to feel how silly the old eagle-faced-money-bag really appeared, and wondered if he thought I was going to continue the circus. Well, HE WAS—for what he was seeking!

Thought I could let him down without trouble or family interference, but immediately he commenced the methods of clever FOXES.

He wanted ME—intending to leave the sting of lifelong regret as the price of my vanity, and his satisfaction. Then he'd get busy and hunt for NEW PREY!

He was old Kingsley Van Patten, head of an aristocratic, fine family, and husband of a proud, good woman who had given him two sons and one daughter.

I almost landed on the tile floor.

At first Van Patten's advances were fatherly and appreciated. Later, I saw he was flirting, and dared to encourage the old fool, thinking that after while, when I'd fail to keep a few afternoon tea-dance appointments with him, he'd cease inviting me.

About this time trouble DID begin. He started on a scientific campaign of attentions such as I had never experienced. It was flattering. I was almost sorry that I had ever tried to drop him .

Until the very last Kingsley Van Patten had never tried to kiss my lips, but always the palms and backs of my hands, the hollows of my elbows, and my golden-red hair. He raved over my arms and hair—and I loved it—I fairly ate it up.

Other boys and men had not been so easily kept from the regular kisses.

Van Patten truly impressed me. I liked his adroit methods —they made me feel quite IMPORTANT.

He was an excellent dancer.

One night, in the Van Patten home, where his daughter was giving a jolly party, he and I slipped away to the amber-lighted palm-room, where he parked me on his ample lap. (That was the FIRST and LAST time I ever sat on that reserved seat.)

As we got nicely comfy, his wife and Prudence entered just as my ancient lover was about to deliver unto my waiting lips one of the type of kisses he had always previously planted on my arms.

Mrs. Van Patten screamed.

Prudence addressed me: "Nanett—step this way", in tones I easily understood.

DID I STEP?

I DID.

Van jumped so unexpectedly that I almost landed on the tile floor.

Their inopportune entrance saved me—altho it infuriated me dreadfully at the time.

Immediately after that Prudence and I left for home. I never saw Kingsley Van Patten again—but Buddy did—SQUARE ON THE JAW—not because he flirted with me, as I was equally to blame—but because he was rotten and a dirty fox to risk even a kiss.

Some months later Kingsley Van Patten died, REEKING with the disease he must have had when he held me on his lap, and which would have been my DOOM had his cankered mouth touched mine even ONCE.

His wife told Prudence that the reason she screamed was because she knew her husband's physical condition. (I SHUDDER!)

He hadn't kissed any member of his family for two years. And until I sat on his lap, he had been able to continue that self-denial.

What won't we risk for thrills!

PRUDENCE ARRIVED JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME FOR ME!

I SHIVER WHEN I STOP TO THINK OF MY NARROW ESCAPE!

Horrors! To think of it! And at the time I was leading him on to kiss my clean lips!

HIDEOUS MEMORY!

HIDEOUS!

OH, GOD!

And the world has millions of Foxes!

Since that squirmish experience, I've chosen my intimate friends with whom I enjoy a bit of petting now and again, from among the fellows who measure up to Buddy's standards, and from the ranks of the UNmarried.

Of course, either Buddy or I might get gipped, but I can't go far wrong in POSTPONING a petting party for one excuse or another—at least until I can get hold of Buddy and he can do a little "deteckative" work. If somebody LIES TO HIM, well——

ALSO, I, Nan, am no longer flattered by DAMAGED GOODS.

The cleanest blooded MARRIED MAN on earth can just trot along, and either pet some other flapper, as foolish as I once was, or remain true to his delusioned wife. THAT'S THAT!

And,—what was I wandering away from this time?

For the LOVE O' MIKE!

WHERE IS THAT PIE-EYED SEQUENCE?

I STARTED OUT to tell about the BENEFIT BALL for the cripple children—instead, dug up ancient history about old Kingsley Van Patten, damaged goods, and being gipped.

So, here I am, meekly going back to last night's affair, which, as Prudence says: "was a chawming function".

EVERYBODY WAS THERE!
GLORIOUS EVERYBODY!

Among them: Old families; new families; would-be's; the near-rich; the harmless; the dangerous; and lastly, the esteemed, feared, and desired Dowager, who, occasionally, roasts the gills out of some of our first families, while she flatters others, which proves the importance of BEING THE DOWAGER.

THE DOWAGER IS BRILLIANT! O, VERY, VERY BRILLIANT!

BUT I, Nan, am glad I'm NOT the Dowager!

MEBBE, SHE is glad, too! O, very, very glad!

At that, I may even like the Dowager some day—and perhaps understand her attitude better. Her's is no snap job.

I don't like public SLAMS about FAMILY MATTERS!

It may be GOSSIP, but it's NOT SWEET NEWS, and it hurts somebody—not deserving to be hurt.

MEBBE the HIGHER-UPS like it.

MEBBE!

MEBBE, the HIGHER-UPS have no loved ones in a position to get PANNED by the ironical wit of clever reporters!

MEBBE!

Prudence insists that the Dowager is extremely clever and a dear! She loves her.

MEBBE! And I WANT to love her, too!

Guess I'm a sort of KAT myself!

Seems to me everybody sort-of picks on the Dowager—some because she FAILS to give them special notices—others because she GIVES THEM TOO MUCH!

(HELL IF YOU DO, AND HELL IF YOU DON'T.)

I've decided that the newsiest newspaper NEWS must be clever PEN-VIVISECTION!

It's HUMAN to resent the truth when it hits HOME!

Persons who get figuratively beheaded by the DOWAGER rather have it SHUT-UP than STIRRED-UP!

Sometimes she says kind and sweet NEWSY NEWS!

Then Prudence isn't the only one to love her!

The DOWAGER wouldn't waste the energy to LOOK at me!

She doesn't have to fear FLAPPERS and SUCH!

BUT, we have good MEMORIES! TOOT!

MEBBE, if she got the chance—she'd BOX MY EARS!

I wouldn't mind that so much, if she'd BOX some of her BRAINS INTO MY SKULL!

MEBBE she'd have ruined MY peace of mind FOREVER if she had known that juicy morsel about VAN PATTEN and MYSELF!

MEBBE?

MEBBE!

It must be little less than HELL to live, eat, and clothe oneself BECAUSE one has to BANTER, FLATTER, and INSINUATE all one knows INTO NEWS!

Nan, don't take a tail-spin over someone's else business; you've all you can do to ATTEND TO YOUR OWN! TAKE THAT!

Yeppy—I will! (But it was only MY pee-wee opinion!)

It's FOGGY TODAY!

I can hear the fog-horn. The dampness penetrates.

The hollow sound from the horn makes it seem colder.

Wish it would clear up, get nippy and freeze. Fog is too mysterious, and I SHIVER.

* * * * * * * * *

SEQUENCE! Weren't we writing about the Ball? HANG ON TO ME LIKE A LEECH, or Ill commit MURDER!

Once more for the Ball!

My evening gown was cream charmeuse, with cream ostrich-feather trimming, pearls, and a huge ostrich fan for ornaments. It looked beautiful—so becoming, too—almost bride-like, with yards and yards of cream tulle about my shoulders and arms, and a pearl band against my titian hair.

All the girls raved about my outfit—mebbe they were just looking for trade-lasts.

Oh, la la, but I, Nan, LIKE MYSELF!

SOME CUDDLING SIREN!

MOOCHA DA NIZE BABEE!

SEQUENCE! YOU WANDERING PIKER!

Answer: "PRESENT"!

Dicky Thornton was my escort to the Ball, with his spinster-sister as chaperon.

Danced eleven straight dances; split two foxtrots so I could dance with extra partners; and sat out two numbers during heavenly music—one with Snappy—one with BENNIE.

DIARY: DID YOU GET THAT NAME?

BENNIE!

MY HEART JUMPS!

BRAIN'S IN A DAZE OF GLORIOUS MEMORIES!

Guess I'm amusing Bennie; at least, he treats me as tho I were only a peppery sauce-box PLUS. He is most certainly UNEASILY DELIGHTFUL!

Wish he would treat me a bit OLDER—I'd LOVE IT!

Wish I knew whether he is in love with mother, or mother in love with him.

I can't GET their line. Time will tell.

Last night it was thrilling to feel the admiration of the older men as they held me against their shirt-fronts. Guess I looked like a demure lambkin. Well, I can't let them ALL hold me any other time—so when the music plays I dare let their arms encircle me just as I'd love to have them do under other circumstances.

I danced with all the younger fellows, too—but they LACKED SOMETHING—can't describe it.

I ADORE BEING LOVED!

I MUST BE LOVED!

POSITIVELY MUST BE LOVED!

I don't dare declare this secret yearning—so I take it out in DANCING!

I SHOULDN'T, BUT WHO WOULDN'T?

Don't want to settle down and be a stale married woman. DO want to be ADORED—want to choose among SEVERAL.

Since listening to Buddy confide about his various feminine admirers, and watching what THEY DO, I have finally reached THE ANSWER why some girls FIZZLE and some SUCCEED in attracting and HOLDING the opposite sex.

Girls display too much ANXIETY—are TOO SERIOUS.

They make a SHOW of their desires.

I will secretly WANT as much as THEY do, but I WON'T display my WANTS. In fact, I WANT such a VARIETY that THEIR wants appear TAME.

I've learned a heap more than my "modest and demure" ways indicate. My ears have been busy—my lips have said little—I've listened a pile—and vamped MUCH.

Just now I'm studying METHODS.

BABY! DO I?

HALLWAYS!

Men certainly love to TEACH!

Even when I KNOW EXACTLY what a boy implies—I pretend the utmost innocence—it gets me out of a heap of trouble—and they respect me more.

Boys like to explain things THEIR WAY!

Prudence and Bobby do not know it, but I've been in some mighty close calls. Being a flapper has its drawbacks, but it is also a life-saver at times. (And not the nickle's worth, either.)

I've only met ONE REAL SKUNKY-FOX, and that was Kingsley Van Patten; but believe me, I've met close relatives of those animals.

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Men LOVE to TEACH sixteen to eighteen-year-old babies.

After THAT feminine age, men have their "doots".

Some men are charming, scholarly TEACHERS, yes—REGULAR PROFESSORS!

* * * * * * * *

I, Nan, am secretly satisfied that I'm a decoration when all dolled up.

MORE, I'm not crippled in the divine mysteries of love from ANY angle.

Have contacted a lot in the last ten months—wouldn't give up a single memory—am a good and game gambler—and sort of COZY BIMBO.

Prudence insists I'm a "loving, saucy IMP"!
MEBBE!
I'm wandering again!

COME ON BACK, SEQUENCE, I WANT TO TALK ABOUT BENNIE and the Ball!

Mother didn't appear to relish having me sit out a dance with her APOLLO; but I had two dances booked with him, so we danced the first one to a ravishing fox-trot—I feigned fatigue when he arrived to claim me for the second; then BENNIE very considerately proposed "sitting out". We really became acquainted for the first time.

Truly, Diary, I CAN'T picture Bennie choosing the calling of a traffic cop. Had I never known about his vocation and met him in some foreign drawing-room, I'd secretly wonder if BENJAMIN KENESAW ARNOLD were not his incognito, and he a Prince of royal blood.

BENNIE is a girl's PRECIOUS DREAM, all right.

Prudence had better watch her step, and catch him SOON, or forever HOLD HER PEACE.

I MEAN IT!

HE'S SOME GUY—that HANDSOME GIANT!

Once, during the early part of the evening, when I was sitting out a dance with him, I pretended to pinch my finger on the blade of his tiny pocket knife, which he keeps hidden in his dress-suit with his cigarette case. My face was both saucy and tearful, but there was a coaxing twinkle in my eye.

"Let me tiss the hurted spot, you angelic, little tormentor," and Bennie held my finger between his warm palms a moment, then gallantly to his lips.

The Devil took possession of me, and with my free hand I mesmerically touched his cheek and gave his hair a loving stroke as he met my searching gaze, and released my "hurted finger."

"You little witch! Babies, like you, ought to be home and in bed, not attending Balls like this. Dreamland is the place for you," he half whispered, as he noticed another couple close to the opposite side of the palms which served as a screen.

"Am I just a baby to you, Bennie?" I cooed faintly.

"That's what you are — ahem — practically. I've half a notion to ask your mother not to spoil your youth by permitting you to attend the older parties. No place for you."

I deliberately nestled closer to my FRESH TEACHER.

"But—Bennie—I do so love to dance—with you—and you'd miss me—I know you would." (I sort of arranged his tie—a bit lovingly—then played two octaves of the chromatic scale on his coat sleeve. Bet his heart thumped faster. I intended it SHOULD.)

"Yes, but all the other men dance with you—and you're too young, Nanny."

"Oh, THAT'S the pinch, is it? You don't like to have the other fellows dance with me? Is that it, Bennie?"

He was falling from grace—MELTING FAST!

"Now, Nan, see here—ahem—where's your mother? I have the next dance with her, and you are delaying me."

Just then I saw Prudence gliding past the palm-room door in the arms of Insull Adams, a former Princeton man and wealthy widower, with two eligible sons, both associated with him in the Iron Foundry business.

"Mother's not waiting long for you, evidently."

Again I played a tune on his coat sleeve.

At that moment Bennie also caught a glimpse of Prudence and Insull Adams just before they waltzed out of vision. He was peeved.

It was up to me to make use of my time.

Bennie was equal to the emergency.

TRUST THE IRISH! They are just as good PUPILS as TEACHERS!

About this time the other couple left for the Ballroom.

"Come, child, let us have this waltz together. Your mother has evidently become weary waiting for me."

It was now up to the "C-H-E-I-L-D"!

For quite some time I had made up my mind to see whether mother and Bennie seriously cared for each other. This was my "q"—so I sighed touchingly:

"It is so lovely here near this fountain and among these flowers and palms. I've never seen lovelier decorations. Wouldn't you like to remain here for this dance? The music sounds more beautiful here than in the Ballroom." I softly trilled a bit of "Love's Dream", which the orchestra was playing.

"Yes—but—suppose—"

"SUPPOSE NOTHING!" I whirled about and took his handsome bronzed face between my warm, delicately perfumed hands, and said just this:

"BENNIE, you dearest, old dumbbell! If you WON'T kiss ME, this is my only chance, so here GOES!"

HALLELUJAH, I DID!

I DID!

Dear Diary, you remember some time ago I wrote about once having a great lesson in LIPOLOGY from Dicky Thornton, well—I patterned from memory and gave BENNIE such a startingly divine kiss that he suddenly caught me in his marvelous arms and paid me back two hundred percent.

"NANNY! NANNY, DARLIN'! Certainly you don't—you CAN'T—TRULY CARE—for a man twenty years older than you are—as—I AM? Oh, HELL! I'm a conceited ass! Just an old fool!"

With that I KNEW I had BENJAMIN KENESAW ARNOLD going STRONG. From then on, I was a lively applicant for the affections of my traffic cop. (That policeman-business seems more and more like a lark to me.) At least, I had him THINKING SERIOUSLY about "Nanny, darlin'", and THEN SOME.

This was as far as I, Nan, intended leading my Apollo at one sitting. Bennie was now my putty. That instant I decided to shape him to suit ME.

"Let's dance, Bennie—there's quite a little of this waltz left. They generally play one or two encores, you know."

Surprised at my sudden change of mind, but obediently, Bennie led me to the Ballroom, where the lights had been dimmed to amber, and all the instruments muted.

We danced to the exquisite strains of "Three O'clock in the Morning". I felt a bit guilty as I met the glare of Prudence, but it quickly vanished when Bennie whispered:

"You're the sweetest, most precious infant I ever held in my arms"!

"Have you held many, Big-Ben"? I purred.

"No, darlin'," he gallantly LIED.

The amber lights were glorious!

The music was sublime!

I just cuddled closer for one breathless moment as I whispered:

"BENNIE, you're not—not—ashamed of me—for kissing you—FIRST?"

"DARLIN', I ADORE YOU! ADORE YOU"!

Oh, Baby! JUST LIKE THAT!

I was having the second thrill of the evening!

IT WAS GLORIOUS!

SPONTIFEROUS!

* * * * * * * *

Bennie suddenly caught me in his marvelous arms: "NANNY! NANNY, DARLIN'"! When once started, he makes love on all eight cylinders. OH, BOY!

SEQUENCE, handcuff yourself to me forever!

As I wrote before, Richard Thornton was my escort to the Ball, and showed plenty of jealousy when he discovered that I sat out a dance with popular BENNIE.

BENNIE is DICKY'S tender spot. He glares when I mention BENNIE'S name. I love to make him jealous!

Dicky proved wonderfully courteous—all I could ask. He and I danced the opening and closing numbers, of course, and two other dances with several encores. He would have danced everything, had I permitted, and reminded me of my approaching birthday (January twenty-fifth), also my promise made to him a year ago. I pretended not to recall to what he alluded—but he is no tame pet.

"Dicky" Thornton is deeper and more serious than Snappy, and has plenty of originality—but is nothing like as handsome and dashing as BENNIE, nor has he the latter's Irish wit or personality.

(Prudence claims all the Thorntons are, or have been, a clever family.)

What Richard Thornton wants, he WANTS, and you can GO SOME to prevent it. What he makes up his mind to get, he GETS, and that's the end of it.

Dicky touched my cheek several times during our last dance, and whispered:

"You're by far the most beautiful and exquisite creature here tonight, Nan, dear"!

(Inwardly I wondered to how many other girls he had whispered that same agreeable yarn—DURING THE BALL. I liked the SOUND, anyway. It fed my vanity.)

After a few more original steps, he confessed:

"Gosh! I disliked to infringe Sis on you tonight. She doesn't particularly enjoy playing chaperon, but your mother flatly refused to allow you to attend unless properly chaperoned—said you had not yet made your social bow—much too young—and more mother-stuff. 'Spose she was right, at that. But I'm going to drop Sis out of the bus first tonight—then you and I can have a little spin all by our lonesome. Are you game, Nan"?

I wanted more thrills, so looked fetchingly into Dicky's wonderful eyes, and replied:

"I'll love it, and trust you, Dicky, as Prudence does. Surely you'll be just as splendid without your sister, as with her."

(What a sweet, blah fib!)

Secretly, I knew Prudence didn't trust Richard Thornton ONE LITTLE BIT. Neither did I any too MUCH, but I

wasn't going to miss anything I dared take that had a kick to it.

My BLAH speech cooled him, and possibly appealed to his honor a bit. Anyway, I knew I'd get the spin, and a goodly part of a thrill.

OH, DREAMY SHIVERS!

RED HOT, COOING QUIVERS!

SUDDEN GOOSE-FLESH!

HEAVENLY BLUES!

SO, DID IT WAS!

THRILLS AND MORE THRILLS!

Even the memory of it gets me all excited!

Page the spirits who control my pen!

SEQUENCE, step lively! I'm telling about my quivers before I tell what caused them. Chain yourself to me this minute!

We dropped his sister at the Thornton home, and then motored north to Hubbard Woods. It was cold, so Dicky parked alongside a deserted thicket and placed the fur robe about me as he drew me close.

MASTERFUL SHEIK! He was.

CUDDLING BIMBO! I was.

ORANGE MOON! It was.

For a few moments we talked about the success of the Benefit Ball. He swore I was the most adorable dancer he had ever known, and called me "NAN-BABY" as his warm breath touched my cold cheek.

Dicky's words sounded to my senses like a good jazz orchestra affects my feet, rhythmical and divine, so I lapped them up as food for thought. Luscious raspberries and thick cream!

Do hope I said and did a FEW things DIFFERENT!

Hope I didn't sound exactly like all the other girls!

I wanted to do credit to his high estimate of "Nan-Baby", but it's hard to cope with so worldly a fellow.

One thing I DID DO—I LET HIM TEACH ME SLATHERS that I pretended I'd never understood before. Could see this was an exciting novelty to him. He appeared in his glory!

(Prudence says Dicky is very "sophisticated". I wasn't satisfied with her use of the term, so I looked it up in Mr. Webster—guess she's about right—as she generally IS.)

Like all the others, Dicky was truly flattered that I knew SO LITTLE ABOUT THE VARIOUS METHODS OF LOVING under orange moons.

IT WAS A REGULAR RIPE-RED-RASPBERRIES-AND-RICH-CREAM-OF-A-LOVE-PARTY!

Dicky was such a PRICELESS TEACHER, and patient, too!

I like 'em PATIENT—they're more willing to repeat the lesson several times!

WOW?

WOW!

INWARDLY my little brain was going strong, and my sense of humor straining hard not to LAUGH.

Each man has a different manner of MAKING LOVE or EXPLAINING it. Each man thinks HIS method the ONLY ONE WORTH WHILE. Isn't it funny? LOVERS are like vocal teachers—THEIR METHOD ONLY!

All the time we were parked that heavenly orange moon was playing havoc with my intentions.

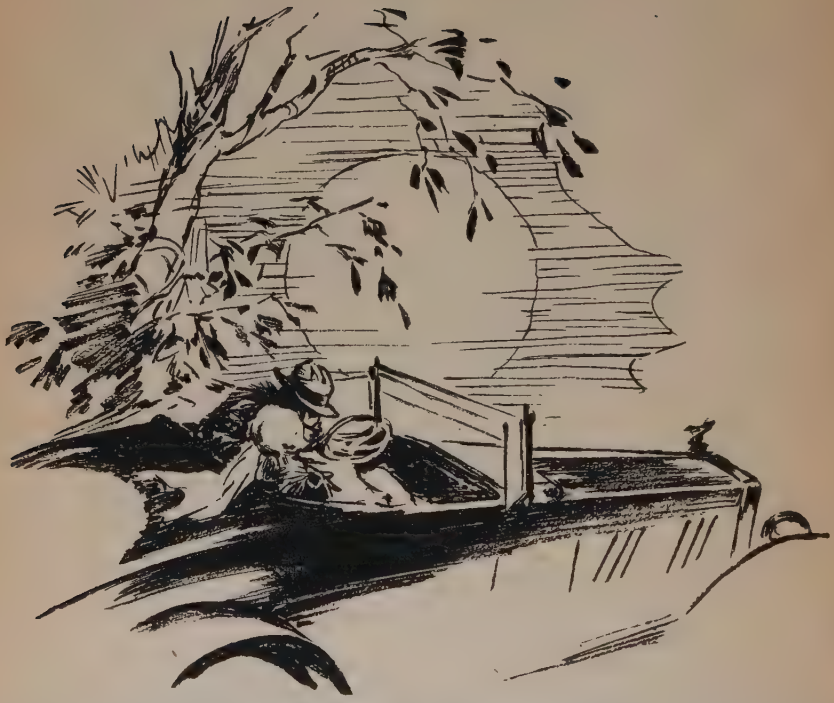
Moons have a way with them most dangerous to temperature and hearts—saying nothing about being alone with Dicky in his motor in a deserted thicket.

There we were—two hungry, sentimental loons—and only a short hour to convince each other of LOVE!

I knew it was coming!

Even seconds of silence were glorious with Dicky!

The MOON kept impelling him on!



This is Dicky exclaiming: "My heart is bursting with love for you, Nan, dearest. You are the most adorable baby on earth". (Not so tame either. So?)

Finally, Dicky-Boy could stand it no longer:

"NAN, can't you pretend to mix your dates, and give me a birthday taste of your adorable lips tonight? It's a long, long time until January twenty-fifth. This is our one golden opportunity"!

I met Dick's gaze squarely.

HOW CAN OUR SEX LIE SO ANGELICALLY? GLORIA PUMPERNICKLE, BUT I CAN LIE TO MEN!

I, Nan, had the nerve to answer just like this:

"I would, Dicky—but I want to convince you that kissing is far from common with me. I'd much rather wait until my birthday. Besides—besides—I've NEVER kissed a man before, nor since, you stole that kiss a year ago, and—and—maybe—it isn't just right. Is it, dear?" I purred.

(ANGELO PROFUNDO! MOCCO FORGIVIO!)

"NAN-BABY—PLEASE—PLEASE TRUST ME—YOU FAIRLY CONSUME ME WITH WORSHIP FOR YOU"!

I could easily hear his breathing was becoming well mixed with his heart-beats.

He was obeying the MOON in fine shape!

I WAS GAINING ANOTHER CONQUEST!

It was AGONY for me to pretend patience, and to wait for him to plead yet more tragically!

THIS WAS MY URGE:

"But, Dicky, you surely don't—don't—"

THIS WAS HIS REPLY:

"Yes, I DO! My heart is bursting with LOVE FOR YOU, Nan, dearest. My lips are madly waiting to convince you that you are the MOST ADORABLE BABY ON EARTH! Won't you PLEASE—PLEASE sample the love I'm yearning and pleading to give you—ALWAYS! WON'T YOU, NAN"?

Well, Diary, what do you think of THAT?

At least it was SPEED!

WASN'T THAT A REGULAR ORANGE-MOON SPEECH? A warm come-hither!

Didn't I, Nan, electrify exactly the right wires?

Didn't I show a heap of control for a HUNGRY, LOVIN' and KISSABLE KID? I'll say I DID!

As I look back on it—don't think I could wait that long again. NOPE! NOT AGAIN!

(Diary: If you wonder what language my "Angelo Profundo, Mocco Forgivio" IS, just know it's FLAPPER-HINDU and SOME.)

You should have listened to Dicky's shortness of breath—sounded like a well-developed case of asthma. Believe me, he was in earnest THEN—whether he STILL IS OR NOT.

(Diary: Please note that I didn't slop all over and let him kiss me the instant he had the setting all prepared—even when it was in a lonely thicket under an ORANGE MOON.)

Dicky-Bird coaxed PLENTY!

He not only COAXED—he actually BEGGED!

(Prudence, forgive me—you would have done the same. Promises went FLUEY. I KNOW you UNDERSTAND.)

Hope I didn't pull a faux-pas—(French for BONER).

But then, gosh-all Friday! I'M NO FROZEN FISH!

It was an awful job to hide that nothing-to-eat-for-a-week feeling which fairly swept my brains into next year, as he coaxed so DIVINELY!

Then, too, I WANTED him to coax PLENTY. HE DID.

DICKY'S A LOVABLE-DOO-BUNK-COAXER!

I can hear him NOW! (Am all goose-flesh and quivers just thinking about it.) His deep, fine voice as he plead:

"NAN-BABY—PLEASE—PLEASE TRUST ME"!

And HEAPS MORE! (Always heavy on the "TRUST".)

Some snow birds sang: "TWEET-TWEET"?

And little Nan thought: "YOU BET"!

At last I decided to grant his pleadings and nestled closer, baby-woman fashion.

Then Dicky feasted me to the most luscious kisses of my wildest dreams.

Ummmmmmmm!

They were 'liscious!

SOME APPETITE! NEVER SATISFIED!

Dicky's lips were so hot that they fairly SIZZLED and TREMBLED as he REVIEWED the ART OF "LIP-OLOGY"!

"LIPOLOGY"!

Anybody else ever use that word? THINK NOT!

Tho I, Nan, am some little teaser, there was a limit to my own conscious ability. I WOBBLED! When it came to stringing Dicky any length of time, I was lost in the wilderness.

Dicky told me all about his income, hopes and plans, and much concerning his investments. 'Pears to me he's mighty frank, unless it is more serious than I'm willing to believe.

Finally, there was nothing officially noticeable in resistance of quality or quantity as to kisses.

BOTH OF US LOVE DRUNK, AND IN GLORY!

SOME PARTY just for TWO!

So much for the unexpected spin!

* * * * * * * *

On our way home, Dicky suggested returning by way of Green Bay Road and stopping en route for hot coffee and breakfast.

I was willing, yet a little worried for fear Prudence might call Dicky's sister to see if she were with us.

Dicky assured me that he had his sister "primed", and also the family butler, who would answer the 'phone, saying: "Miss Thornton and her brother have not yet returned—possibly they stopped for breakfast somewhere," which would satisfy Prudence, since "Spinster Agatha" would be along.

During the Ball, Richard Thornton had not thawed out sufficiently to flatter my demands, but before the night was half over he had improved with leaps and bounds. I wish the girls could have seen his able tutorage. Somehow it seems to me Dicky is serious and means all he says.

Just before we reached home, Dicky slipped one arm about me, as he steered with the other, and motored slowly. After a few moments of exquisite silence, he suddenly declared:

"You know, 'Nan-Baby', your mother would never consent to our marriage at your present age, but we could be secretly engaged, if only you would and loved me enough to wait until your eighteenth birthday, then we could motor down to Crown Point. What do you say"?

"I don't 'say', because I don't approve."

He was dumbfounded.

HE had a THRILL!

"We would be engaged all the while," he insisted.

"Which would spoil my youth," I answered frankly. "Let's continue being the most devoted friends, Dicky. I feel you DO love me—love me with a loyalty I never dreamed you felt for anyone, let alone me; but marriage is far from my thoughts right now, and I don't want to be engaged, even secretly, to any man YET."

(You should have seen his expression; eyes fairly popped; jaw took a sudden landslide; he looked in general as tho somebody had sold him a bogus gold brick.)

"But I love you madly," he insisted.

"I believe you, Dicky, but if you feel exactly as you do now and have reason to believe that I feel the same way toward you, ask me again on my eighteenth birthday. By then, I'll be ready to answer 'yes' or 'no', and certainly quite old enough."

"I don't think you realize how serious I am, dearest," he argued.

"Oh, yes, I do; and I think you are one of the finest men I ever met; but, Dicky, I'm only a little girl after all. Life's awfully sweet to me, and just opening up more marvelously every day. I want to have my freedom a bit longer."

This was new to the popular Dicky-bird—the biggest matrimonial catch and the wealthiest young bachelor on the Gold Coast. In his heart, Dicky had expected me to fall all over myself and him in my zeal to accept his offer of marriage.

NOT NAN!

Especially NOT NAN if I truly WANT DICKY!

Dicky's conceit took an awful slump! According to Prudence, when you "alluringly turn a man down," he will "pursue the faster." I tried her method.

I gave Dicky a farewell kiss—one to last more than a year —until my eighteenth birthday. He took my face between his hands as he warned me:

"Nan-baby, don't allow any other man to kiss you. I'd kill him if you did, and I found it out! Please remember your Dicky is silent only because you have placed restrictions on me. You are older and far wiser than your innocent years would indicate; but I know and believe you to be the sweetest virgin in this wide universe. Your mother has been a wonderful influence in your short life. I respect her for it, too. Baby, KNOW I LOVE YOU. GOOD LORD, NAN, BELIEVE ME, I LOVE YOU DESPERATELY"!

You're so lovable, Dicky. I'll make no promises that I might break; but I'll think of you many times every day and keep our appointment for my eighteenth birthday—you to ask me over again—and I to give you your answer. In the meanwhile, we are both free—BOTH FREE."

Dick sighed, and drew me to him in silent submission. Then he confessed:

"You are the first girl to whom I have ever out-and-out proposed, and you have turned me flat. Yet I'll win you, Nan-baby, if it takes years and years."

"That's the only spirit," I agreed.

When we reached my mother's "apotment", he suddenly renewed his frenzied wooing.

"Nan, DO you realize how I love you?"

"Yes, dear, I do. Your love is beautiful. I won't treat it lightly. It is sweet to be loved as you love me."

(It WAS; and it IS; but it's sweeter to be FREE!)

"Can't you see your way to a secret promise tonight?" he persisted after we had come to a final stop. "Please, Nan."

"I promise nothing. All I can say this moment is: I LOVE YOU, TOO. No more NOW."

"Goodnight, Dearest, Nan-Baby."

"Goodnight, Dicky-boy."

Parker responded instantly to my ring.

Richard Thornton must have remained at the apartment entrance for some time, perhaps thinking over the ecstasy of loving and teaching me "LIPOLOGY".

MEBBE he was stunned that I didn't accept him on the jump.

MEBBE he was thanking his stars that I did NOT accept him.

MEBBE he was wondering if I ever WOULD.

MEBBE.

It was fully thirty minutes before I switched off the lights, rolled up the shades, lifted one of the east windows, and heard the soft purring of the Thornton motor. Dicky was just driving away.

GOSH ALL FISH HOOKS! What won't a fellow do —and what won't two seekers-for-thrills do—when the night is PREZACKLY right, and a great orange moon keeps watch!

A THICKET ALL SET FOR LOVING!

A RACY MOTOR, THROTTLED DOWN TO A GENTLE PURR!

A PASSIONATE POPPA!

A VAMPIN' MOMMA!

AN ORANGE MOON!

LOVIN' NIGHT!

THRILLIN' GAME!

SWEET DREAMS!

NIGHTY!

* * * * * * * * *

Thank you, SEQUENCE! For once you remained long enough for me to get thru with one subject.

So much for the thousands SPENT, the thousands MADE, and the glorious FINALE in honor of the great Benefit Ball for Cripple Children.

* * * * * * * * *

Thus far: Snappy, Bennie, Dickey. All three have declared their everlasting love for me! Each using his particular and individual method!

Love making is an ART!

It's GREAT!

The wheel that does the squeaking gets the grease—I'm proving it.

VARIETY—thy name is ENCHANTMENT!

I ADORE NUMBERS!

NAN YOU'LL PASS!

YOU'LL PASS!

Whoopie!

* * * * * * * * *

Thanksgiving Night,
Eleven O'clock.

Mother, Bobby and I had a wonderful party. There were twelve seated at our family table, and twelve more came later to dance.

Am now waiting for Prudence to finish with her "bawth" and massage, so I can occupy that sanctum for a few splashes myself.

Dinner was served at two this afternoon; dancing started about five; and the party broke up at ten-fifteen. It was one of the loveliest affairs mother has yet given—perfect in detail, but with the hospitable, homey flavor.

Bennie looked worried today.

Prudence hung on to him like a glued plaster, either to keep Bennie from me, or for some other reason to be unfolded later. He didn't appear to object, but plainly became uneasy when I came near. Once, when he asked me to dance, and I had just promised that fox-trot to Snappy Allison, Bennie looked so wistfully at me, and perhaps a wee bit helpless, as he whispered:

"Little girl, when you have a free dance, romp around my way, will you?"

I shot back:

"Not that I know of, Bennie. If you desire to dance with me, you'll have to gallop faster than you're doing this evening."

"Well, I've never been a dead one yet, Nanny, so guess I'll discover you before the next waltz. Is that settled?"

"It is settled," I promised.

Bennie was on the dot, too. Evidently he liked my seeming indifference. Women run after that fellow in a shameless way. It must do his bump of humor good to find one girl

"Mother was nibbling on a wafer, the other end of which Gillett was holding."

who is certainly crushed on him, yet does not nibble at his every bait.

I'd LIKE to make a LOVE MOP of myself over Bennie Arnold, but I'd lose him sure as fate, if I did.

Diary, you know men will either balk, trot or canter, according to the ability of the little feminine jockey doing the riding.

I KNOW!

I'm out to win the derby!

"HOLD THE FORT, FOR I AM COMING!" means more to me now than it did back in the Turner, Virginia, Sunday School. Love is like a gay battle, and I'm Nan, the General!

After Bennie and I had danced, he escorted me to the dining room for a glass of mother's famous champagne-pineapple-red-raspberry punch. SOME PUNCH!

Whom should we discover having a rather affectionate reunion in the solarium end of the dining room but mother and Curtiss Gillett.

Bennie glared at them for an instant.

Mother was nibbling on a wafer, the other end of which Gillett was holding. They both had foolish, lost-to-the-world expressions.

I thought of Ann Gillett for a minute. Then it came to me that Curtiss makes no pretense of being a saint—but—but—PRUDENCE! With a married man, too!

I wish she'd take her own advice and choose a single fellow for novel thrills. It may not be so interesting, but it's far less risky. It's possible I, Nan, won't feel that way always, but flirty married men appear so deceitful, and yet so well rehearsed. Damaged goods has never had an overlure for me, especially since my VAN PATTEN ESCAPE.

I coughed and gave a little laugh as we came close to the cookie eaters. Curtiss and mother remained silent—seemingly unaware of our appearance.

Bennie reached for a glass, filled it with punch, proceeded to take a sip and then handed it to me. I could see where his lips had been, placed mine on the same spot, drank half and handed it back for my knight to finish, which he did in becoming fashion.

(Germs may be germs, but had Eve feared anything of the sort, we flappers wouldn't be here to emulate her. Besides,

the clothing business would have gone to the oozy bow-wows had not Adam nibbled. I'm glad we had Mother Eve and Father Adam! Certainly they started something which has lasted a long while.)

Bennie pretended not to see mother, and shortly we laughingly chatted our way down the dimly lighted corridor to the library. Here we were alone, and my Apollo drew me to a seat by his side.

"See here, Nanny—are you and Prudence making a fool of me?" he asked as he took my hand between both of his.

"No, Bennie—tonight Prudence is only dividing her attentions among all of her guests; while, personally I don't think that question applies to me. I'm not a centipede. I've only two legs and can't dance with more than one partner at a time, and must dance at least once with each guest. If I can give you more dances than the others, I'll be happy to do so."

"You're a darlin'. I drive a determined Pegasus, and perhaps some day—" Something made Bennie hesitate. I think he was comparing ages.

"And I swing a mean lariat, myself," I retorted as I puckered my lips saucily.

"Nan, you're irresistible. Your precious mouth is the most perfect shape in the world."

(Eve certainly was the first vamp, all right. Nobody has been able to set the world on edge since her day. Even Cleopatra was a fizzle in comparison. Yet Cleo had a few battles to her own credit. I, Nan, am trying to emulate our first mother.)

"Bennie, don't tease me. I'm human, you know."

Secretly, I enticed him to nibble on the invisible love-apple. "Enticing" is a subtle little game.

Bennie chuckled at my insinuation, and leaned closer as he said in that marvelous baritone which simply sets me in a furnace of bliss:

"Your lips, Nan, darlin', I LOVE YOU!"

Oh, JOY! Oh, BLOOEY! SWEET POPPA!

His musical plea was too much for this Nanny!

Diary, I wasn't THERE, that's all!

My determination to resist him MOST of the time vanished like a bird on the wing!

I kissed him not only as we kissed the night of the Benefit Ball, but MORE SO!

MORE: Did you read that?

HE, MY APOLLO, KISSED **ME!**

I'm afraid IF petting, caressing, loving and kissing are like Bennie delivers the feast, and he makes a third attempt. I'll be lost in the wilderness.

HE'S SOME SHEIK! That big-boy, giant, lover!

He's better at LIPOLOGY than Dicky, and THAT is saying a pile.

There's no denying it, I'm CUCKOO over Benjamin Kenesaw Arnold, but I DON'T like the job of traffic-cop, even when attached to Bennie's aristocratic sister—the estimable Mrs. Albert Wellington Russell.

YET, Bennie looks marvelous in his uniform, and master of all he surveys while on the broad back of his horse, Daniel Boone.

Mother has just returned from the "bawth," adorned with cold cream, double-chin support, and night gloves.

HALLELUJAH!

SOME TRANSFORMATION!

It's now MY turn to squeal under the shower, and test the durability of my permanent wave.

TOOT for now!

* * * * * * * *

December 26.

This has been one memorable Christmas!

Received so many wonderful presents that I wish it were Christmas the year around. Am almost bewildered with happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss Gillett gave mother a beautiful silver coffee urn, tray, and six extra pieces to match, all gold lined. It's dollars to doughnuts Ann Gillett would NEVER have

Mother just returned from the "bawth" adorned with cold cream, double chin support, and night gloves. SOME TRANSFORMATION!

given such a gift for a few bids to mother's parties had not Curtiss suggested it. I can see he is crazy about mother. She hasn't frozen with indifference toward him either, but trained old "Arroganty-Gilletty" to do all the fancy stunts.

Curtiss Gillett is awfully like a father toward me, and gave me a handsome French-Doll telephone-cover for the 'phone in my room. Ann Gillett bestowed a dozen long-stemmed American Beauties, and attached her card on which she wrote some sweetly appropriate line to me.

My Pals, Reene, Siggy, Judy and Peg, gave me the most exquisite sets of teddies, with hose to match. (I adore soft, satin lingerie with fine, real lace insertion.)

Bennie gave me a twenty-four inch string of genuine pearls. They are so beautiful that I'm wondering whether he didn't borrow the money to pay for them from his brother-in-law's bank. Certainly, the salary of a traffic-cop couldn't stand the strain of anything half so elegant. He presented the pearls with mother's full consent. She was almost as thrilled over them as I was.

(Can't understand mother's attitude toward Bennie. Sometimes she's lovely—the next time she's cold.)

Mr. and Mrs. Russell gave mother four seats in a choice box in the horse-shoe for the Grand Opera season next year.

(SEQUENCE: No matter how you suffer, this is the place where Nan takes another "detour" from gifts to Opera.)

Frankly, Opera has very little attraction for me. It may be my youth; it may be my lack of gray matter; it may be a streak of too much red in the blue blood; but whatever it is, I'm not going to PRETEND I DO, when I truly DON'T like Grand Opera.

It pleased me that Prudence received the Opera tickets instead of myself. I can't understand a blame thing the performers sing or speak. They do their emoting in a foreign tongue—mostly Italian—and gesticulate like the inhabitants on Maxwell Street.

It makes me laugh to see a big, fat woman, old enough to be my grandmother, taking the part of a shy young maiden. Her hips and breasts like boxed-in chunks of pork; the loose part of her upper arms flapping around as tho they were filled with melted parafine; and her double chin belying her youthful role, making an ordinarily attractive and matronly appearance resemble a burlesque show.

And the males? Most of them have stomachs like German saloonkeepers. They corset their distorted bodies; wear fancy girdles and knee breeches; expose ankles and legs which look more like hackled, wooden stump-posts than classical extremities of the Romeos they are trying to portray.

Some of the bass singers bellow like cattle going to slaughter, and tremolo like rumbles of thunder. They give me "floose glesh."

A few of the tenors let loose on a squeal-exciter, as tho the orchestral drummer were playing on their Adam's apple, and wanted to see how near they could come to giving the audience a full case of tremors. Tenors get so like boiled lobsters in the face, and emote their hands in jazzy twists until I'm generally worn out watching their so-called artistic efforts.

Just couldn't imagine myself possessing a fat lover whose stomach had to be held up by an invisible hammock, or corseted to suffocation. (Yet ALWAYS some female falls for such.)

Neither could I conceive a flabby old actress, whose bridgework is plainly visible, causing any man's heart to palpitate with romance and thrills. (Yet a few of them manage to bring in a fair score at that.)

I adore Galli C., Mary G., Madam Heink, John MacC., Nevins, Carrie J. B., or Fritz K.; but THEY, and a few like them, sing, play, or compose with simple interpretation FROM THE HEART which everyone understands and loves.

Bennie says: "Things to be REAL, must be sufficiently illusive and beautiful to express PERPETUAL YOUTH. They do not necessarily have to BE perpetual youth, but they must cause the listener to absolutely forget it IS an illusion, and retain only the SENSE of perpetual youth. REAL music is like that,—exquisite and divinely satisfying."

I memorized Bennie's little analysis. He is a bear,—the lovin' grizzly giant!

Grand Opera is laborious—gives me mental cramps, while the singer runs all over his spinal range and shows evidence of pain in his tortured tummie.

I'm forever trying to help the fat singers find their breath, or yearning to put them out of their misery—mostly the latter.

MEN go to the Opera, as a class, because their wives lead them to it; because it's quite the expensive and social thing to do; and because they can pretend to enjoy the racket with closed eyes while stealing a few winks of sleep, or secretly yearning for a game of poker.

WOMEN attend the Opera, as a class, to show off their elaborate gowns and jewels; because every other woman of THE class attends the Opera; and because it would prove their social ineligibility if they were to confess their inability to master either the price of admission, or the mysteries of Grand Opera.

Those who truly appear to enjoy Grand Opera are, for the most part, real musicians and poorer patrons who willingly and eagerly purchase seats way up "under the roof", and close their eyes while feasting their souls on what they honestly love in melody. (If I loved it that well, I'd have to close my eyes too.)

Once "Uriah" entered the dining room, where he generally heard my recitations, and found me enjoying some new novelty dance steps. He coughed. I stopped, and went directly to my Algebra work (and it WAS WORK). After failing in five successive problems, "Uriah" exploded: "Miss Nan, you're hopeless. Your few brains are in your feet."

So they MAY BE; and none too many at that! BUT this I believe is honestly true: GRAND OPERA hasn't one-twenty-fifth the thrilling deliciousness to it that:

"I want to be happy,
But I won't be happy,
'Till I make you happy, too."

has. Neither is it as appealing, effective, or soul-caressing as "My Wonderful One"; as foot-stimulating, and bracing as "Linger A While". I've never heard one single theme as heart-stirring as "Perfect Day"; and running close second comes "I Love You Truly", "Just A Song At Twilight", and the ever exquisite "Caprice" by Fritz K.

Perhaps "Uriah" was right. My "few brains" etc., etc., etc. Were it possible, I'd dance in my sleep.

Just recalling these musical gems reminds me of the divine, emotional joys to be derived from dancing to the strains of a beautiful, dreamy WALTZ with THE partner.

OH, LA LA! I feel caressed by the THOUGHT!

What's the use of retailing all this stuff?

It's too bad at my age, lacking a few days of seventeen years, that I've found men and women to be such four-flushers and willing fakers! But I HAVE!

Two-thirds of the attendance KNOW they don't particularly enjoy Grand Opera enough to FEAST on it; they don't understand the words, and don't "get" the music; but over HALF of the two-thirds SECRETLY KNOW they DO adore the soothing, sweet, dreamy, mesmeric harmony in "KISS ME AGAIN" and "BARTLETT'S DREAM", but won't admit it in the same breath with Grand Opera. MEE-GOSH, NO!

My Dad was right: "The world is filled with smiling bunk-artists and social-pretenders. Were it not so, the various business enterprises would all fail. It is bluff, BLUFF, BLUFF! Make a strong BLUFF and PRETENSE,—INSTANTLY perceive how the WEAKER pretenders and bluffers fall for YOUR BUNK."

I loved father's hard-boiled logic. Sometimes it rather stung because it FIT, but most of the time I GOT his reasoning, and loved him all the better. Occasionally, when he scolded me into "better sense", I'd feel like a spanked baby ordered to smile and see the birdie.

I never tell any one that I dislike foreign singing of Grand Opera, or hyphenated ANYTHING, because I'm not so far removed from the rest of the FAKERS. But I confess to my Diary the TRUTH.

There's one thing I DO enjoy during Grand Opera Season, and that is in FRONT of the Fire-Curtain, where the men and women, middle aged and old, all try to impress one another with their youth; and where most of them actually believe they DO impress one-another.

To me it's all a show. On both sides of the steel curtain is the game of make-believe, make-up, bunk, and pretense; and no one succeeds more than a pathetic LITTLE BIT.

SO.—

There's nothing sweeter to me than John Mac C., singing "Kathleen Mavourneen", "Just A Song at Twilight". His tones are mellow and clear as a running brook,—not emotionally dotted with a throaty palsy. His melodies reach from my toes to my head, and finish around my heart. That may read like "seventeen", but no other words express my

sentiments. John Mac C., speaks MY LANGUAGE. He, too, may sing grand opera, but give me the songs from his very soul to mine, and let me close my eyes and listen to his divinely given voice sing "Mother Of Mine".

Real music is NOT doing the shimmy, gargling a gallon of foreign words, or juggling delsart. It is NOT Saint Vitus of the vocal apparatus, or having tremors of the esophagus. It IS the very simplicity of REAL MUSIC that makes it appealing and beautiful.

The fellow who insists he'd rather hear foreign Grand Opera than eat, has a bum appetite, or is an awful piece of bunk.

HYPHENATED PEOPLE or FOREIGN ANYTHING is the cat's scratch to me!

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Yeppy, it's out of my system!

I know—'twas jes' 'sawful!

Forgive me, but I'v had so much foreign Grand Opera to digest these last two winters, that, like the little fat pup, I'M ALL FED UP!

* * * * * * * *

HOO HOO!

SEQUENCE?

Guess you think I run away—like money.

POOR SEQUENCE! Bet you're impatient with my flapping, Bolshevik notions. At least I'm sincere in 'em.

Returning this minute to my Christmas gifts:

Snappy gave mother some gorgeous orchids; so did his older brother, Sumner, who added a satin-lined box of delicious, fattening bon-bons and crystallized fruits. Bet I'll eat most.

Snappy gave me a miniature of myself, copied on ivory, taken from one of the natural kid-pictures father loved so well. Prudence was tickled pink; so was I. Vanity? Mebbe.

Dicky and his sister gave me my first truly grown-up gift—a hand-carved, walnut hope-chest, cedar lined. Inside they had each hidden a separate gift. Miss Thornton gave me a beautiful Chinese linen luncheon set of twenty-four pieces, on which the duty alone must have almost staggered the Customs Inspectors. Dicky gave me a handsome mahogany clock with soft chimes in it. (It MAY help SOME to get me up

in the mornings.) Certainly their gifts were a lovely beginning for a hope-chest. I like the thrill of owning one.

Prudence gave me two adorable party frocks, with everything to match from undies to stockings and ornamental doodads. What stacks of fixings it takes to complete just one evening outfit!

Buddy finished my enviable Christmas Day by presenting me with a marvelous squirrel coat, lined with brocaded pink satin, splashed with gorgeous yellow and deep pink chrysanthemums and shaded green leaves. Whoever picked out that lining had nothing the matter with their eyesight. SOME COAT. Not a FAMILY one either!

There were several other gifts—too many to jot them all down here.

I, Nan, am radiant tonight!

Will spend the next hour placing my new personal possessions in appropriate places. Hope tomorrow I can find where I parked them.

It's great to really live and be almost SEVENTEEN!

* * * * * * * *

Just have to mention BENNIE again:

In a way he's quite primitive, yet wonderfully cultured. He is masterful, yet possesses the charm of romance. That big blue-coat is deliriously IMMENSE!

NIZE?

UMMmmmmmmm!

Bennie rather shocked mother by riding Daniel Boone right up to the front entrance to our "apotment", so he could personally leave the package containing the pearls, which he had previously obtained permission from her to give to me.

Mother later told me she was horrified Bennie had gone against Mrs. Russell's instructions and called (even for so short a moment) in his uniform.

"Really, Nanett, I think Bennie's independence verges on insolence. He knows I don't approve of a policeman's outfit as a calling attire. His city job is a novelty rather than a necessity. It is an exhibition of utter indifference toward a more refined position." She grunted with dissatisfaction as her jaws clamped.

"But, Prudence", I championed, "you can't judge a REAL man by his position, or a uniform".

Mother's eyes flashed.

"No REAL man remains long in an inferior position, my deah," she flared back.

She coughed wisely, patted her tiny foot against the oriental, and waited for her speech to sink in. It did—and I didn't like the taste.

"Can't you recall," I questioned defiantly, "about reading how Abraham Lincoln was a humble rail-splitter?"

"Oh, yes, you impetuous infant, he WAS; but did he REMAIN a rail-splitter? Not that history recites."

"Well, Bennie doesn't wear his uniform ALL of the time—especially, NEVER when he is off duty", I defended.

"If he were on duty, he had no business to take time to deliver your gift. If he were off duty, he had no business to wear his uniform. Besides, Bennie is too old for you, Nanett. I regret giving my consent to his gift of the pearls. Who ever heard of a policeman giving pearls to a beautiful girl of your social standing"? Her little foot kept patting the rug, and her tones were waxing hot.

Of course I spurted up in rather an unbecoming way, and let her know that Bennie had the loveliest speaking voice I'd ever heard; that he was the finest rider; and the handsomest man, not only in the employ of the police-department, but whom I'd ever seen. Becoming excited, I added:

"I don't care if he IS a traffic-cop. THAT'S HONEST"!

"No one is denying that, my child", she retorted, "and it's equally HONEST to be a white-wing cleaning our streets, and just as necessary, but that is no sign I want MY little girl to become serious with this genius of the traffic. I'm half angry with Mrs. Russell that she allows Bennie to mingle with our set while he is only a common policeman, and COULD be something better—vastly better."

"He'd be popular, cop or no cop. He's intelligent, interesting and handsome; that alone would keep up his popularity. Besides, Mrs. Russell couldn't keep Bennie out of our set, because the men all like him, and I notice the vanity of ninety-nine percent of the women is decidedly flattered when he takes notice of them". I giggled insinuatively.

"Don't be foolish, Nanett", she warned. "Mother is expecting greater heights for her little girl".

"After I tell you for the last time that Bennie is about as manly as they make 'em, and that he is head and shoulders finer than most of our society snobs anywhere you place him, I'm going to venture to ask you a very personal question: Are you, mother, in love with Bennie? I just must know".

Mother actually laughed—not a smothered society titter, either.

"Not in the least. He IS wonderful out of his uniform. He would be more so if I thought he'd never wear it again. I've used him as a means toward other ends, and lately my hopes have dashed to smithereens", she sighed regretfully.

I coaxed Prudence to 'fess up, because of a hidden fear that perhaps she was fibbing to me—for my own sake. There was a guilty feeling in my heart.

"Honestly mother, aren't you the least, tweenty bit in love with Bennie? I always thought you were."

"Not in the way you think, Nan, dear. I wanted to make his brother, Allen, realize I was among the living, but it appears a hopeless task."

It was now MY turn to be flabbergasted.

Prudence had succumbed, but NOT to Bennie.

I, Nan, hadn't even guessed the nth part.

"Well, you old dear", I blurted out in relief, "I thought you were using some original methods to captivate Bennie all the time".

Prudence sighed as she confided:

"I'm lonesome,—awfully lonesome for companionship, and feel that Allen J. B. Arnold would make not only an excellent life-mate, but a well balanced step-father for you children".

"Mother! Mother! Come out of it! You evidently need a loving husband, all right, but Buddy and I only want to see—see you happy. No one in the world can take Dad's place, but—but—" (my sobber was dreadfully flooded) "we don't want you to be lonely. We'll be polite and chummy to whomever you marry".

"Thank you, Nanett. You are quite dependable for one of your age".

"Tut, Prudence, dear", I impishly informed her, "I'm out of the nursing bottle class, you know. At least I FEEL quite grown up chumming around with you so much".

When she gets on her ear, mother can be a gentle tornado; but at that moment she was sweetly my Prudence. Unlike most mothers of other girls, she is UNDERSTANDING—pal-like—adorable—and young in her ideas.

Because I guessed wrong, I, Nan, felt much like one of my classmates back in T., who bragged considerably about having the German Emperor's autograph, and right before the class, our English teacher coolly informed her that the valued book was a rubber stamped edition. The poor girl blushed, and felt like I did—SILLY.

Don't know whether I'm a sphinx or a minx; but it's my intention to use Bennie to capture Allen J. B. Aronld (the indifferent old battle ax) for mother. She WANTS him; so she must HAVE him for "her'n". That's not the end of it, but rather the beginning of secret service work and funny DIDDINGS. AHEM!

Don't believe I'm quite so crazy about Bennie, now I have him going and coming, and mother's not figuring as competition. But thru him, it will be possible to corral Allen for Prudence. So, here's where I start pulling strings and weaving nets.

Some little gay fixer is NAN!

Hope I don't spoil it before the game is half started. That's the fool luck one receives sometimes when one bumps too hard into other folk's business.

I MIGHT fall in love with Bennie instead of just flirting with him. I COULD EASILY!

I get fluttery, and sigh every time I stop long enough to give Bennie a serious thought.

NIZE DREAM, NANNY!

Bennie's a girl's thrill, anyway, and I'M HUMAN!

* * * * * * * *

NEXT

December 30.

THE OLD STIFF!

ALLEN'S A SPOILED RUTABAGA!

That's that—and I don't mean mebbe!

If it's the last thing I do, Allen Arnold will get his smart wings singed! He spreads his speech with too much irony.

We four (Reene, Judy, Snappy and I) were having an afternoon matinee luncheon over at the Congress, when along strolls Allen, whom we immediately invited to join us.

(WHOA, NAN! HOLD ME, SEQUENCE! As usual, I'm ahead of my story.)

Allen joined us,—the old frost! BUT HOW!

Here's where I SHOULD HAVE BEGUN!

THUSLY:

I happened to say to Reene, in a stage whisper, when Allen was passing our table, (hadn't even noticed him before) that:

This is quick tempered Allen Arnold in one of his social fits when he flashed: "Whether your insolence was intended for me or not, matters little." His glasses fairly jazzed on the bridge of his thin nose. We three girls had difficulty in breathing normally, while Snappy's hair stood out like quills on a porkupine.

"Old men are momentarily rejuvenated at the sight of merry youth, and most of them act like silly old vacuums"—or some such remark. Anyway, the stiff-legged-old-occupier-of-space, heard me. He thought I had previously seen him, and had intended a slam at his senility. With a grunt that would have done credit to two men, Allen stopped so suddenly that we all looked up at the same time. There was the old boy, staring directly at me with fire in his eyes. I spoke first:

"Well, well,—you old dear! Where did you come from? Welcome to our party! Come, join us and be merry"!

He glared with withering silence—making up his mind what to say.

I chewed my fingernail—thought of Prudence—her dream gone fluey—my heart battling to enter my throat. Finally I coughed—the others either giggled or were painfully silent. Felt much like I do when my garter breaks, and my stocking starts to fall—sort of lost, and hot waves all about me.

"Whether your insolence was intended for me or not, matters little. You flappers and cubs" (Snappy reddened with anger, but acted like a gentleman) "represent the futurist's viewpoint. You are mercilessly fresh, flip and bold".

After THAT I was afraid to let him move away without correcting his impressions;—afraid he'd be cold to Prudence because of his resentment toward me. Oh, his speech! The old sardonic male! His hot-flash resentment must mean that some female, old or young, has told HIM a thing or two that's TRUE. Anyway, its sour gravy for the older bunch to make caustic remarks to members of the younger set on WHAT'S WHAT. I wasn't referring to him; did not even have him in mind. THE SPOILED PRUNE!

Of course, I had to say the wrong thing:

"Got a sour tummy"? I tried to coo my question, and smile as it was asked.

He was so ugly from an injured ego, that the longfaced old money-bag just growled like a hound, as he answered:

"You broadcast your lack of sense too freely. That smart question: 'Got a sour tummy' to a man of my age, is a sample you flappers deliver in common doses. You dare EXpress all the thoughts your mothers REpressed".

"You ARE interesting, Mr. Arnold, but we had not even discovered your presence when I made the remarks which first caused your displeasure. PLEASE", I managed to say sweetly and smilingly, "sit down, and tell me in what 'we flappers' are so very sinful,—will you"?

Almost reluctantly, Allen drew up a chair and sat between Reene and Judy.

His gaze suddenly softened.

"I thought your original retort was intended for me and naturally resented the insinuation. It is evident I was quite mistaken. We won't mention it further. You'll pardon my sudden conclusion".

Just like a man. We must drop the subject, no matter how sarcastic he had been to us, because he had decided to do so. Anyway, I was grateful not to receive any more doses of his indignation. If mother wants THAT she is welcome; but it's castor oil to me. My come-back sounded meek as a purring kitten:

"Thank you, brave man. Your apology is cheerfully accepted", I flattered, while the others indicated half-hearted approval. All the while it was my secret intention (and still IS) to make this sarcastic male EAT his words, and richly pay for his slam at me before my friends. But first he must fall for Prudence and renounce his throne of arrogance. SARDONIC, CONCEITED old SAP! I don't like 'em made that way!

Continued to smile my sweetest, and all but turned a handspring to convince Allen J. B. Arnold that he was the superman he thought himself.

Snappy was jealous of my attentions to this older man—thought I was vamping him. I was trying to—FOR MOTHER.

The girls thought I had gone in training to win an inmate of the Old Men's Home.

Allen softened quite a bit, but still made us feel like ants under his feet. We "walked with a slouch"; we "protruded our stomachs and humped our backs"; we "wore man-styles in hair-dress and clothes"; we "caged our feet like Chinese"; we "twisted our bodies out of shape when standing still and extending one foot in the pose of the mode"; in fact, we were "this century's edition of super-freaks."

OH, SIEGFRIED! WASN'T HE THE MEAN ORATOR?

I was glad the music finally dulled his memory.

MEBBE the food helped some. It wasn't particularly good.

First, I danced with Snappy.

Reene danced with Allen.

One of the fraternity boys discovered Judy, and she accepted him for the first dance. Later, he joined our little funeral.

Allen asked me to dance the next number.
I did. (My poor feet! My only feet!)

"Do these after-the-matinee affairs please you?" he asked, by way of opening conversation during our dance.

"Love 'em," I enthused, hoping I'd said the right thing. "Don't like to go places where there's no music. I meet better people here—(this softly, and a bit purring) people older, wiser and finer—LIKE YOU".

(Catch me—and that's not MEBBE!)

"Thank you, Nanett." This in a patronizing tone which indicated he believed me. (I was gaining for Prudence.)

"I don't wonder mother likes to dance with you—you glide with such grace and dignity." (He's stiff as a broom—has feet like hams.)

"Does your mother like to dance with me?"

"Now I've said something more that I shouldn't. Please forget it. You said flappers say things their mothers would never express. I'm sorry," I fibbed religiously.

"Don't mention it, my child." (He was vainly gedunking my fibs.)

We danced on in the precise manner a dancing master might with his pupil—minus a thrill. Hump—two—three. Hump—two—three. Hump—two—three. It was almost painful.

"Will you soon be leaving for home?" he hinted, toward the close of our waltz.

"If you think I'd better, or if it's getting late." All the while, I was wondering whether this bunch of chilblains thought he was MAKING me obey. Wondering how Prudence had fallen for this maddening, frost-bitten remnant. Thanking my stars that all tastes are not alike. (Dancing with the village barber's wooden Indian.)

"It IS late, and I am sure your mother will be anxious to have you prompt for dinner," he urged.

"Very well, I'll leave as soon as this number is finished."

"That's a good child," he replied, satisfied with his reformation job.

"Won't you join us tomorrow night for dinner?"

"No, Nanett, but I'll spend the evening with your mother and you, if she has no other engagement. Will you tell her?"

"Please—YOU call her up, or drop her a line, or something. On thinking it over, I'm afraid she might imagine I had influenced you to call. She is so wonderful—her friends all ask HER. I KNOW mother WANTS you." (Came out just right, by gum!)

I clamped my hand over my mouth and gave a tiny gasp of pretended embarrassment, then suddenly added:

"Dear me! There I go again! It's just the hardest thing not to be honest when you know your mother enjoys the company of certain people. Isn't it?"

"This will be our little secret, my child," he suggested by way of consolation, and actually smiled.

(You should have seen his chest expand, his face glow with satisfaction—the oyster! I was just as slippery as he was, however.)

"Thank you". (This meekly from me.)

Allen Arnold assisted Reene, Judy, and me into Snappy's car. He preferred a taxi, for which I was secretly grateful.

We deposited the two girls on their respective doorsteps; then Snappy and I continued out to the Country Club, where I 'phoned Prudence ALL THE GOSSIP. You should have heard her giggle. Later Snappy and I had a splendid dinner, a chatty smoke, and a dance or two before we motored back to town.

From now on, I'll expect Prudence to do her own vamping. She is quite capable. When that sweet WIDOW delicately sprays her favorite perfume on the pink lobes of her tiny ears, and starts to LET this man TEACH her! OH, BABY! Allen Arnold will suddenly discover what it means to meet a fascinating, beautiful WATERLOO. She will wilt him; yet she will also revitalize his brain-cells; and he, too, will finally admit that he was saved by her from positive petrifaction.

Well, Nan, old girl, you've made a fine beginning! Now don't spoil it, and let Allen catch you smoking one of your favorite brands, or see you loving his adorable brother.

WATCH YOUR STEP, young lady, or you'll have an awful mess of SCRAMBLED LOVE!

CHEERIO!

* * * * * * * *

My THINK is working overtime!

Because I've been so constantly with Prudence, I'm older in some things than most girls my age. She has frankly given me an insight into the ways of men; but, like most mothers, she hasn't told me a third as much as I found out from association with my own set. Yet she has always told me the TRUTH, and heaps more than other mothers tell their daughters.

Some of the tales the boys and girls relate may not be true, but what I've learned from experience I KNOW!

A few of the Junior Parties, and many of those where the older girls have let loose, have been gay revelations to me. Could spill a lot—but—WON'T!

There is so much happening just now that I've simply got to watch carefully, lest Allen escape mother—the one woman who could make him happy. I know that, so does she, and HE OUGHT TO!

Am wondering just how happy Prudence will be if she DOES catch that crab.

Personally, I wouldn't let Allen park at MY address. His speech is too bitey. He's just the wise old bird who would win a woman only to twit her about how smoothly SHE trapped HIM. He's plain "Arroganty-Gilletty" without the whisky and mints.

SOME HOT ICEBERG!

* * * * * * * * *

Noon Dec. 31.

Here's the process:

Read in "One Woman" the following:

"Nothing less than a mesmeric, yet contemptibly selfish male is the man who is so sophisticated in his silent, torturing love-making, that girls are magnetically drawn to him, yet he smiles sardonically at their limpness, and only suggests thru some subtle move or look that, under his polished reserve, there is an ardent depth of priceless passion. Such a man is both hateful and entrancing."

To me, Nan, such a man is best portrayed by Allen J. B. Arnold. I MAY be mistaken (hope so) but it LOOKS THAT WAY.

SARDONIC PERSIMMON!

Prudence confessed that the quotation from "One Woman" was somewhat the method of A. J. B. A. He certainly has made a lasting impression on her. She's fallen dreadfully hard.

Today Prudence told me that Allen's apparent indifference to her was only a cloak. He speaks, when they are alone, as tho she were the one perfect creature. When they dance, he has the nerve to draw her to him and, in tones which any sentimental woman would lap up, whisper such phrases as these:

"What is there about you so different from other women—so sweetly different that I love to recall every dance I have with you?" Or, "Prudence, you are most beautiful tonight—too beautiful." Or, "You'd drive a man crazy with love for you—and jealousy, too." Then he holds her as tho she'd melt into nothingness and escape his amorous gaze; or touches his lips against her cheek, sending thrills all over my adorable Prudence.

(Prudence and I have confided most everything to each other, excepting our laundry marks.)

I, Nan, am on to that conceited buzzard. Hope he fools me and doesn't prove one of those "mesmeric and yet contemptily selfish males." To me, he's a spoiled, sardonic sardine. I've called him all the tarty fruit I know; now I'm going to start in on FISH.

It's the WOMAN who flops all over herself, loses her pride, and usually falls for all that "too beautiful" bunk.

I worry for fear Prudence is so darn lonesome for a husband that she will "flop" completely, then Allen will weary of her. Should that happen, she can whistle for her attorney-admirer; and he, the clever wart, will be reciting the same tales to other women UNTIL he discovers one who WON'T flop.

("Flop" means to mush and pet from the beginning and not make a man WORK to WIN.)

Wonder why girls, and women, too, get so excited and eat flattery as fast as men can dish it out? Not all, but the majority do.

Prudence wonders where I get my ideas as to the ways of men. If she ever reads this Diary, she'll know.

GLORY BE!

HOT DIGGETY DOG!

I'm a SNAIL if I've not had a few TEACHERS myself!

Some of the older girls have "flopped" so easily, and lost out, that I could hardly help but LEARN a pile while waiting for the hour when the same men would try their stunts with me!

Men adore variety.

Old, experienced blisters love to chase youth—they THINK they're discovering their own. THE BABY SNATCHERS!

Twice I've "flopped" and watched my passionate poppas cool so smilingly that I'd feel like a spanked infant. NOW my admirers WORK to win, and work harder to keep, and do NOT give up the chase.

I LEARNED!

Yep! Nanny was twice a goat, and that's the way she learned;—learned with blushes and sickening memories!

Just now, I've two experienced, wise, old birds eating out of my hands—Dicky and Bennie; not to mention Snappy and a few not quite so wise but much younger. I'm trying not to "flop", but to keep 'em all going.

Give a little better definition of "flop" than I gave before?

WELL—(heavy on the 'ell) here goes!

A "flop" is a girl who gushes over and rushes into the arms of her boy friends, and gives too freely of her caresses, her kisses, and her love without MUCH MORE than ordinary effort on the part of the males. Such a girl fairly slobbers with over-petting, and is CHEAP. The male is secretly disgusted after he has completed an evening in her company, and she has eagerly shown him how loving she is, how well she kisses, and what he missed before he found his bargain. Such a girl is a MUCH-HANDLED REMNANT. No matter how the "family tree" indicates her blue-blood, she is openly PROVING her real flesh inclinations—easy prey, mushy pickings, and not worth bidding for.

Before I observed much or listened to Buddy more—before I was the confidant of several girls—and before I made my own personal "deductions and observations", as Prudence says,—I thought it right smart to "flop" occasionally; but NOW my kisses are PRIZES, but POSSIBLE.

Now you know the definition of a FLOP!

Heaps of speed—but no control!

I may look like a cradle-darling; may even talk like one at times; but I'm out for conquests, and one of these days I'll LAND some choice male-sinner by his own methods—and KEEP him, too! SEE IF I DON'T!

Lacking only a few days of being seventeen, it may appear as tho I were too young to understand the fierceness and intensity of the male; but my two or three "flops" served their needs; and I DO know that most men are "Allens" if you let 'em!

SARDONIC, CONCEITED, HYPNOTIC "ALLENS"!

I, Nan, may not decipher A. J. B. A. as he really IS, but if Prudence will play the game right, some day Allen will bend to her wishes like a slave. Personally, I dislike him because, before the others, he is so polished, reserved, and formal toward my mother. On the other hand, I inwardly admire him for his control and clever will. He is old, BUT HAS HIS MOMENTS.

Allen is the big "I"—and PRUDENCE is WHAT'S LEFT.

"THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID!"

Glory be the hour when Allen humbly bends his knee,—for I, Nan, intend to maneuver until the race is MOTHER'S. Then, the old phrase will read:

"THE WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN!"

Here's a fervent prayer that Prudence won't resemble a spineless jelly-bean! Hope she won't "Flop"!

AMEN?

AMEN!

* * * * * * * *

Afternoon, December 31.

Had a refreshing nap. Awakened with the one thought uppermost in my mind, that I'd like to send Allen sliding on greased skids, but WON'T. Indeed, I'm glued to every prospect where there is a ghost of a show of meeting this iceberg, or where Prudence can get in an effectual jab, until he becomes a hot-tamale and regular Latin lover. IT CAN BE DONE!

Appearances may be agin me, but, young as my years, I, Nan, am no piker. I've read Yogi, and WALKED HOME TWICE.

HERE'S TO SUCCESS!

* * * * * * * *

January 2, 1923.

EVERYTHING BUT LUTEFISK!

Attended a dinner-dance at the home of Sigard Betooson Larsen, niece of the very rich LARS LARSEN and daughter of Axel Olaf Larsen.

Sigard's parents are genuine "Scandihoovians" in every way, that's why she's afflicted with that violent name. It sounds like a convulsion to me. Poor Sig!

I can't understand why people who have decided to live in the U. S. A. the balance of their lives can't bless their children with names which FIT. We have several comparatively NATURALIZED nationalities in these United States with the intention of remaining here, yet each one thinks the fierce sounding, nondescript names of their particular country sound euphonious to those of other countries, or perhaps they don't care. All of which is most FOREIGN, SELFISH and HYPHENATED.

I DON'T LIKE FOREIGN ANYTHING!

We are NOT hyphenated, or shouldn't be, no matter what our ancestors may have been. Everyone who IS and REMAINS hyphenated, or who WANTS to be, should be completely ostracized or DEPORTED. They make POOR citizens, are civic pests, and plain sour gravy with old-world ideas, years behind the times, and GOOFY!

We don't wear the costumes of the foreign countries—that is, the folk-costumes; so why do foreign-born parents who are naturalized citizens, inflict the homely FOREIGN names on their offspring to cause the rest of the different races to smile or sneer? At least, not the funny names which mean nothing BUT amusement to American-taught youngsters.

Think of naming a chubby, lovely AMERICAN baby (for that's what they ARE when BORN HERE of naturalized parents) such names as: Ole Olson, Lars Larson, Hans Hanson, Freddah Olson, Jens Jenson, Sigard Swanson, Quince Ivor Ingobourg Larson, Hildure Knootsen, Ingred Matusen Matsen, Knute Knutsen, Swen Swenson, Erick Erickson, Bonapart Jacobson, Minoot Monson, Ignatz Hootzenberger, Effie Snits, Kalib Klephammer, Lizzie Pretzell, Aggi Freidlander Hootzen, Sissie Fritznicker, Libbie Thornbitten, Phebie Thuthaayer, Izzie Katz, Bjork Bjorkson, Thusay Snitzel, Bridgit Hampwiggle, and a hundred other combinations too pitiful to mention, like KICKEM KATCHEM, and BRIDGET KANE, MITTOGG KOPPENKLOTZ, SPEIDLE SPITZBLOTTEN, PETER SUFFERN, KEEPON SUFFERN, IGNATZ SPITBOTCHEN, FREDA LIVERY, and DIDDY SKIDMORE.

Parents SHOULD think a LITTLE about WHERE they ARE LIVING, and that their youngsters have to carry their name afflictions thruout their lives, long after the parents are dust. Instead, they become foolish over some memory of their former country, their dear old mothers, grandmothers, or male relatives, and their AMERICAN babies bear the burdens of sentimental, foreign, family NAME-MONSTROSITIES to the end of time.

I have a grudging complex on names, anyway. There are also a few AMERICAN names that are near-crimes to tack to normal, healthy children. For example: Dotty, Lizzie, Penelope, Maggie, Aggie, Goldie, Nanny, Bridget, Reggie, Chester, Cecil, Percy, Clarence, Algernon, and many such LOLLY-POP names, when there are a thousand in the dictionary from which to choose if family selfishness becomes too much to combat. It makes a fellow work like a slave to force the world to respect him when he is afflicted with

the front-name of PERCY, CLAUDE, ALGERNON, or IGNATZ.

Some family names are very precious; and perhaps a relative or two would be tickled pink to have a new-born marvel named for her or them; but when the poor kid GROWS UP, and has to ENDURE the jeers of companions, and REALIZE the sentimental selfishness of the parents, said C-H-E-I-L-D is NOT going to feel any too keen about the name.

I met a girl in settlement work whose name was PENELOPE SNIGLEFRITZ PETHAMMER, and every time her name was announced, EVERYBODY laughed.

Don't fancy the name of Nanett for me, either. It is characterless; means "little Nan" and NOTHING MORE; makes people think of GOATS. But I had a queer, great-aunt, Nanett, who had considerable money, who made insinuations to mother about leaving her wealth to the relatives who were named for her, and that, so far, she had not been honored. So mother thought it would be nice to call me THAT. It proved my great-aunt's inspirations were very temporary. Well, she died and left ALL HER MONEY to the "HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS", and I am going thru life frequently referred to as "NANNY." Isn't that a scratch from the laundry tag?

So it is with SIGARD BETOOSON LARSEN, whom we nicknamed "Siggy."

She has a brother (nice chap, too) whom her parents named "Borgler", and his fraternity fellows call "Burglar."

There's a sister, five years of age, who is named Vignie Hildur", and they call her both names for fear one won't impress you.

Siggy's father's name is Axel Ole Larsen.

Her mother's name was Seena Ingrid Betooson until she married and added the Larsen to it. MEBBE the Betooson" is spelled "Bethuson", but it's pronounced "Betooson"—sort of spit the "Be" against the teeth, accent the "too", and raise the "son" about two tones. Then you've got the real sound—it's a WOW!

OH, ALGERNON, SWEET ALGERNON! (To the tune of "Oh, Maryland, my Maryland", with due apologies.)

Then they wonder why kids are vandals, commit crimes, and act like hyenas! MADDENING NAMES are some of the causes!

Siggie SINGS. (Her family thinks she does.) Why can't she find a job in the silent drama! Mebbe her name hurts her "singer!"

Dicky says Siggy has adenoids, and they rattle so she just naturally doesn't hit the key. When Siggy has a cold she breathes a regular "Betooson" gargle in her head, only with her mouth closed. IT'S SOME PROCESS!

There's a boy about twenty-one, popular in the fraternity to which brother Bob belongs, whose name is MURPHY KENNA (whose father is a power in the City Hall and has cleverly grafted more money than most any other politician in Chicago), who is madly in love with Siggy. THAT accounts for the PULL Sigard Larsen has to bring "THE" set to her home. In spite of her atrocious name, Siggy Betooson Larsen has PULL and MONEY, and WALKS RIGHT IN.

Murphy Kenna, Sr., is not one of the ultra cultured sort, but he is a top-notcher in state politics. His son is more polished, but in other ways takes after his dad, and is a smooth mixer. I notice our U. S. Senators and other powers-that-be bow to Kenna, Sr., in no mean manner. He is consulted on vital civic projects, and his word means something in Chicago.

Murphy Kenna, Jr., drifts to heaven when Siggy gargles her funny chromatics. He insists she sings like he dreams Jenny Lind must have sung. (MOANING FARRARS.) Murphy is busy in his free moments studying Swedish history. TRUST THE IRISH!

SIGGY doesn't live on the Drive, but on one of the fashionable side streets called "Astor."

MURPHY not only lives on the Drive, but most of us RENT from Murphy's father. (Prudence hates to hear that.)

HOLD ON TO ME, SEQUENCE! I was writing about the dinner-dance which Mr. and Mrs. Axel Olaf Larsen gave for their daughter, Siggy.

Morris, the famous caterer, served the dinner, and Johnny Hand II's orchestra played the exquisite music.

(The original firm of Morris served at the Ballman home when my beloved grandmother Livingstone, from Virginia, was visiting the Ballmans, and a large dinner, followed by a larger reception, was given for her. ALSO: this present Johnny Hand is the son of the late Johnny Hand, both noted leaders of fine dance-orchestras and frequently retained by our first families. The father and his orchestra played for the reception given for my grandmother.)

It sounded like tin-pan alley.

After the dinner-dance was over, Mrs. Betooson Larsen provided COMBS for us to play on, while the victrola carried the melody of popular song-hits. It sounded like tin-pan alley—from the dignified to the simple-minded—heavy on the SIMPLE.

Around midnight Mrs. Larsen served a second repast of strawberry ice-cream and angel cake. (Morris was gone long before this, so the two Larsen servants displayed the taste of this mistress.) While we were eating, some of us were pinning the tail on the donkey. "DINT" we have FUN? YEPPY! BETOOSON-LARSEN FUN!

Mrs. Larsen made a firm chaperon—one with thin lips and a set jaw. She insisted we remain IN THE BALLROOM every minute, altho most of us were bursting to wander thru the living rooms, which were dimly lighted with beautiful lamps. The BETOOSON-CONSTITUTION saw that we had plenty of combs and tissue paper to 'sing thru", and expected us to obey like infants. (No wonder Pop Larsen has round shoulders!) A few of the couples left shortly after the strawberry ice-cream.

About this time some of the restless boys proposed playing cards, but Murphy Kenna shook his wise head and whispered:

"Nobody plays cards in this Ark—old Noah (with a nod toward Siggy's father) always sits on the deck."

Won't Siggy develop some wild "idees" after she marries Murphy?

Next day the DOWAGER wrote:

"An enjoyable time was had by all." She received her instructions direct from Momma Larsen, who loves printed publicity EXACTLY AS SHE GIVES IT OUT.

UNDERDONE EGGS! SUMMER BUTTER! SCHMEER!
Now it's THERE—now it AINT!

What a glorious mixture of humans gather at the various affairs given by our crowd! We have a few sticklers among the truly "Coaty" who can't see MIXTURE,—but to me it's much jollier and spiffier to have NEW and DOING blood. I liked it when Mrs. Courtez opened her Lingerie, Gown and Hat Shop; Mrs. Bind her afternoon tea-dances; and several others started to do SMART and ALIVE stunts which always seem to prevent the old "COATS" from becoming moldy.

Wouldn't my Daddy laugh at Prudence if he could see the cosmopolitan members who have WALKED INTO our

set? Prudence whispered to me that they are, for the most part, "rather mongrel." (Like my little pals in T., I presume.) A few ARE newly rich and snobbish—but NONE are mongrels—most of them are ADAPTABLE and HUMAN.

A man's a man with the fellows when he has proven the possessor of MAN-SPINE and can hold his own. He can CULTIVATE table and society manners, and forget to say "yous"; but it has to come from the INSIDE OUT to be a big, manly MAN.

Most of the girls are secretly of the same opinions that I am, but their snobby mothers drill them so full of "family tree", "social caste", "inherited wealth", "monogrammed door-knockers" and SICH, that the girls are scared stiff to let their REAL SELVES BE KNOWN.

I may be WEAK—even just a LITTLE NAUGHTY—but NOT afraid to acknowledge MY FRIENDS. I'm NOT a SNOB! THAT'S THAT!

Prudence says I won't be half so smart when I'm her age. MEBBE!

She's not so old, at that!

Pray Heaven I won't be a FISH and forget to be HUMAN because some of my friends have foreign parents, are comparatively poor, or are TRAFFIC COPS!

* * * * * * * *

WHOOPIE!

MIKE HUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE!

I know that forever and ever, MONEY TALKS!

I like money, too; but I like HUMANS better!

I will never require "HINGLISH" butlers, door-knockers, or a coat-of-arms—not in the U. S. A. Yet they call girls of my age "silly", "idle", "empty-headed", "flappers." They say that we are headed for the terrible BOW-WOWS!

MEBBE 'tis so! MEBBE 'TAIN'T!

We're not ALL JELLY FISH and BLAH! That's a cinch!

Most of us are DEFIANT and have made ourselves KNOWN!

We're not AFRAID to be HONEST and HUMAN!

We're NOT PUTTY in the hands of any man unless we WANT to be! Most girls THINK a pile more than they're given credit for!

Our livers are not cut in half by corset strings!

We're far better INFORMED as a class, and, therefore, know better WHAT TO DO and WHAT NOT TO DO!

We don't yelp about somebody else being pretty (with a sneer), but we MAKE OURSELVES PRETTY!

We ACKNOWLEDGE the make-up kit and CARRY IT WITH US!

We ARE a little bit naughty, but NOT PRETENDERS and SNEAKS about anything!

A FEW flappers ARE, but most flappers are NOT PIN HEADS!

We may take a sip, a little nip, or smoke a weed or two, but we're not LIARS about it.

That's THAT!

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Prudence is delicious. She's so cute and lovable, I adore her, even when she does and says startling and snobby "twicks". At least, she's NOT JELLO! SHE'S STANDARD! I can sense and see that every member of her crowd pay her deference and appear to realize the "Bournique" and "Livingstone" TONE in the atmosphere. Prudence MAKES 'EM!

On my father's side I have two aunts, one named Sophie, and the other Maggie.

GOOD GRAVY! WHAT NAMES!

THANK MY STARS, nobody can call me "Soph" or "Mag!"

"Nan" isn't half-bad in comparison!

I understand that the Livingstones called Aunt Sophie by the more euphonious name of SOPHIA (long i), and she married a man by the name of Reggie. They had nothing on each other for attractive announcements. The POOR PINHEADED PELICANS!

Aunt Maggie was referred to as Aunt Margaret, and she married a man by the name of Peter. (All the horses I ever heard of have been named Pete—excepting Daniel Boone.) Mag and Peter never had much to quarrel over concerning the loveliness of their titles, either.

Grandfather Livingstone's name was plain John, and grandmother's was Martha. Both gloriously sound U. S. A. names, anyway. But they rather forgot themselves when they named THEIR babies, I guess.

The "Bourniques" named all of their offspring by such names as passed down from the original "FAMILY", or gave

them such fancy ones that they sounded painfully epileptic. Theodosha, Penelope, Goedae, Gwynne, Evalavern, Phyllis (sounds like syphilis), Verginius (can you beat that?), Godfrey, Bouxbean, Lemioux, Fixpaus (pronounced "Four-paw), Hazeleen (always think of hair-tonic), Napoleon, Felix, and Cordia (suppose they were afraid to prefix the "misery.") Lastly, the name of Clairetta (et a what?) Fierce? 'SAWFUL!

(That reminds me that Murphy Kenna, Jr., sings "Oh misery cordia" every time anyone spoils a party.)

Nearly all my relatives lived to a ripe old age. Some of them are still hanging on, in spite of losing most of their teeth. None of them have turned out murderers or been hanged—not yet. But it's crying out loud to have such names as those plastered on for life.

I asked Murphy Kenna how he came to have his front name, and he said his father's mother's maiden name was "Murphy"—Annie Murphy. Even his sharp dad stood for that torture, and now poor "Murf" must go thru life with the knowledge that when he is introduced, the other party will think "funny." Perhaps Murf's freckles, his thick neck, raw bones, and marvelously natural Irish roll-in-speech would stamp him, even if his name did not. He's rich and can stand MUCH. Money is an armor.

I love the Irish, anyway! Very few of them remain HYPHENATED! They're a staunch and hardy bunch as a class! And such EYES—OH, BABY!

IF Siggy and Murf marry, and IF they have babies, poor Seena Ingrid Betooson Larsen will have a FIT to have a MURPHY for a grandson. It would be cruel to her if they happened to call it MURPHY BETOOSON KENNA! The POOR KID! Thank "GOT" it's not yet born! That's all the thought parents give to the future wishes of their youngsters.

My operation on names is finished; GLAD?

Patient passed out!

Being a flapper, wild and presuming, according to social history, I'm not supposed to have sane thoughts—only those which "flap". I'm supposed to use "consummate slang", minus logic. Considering everything, I use less slang than many of the girls my age. I've a heap of my-style logic, EVEN THO:

Somebody IS the Kat's MEW occasionally!
NIGHT?
NIGHT!

* * * * * * * *

January 3.

Seems to me this Diary is forever going to confession!

I missed Bennie at Sigard's party.

Mrs. Larsen has not been taken into the Russell set. So she doesn't happen to know Allen J. B. or Benjamin K. Arnold. Even if her daughter DID, and Mrs. Larsen did NOT. Bennie would not be invited. (More Swedish tradition.)

Haven't seen Bennie for three days. Miss his deep, musical voice and his adorable ways. I even miss Daniel Boone.

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Don't know but what I enjoy the older crowd better. I get more thrills, more to think about, and don't meet quite so many scatterbrains and comb-players. The older men and girls have heaps of novelties at their parties, and are interested in so many sports, achievements, universities, colleges, regattas, races, investments, settlements, prize fights, Board of Trade and the Arts. Frequently the men are in business. It is only once in a while there is a rotter; more often they are quite reliable. Several of them are married, and it brings zest to the "functions" (as Prudence says).

Some of the older girls are veritable sirens; and oh, joy, I, Nan, am learning rapidly! Mother better allow me to have my coming-out party soon, or I'll be going to most everything, anyway. Already, I've taught Bennie, Dicky and Snappy to jump thru my hoop and look pleasant about it.

NAN, THE LION TAMER!

Snappy and Dicky seem so lovable and devoted to me, but they aren't so deep, so gracious, so mesmeric as Bennie. They lack a certain TECHNIQUE.

Bennie has a winning way with him that fascinates me. He's some handsome male—my secret POPPA! When I pet Bennie a wee bit, he pleads and lures me on with a voice divine, and eyes I can't resist. I could love the very gizzard out of him. He isn't unlike some men I dislike, too. At first he sits back and takes mild petting in a king-of-the-earth

NAN, THE LION TAMER!

manner; but finally takes his turn in coaxing and dynamo-tactics, which wins me every time, until I guess I act much like a three-ring circus. My youth saves me with him. Bennie always grabs me up in his mighty arms (and they ARE MIGHTY) and WE just MELT INTO PARADISE.

PARADISE IS A PERFECT DIAGNOSIS.

After that I, Nan, don't have to do ANYthing; Bennie is fully primed for love, and proves it to his "Nan, darlin' ". If he courted any of the married females one-third as superbly as he does me, most of the homes on Lake Shore Drive would be smashed to atoms.

Just now I am leading him on a bit because of his brother, Allen. Prudence must have her chosen MAN—her A. J. B. A. He's the High Cockalorum of the Arnold family, that is evident.

I may love Bennie more truly than I think I do, but don't realize it. Just now I'm nutty, but not desperate. If it turns out that I adore Bennie, there'll be no gnashing of teeth as far as I'm concerned. He's a WONDER!

What's the use of kidding myself? Might just as well confess:

Bennie's my secret BUDDHA-POPPA!

Buddha-Poppa?

Buddha means teacher-god of certain races. So Bennie is MINE! I'm more or less primitive, and HE always impresses me as magnetically THAT, so I secretly call my Big-Ben my BUDDHA-POPPA!

DOES HE TEACH ME?

I'll say HE DOES!

Do I secretly worship at his shrine?

I'll say I DO!

He's my hynotic-traffic cop!

My BUDDHA-POPPA OF THE PASSIONATE MAP!

MY BUDDHA PEST!

PEST IS GOOD!

* * * * * * * * *

January 4, 1923.

Here's to the ICE MAN!

Tried to hypnotize ALLEN ARNOLD in order to lead him to Prudence, but he was woman-proof that moment. Perhaps he'll find his way to her if we can make him a bit jealous.

Do I burn incense before the shrine of my Buddha-Poppa,—my adorable Buddha-Pest? Well—here's PROOF!

He made me experience an empty-in-the-tummy feeling today while we were all at the Drake. I ran my perfectly manicured fingers on the seam of his coat-sleeve as we were chatting (at least, I was), and he gave me a look as tho a bedbug had arrived uninvited.

BLOOEY!

I had a real case of shivering goose flesh.

I'll GET that clam for Prudence, if I have to chloroform him! He's an independent umpire, but thank nature:

HE'S NOT MINE!

I bet he wears a red flannel chest protector over his heart for fear somebody will think it's in good working order.

Allen isn't putting blinders on my eyes for one single minute. That bird flew from the protecting home-nest before I was born, and for several years has been an experienced feminine dodger, and always blames the women.

OH, THE WOMEN!

I bet Allen's secretly anxious (like every other normal man) to have a home and wife; but, like most conceited old birds—they want the world to see how the females first run after the males, later how the males SIGHINGLY succumb to matrimonial martyrdom.

THAT'S THEIR DOPE!

SUFFERING SUNFISH! Old boys are WISE!

Allen J. B. A. will some day court my mother hotter and more persistently than any other woman he ever decided to make fall for his torturing indifference, or my name is NOT Nan!

Like Prudence warned me about Dicky, I warned her not to run after Allen even a LITTLE BIT, but to make herself irresistible before him, let the other men court her, and cause the sardonic old icicle to melt at her feet. That may sound like puppy-advice, but it worked like a charm when mother gave it to me.

When you can make the male sufficiently interested or JEALOUS—OH, BOY! You've got him in a CLINCH!

I, Nan, am going to get that chunk of solid sealing wax all melted and molded prettily into the perfect form Prudence wants him. Allen believes himself some clever sheik, attractively hidden in law, mystery and lure; but secretly I bet he gets heartburn in April like other HUMANS. Anyway, some day he's going to motor with only one hand on the steering wheel, and mother will be his special guest. I KNOW! I'm planning and plotting for her with that aim in view.

OH, for a motor ride,
Just for a motor ride,
On the Lake Shore.
So close, and side by side,
During our motor ride,
You, I'll adore.
Cuddle against my chest,
I'll do my very best,
So you'll want more.
OH, for a motor ride,
Just for a motor ride,
On the Lake Shore.
(By the Nut.)

Recently I had occasion to ask Allen which he preferred, going in the lake or the club swimming tank, and he sarcastically replied: "There is no enticement in mixed waters. I prefer my private tub."

OH, DEAH!

SLUSH!

He makes me sick!

Some folks are born fearful of getting their feet wet—I've sensed it.

He needs to have his conceit soaked in the OCEAN, and to hob-nob with the fish!

We'll harpoon that whale yet!

OH, BLUBBER!

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January 6, 1923.

Yesterday Chappy Wentworth asked mother if I could go with him to see "Forever". (Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson have the lead parts.) I WENT. The picture was so intriguing and genuine that I want to see it again—but with Bennie—my BUDDHA-POPPA!

Every little while I touched Bennie's pearls about my throat and yearned to tell Chappy what a wonderful Apollo Bennie truly is, only I didn't make that fool mistake. I was half hoping Daniel Boone would be standing in front of the theater as we came out. 'Twa'n't to be. Couldn't help wondering where my traffic-cop was stationed at that moment.

I, Nan, am never again going alone with Chappy Wentworth. He comes from a fine old family, but he forgets his progenitors every little while.

I was willing to allow him to put his arm on the back of my seat and snuggle me a bit close now and again, as "Forever" is a love-inspiring romance; but his right hand was busy about the rear of my shoulder, while his left was fobbling near my low-necked gown in front. Once I said to him:

"Say, Chappy, if you have the palsy, get a Doctor. Your wiggling distracts me awfully."

He laughed; was good for a few minutes; during this time his left hand remained quietly over both of mine in my lap. Soon he performed again. Finally the picture was completed, and we left the theater, ostensibly for the Drake. Chappy drives a Marmon Coupe like a madman. During the spin north to get our bite to eat, we almost rammed the rear of one car, and the side of another. He was bound to kiss me. When we did reach the Drake he whizzed directly past, and on north to the east extension of Lincoln Park, where we parked near the water. Had such a hectic evening trying to keep him where he belonged that I didn't intend to endure much more of his freshness, and told him so in plain Anglo-Saxon.

"Chappy, you presume too much. Don't paw over me any more."

"Oh, the devil! What kind of a sport are you, Nan? A kiss is not going to deprive you of your virtue."

That made me furious. I flared back:

"No, not my virtue, but my self-respect, if I stoop to kiss YOU. Don't care for petting parties with you, Chappy Wentworth. Don't like you well enough to kiss you. The sooner you realize it, the better. What do you take me for"?

"Just one," he persisted.

"No, not ONE. This is only the second time you have taken me out. I'm no angel, but do pretend to make a man use a LITTLE EFFORT to WIN my kisses. Besides, I'm rather particular whom I kiss."

This was too much. He laughed a forced, ironical explosion, for which I could have strangled him, and tried to overpower my strength.

"I'll buy you a soothing ring, if that suits you better," he hissed thru his teeth. Then his jaw set for a battle. He became seven-eighths animal.

"Thanks. I'm quite able to protect myself. GOOD-NIGHT"! I snapped, as I opened the coupe door, set my foot firmly on the running board, and jumped out, leaving my fur cape, gloves and vanity bag behind.

"GOODNIGHT"! I snapped—set my foot firmly on the running board—and jumped out.

Before Chappy Wentworth had an opportunity to overtake me I had vanished over the bridge and into the main drive of the park. It seemed miles to me. Along came a taxi. Tho shivering from the January exposure, I directed the astonished driver to our apartment.

Bobby was up when I rang, and ran down to pay the driver. He was astounded and fighting-mad when I told him why I was coatless, and cold, and all about Chappy. We hadn't been in our apartment ten minutes when the bell rang. Bobby answered. There was no response. He became suspicious and took the elevator down to the main reception hall, where he found my fur cape, vanity case and gloves on the marble floor.

Bobby says Chappy is a coward, and a "bounder-cad", whatever that is, and intends to smash his jaw the first time they meet unless Chappy apologizes in the meanwhile.

Other men, the first time they have taken me places, or even the second, have petted me in gentle ways NOT to be resented, but never in the cowardly manner that Chappy performed. He is too assertive, too positive, too certain of his own valuation, too sure that a girl needs no particular coaxing or courting. He grates on my nerves, and is a beastly, conceited ass.

Chappy Wentworth comes from a fine old family, but frequently forgets to maintain the Wentworth prestige. He isn't as naturally refined and subtle as most of the fellows, but is conceited, bold, brassy and persistent, which is no way to win or pet ME. That's THAT! I wish Prudence and his FAMILY were not on such good terms.

I, Nan, like to be loved, but I want it administered so it feels like MORE!

I want the kind which fairly annihilates my senses, quivers my body, and takes me into kingdoms of bliss!

That's the analysis!

And Chappy Wentworth JUST ISN'T!

He's a MUG!

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January 9.

HOO HOO!

Just received my new gown to wear to the Culver dinner-dance tomorrow evening at the Casino. It is orchid georgette over pale green messaline, with yards of French ostrich trimmining in orchid, turquoise blue, green, gold and pink. It is stunning. My stockings are pale green with gold lace inser-

tion and orchid stitching outlining the lace. The pumps are orchid satin, with green and gold beads, and rhinestone heels. My head-band is a French combination of buds, the colors of the ostrich trimming, with gold leaves on the sides. I'm crazy about the whole "ensemble" (as the modiste called the outfit), and equally crazy to see the impression I make on Snappy, Dicky and—BENNIE.

(Temperature one hundred three and six-tenths.)

Prudence's gown is white georgette, with rhinestones in shape of huge roses and leaves all over the gown. It is glorious. Her underslip is soft white satin; head-band of rhinestones; stockings of sheer, white silk, with silver lace insertion; and dancing pumps of silver brocade with rhinestone heels. She will look like an angel or a bride, or "sumpfing grand." She's a darb, that old darling!

I do trust Allen J. B. A. will be there, and that he will ask Prudence to dance several times, so she will have an opportunity to refuse him at least ONE dance.

It's awful to be in love with such an augmented state of almightiness. My heart cries out to help her, but my wits say I am tied, hand and foot, and paralyzed, UNLESS jealousy can be innoculated into Allen's frozen veins. That's the only dope—JEALOUSY!

Nize, slick man-babee!

Momma make heem jealous bambino!

* * * * * * * *

Evening. Same date.

Ah, ha!

The dog got his bark amputated!

Bennie and Allen called on us together.

Allen asked mother if she would permit him to escort her to the Culver dinner-dance, since he had only found out this morning that he would be able to attend. He had just completed a long, drawn-out case, so decided he could go conveniently. I held my breath, wondering what mother would say. She played her trump card.

"I'm awfully sorry, Allen, but fully two weeks ago I promised Mr. Insull Adams that he might—"

"Might have that honor, eh?" and A. J. B. A. smiled one of his rare ones, which thawed me out.

"Yes, mother has about five dances already promised, too. Wish I knew how she does it. Some 'twick'," I added, trying to smile my "bewitchingest".

That lie was my bait, and Allen nibbled beautifully. Prudence was having secret palpitation. Instinctively I knew Allen would either ask mother for one or more of her dances for himself THEN, or squelch me correctly with his sardonic contempt. But all was the berries!

"Well," he spoke in anxious tones, "couldn't I coax you, Prudence, to save me two fox-trots and one waltz"?

OH, JOY, BUT HE WAS HUMBLE!

(He started, from the beginning, to call mother Prudence, and without ASKING.)

Mother was equal to his latest request. She's a wonder! All the Bourniques are wonders in a crisis!

"I'll promise you one waltz and one fox-trot. We'll have to wait until tomorrow night to see whether I can spare you another. Of course, I'd love to, but I've promised so many now." Then she smiled irresistibly.

I could have hugged her. He could not escort her. Yet he was surely going to attend. He asked for three dances, but had only been promised TWO.

For garden tools, but things were going like a story book!

"Thank you, dear," and his eyes searched hers. "I'm quite sure that later we can manage another dance or two," he added with aggravating assurance.

"Perhaps," sighed Prudence in a manner which indicated she rather doubted it would happen.

After Allen and Bennie were gone, I made Prudence promise faithfully that under no circumstances would she let Allen Arnold "manage" more than the promised TWO. She reluctantly gave her word. Together, we'll maneuver to keep him coming and guessing until at least the larger portion of his conceit has taken wings. Prudence will get that bird yet! I can see him flying in her direction, already.

TWEET?

Tweet!

Allen's the elephant's ear-muffs for aggravation!

I promised three, and no more, to Bennie, though I'd love to dance with him exclusively.

Bennie's my sweet, old, lovin' sugar-plum!

I can't afford to make it too easy for him—especially after kissing him first that time. He'd think he owned me.

Reene, Judy, Siggy and Peggy are all invited and GOING. Buddy and some of his pals are their escorts. We are sworn to exchange partners with one another. The girls are all crazy to dance with Bennie. He's a marvelous dancer, and a LOVIN' POPPA!

OH, JEHOSOPHAT! I'm SO excited!

BENNIE'S SOME DIVINELY TANTALIZING SHEIK!

He tickles me pink when he lets loose with his exquisite Irish love-talk—floods of it—and all for me—ME!

Whew—I raise a temperature just thinking of some of the rare things Bennie says—pet names—and startling declarations of everlasting adoration!

I never could resist a pet name—and Bennie's "NAN, DARLIN'"— his "BABYKIN"— and "MY FLAMING IDOL"— to say nothing of "HEART O'MINE"— and "BEAUTIFUL ONE"—about set me in a heaven of bliss!

Wouldn't he be a GIANT HEATHEN if he didn't mean all he says—or at least the larger part?

I'm flirting just a "naughty little" in order not to be left in the middle of the pool without a bozo to help me swim out, in case Bennie's stringing me. But how could he, when every time I'm close to him, he appears sublimely impressed. Mustn't be too certain of ANY man—particularly an IRISHMAN!

Well, time will tell. Time seems a long while coming, but a short while going. Be PATIENT, you eager, restless, little feminine eruption! Don't get prickly heat of the heart!

I know I'm plumb nutty over Benjamin Kenesaw Arnold—that's no guessing game, either!

Too bad it's not Bennie who will escort me to the Culver affair, but long ago promised Snappy Allison. Bennie is to escort one of Mrs. Russell's guests—a smart, attractive girl from Vermont. She came to Chicago especially for this event.

Just thought of sumpfing; Snappy's real name is ALGERNON ALLISON—heaven spare the name Algernon—it must be the twin for Nanett. Nanett means "little Nan"; Algernon means "spiffy Algy", or just as nutty. Anyway, it sounds BLAH and MINUS! And I always THINK:

JELLO!
PIFFLE!
PRUNES!

It's a shame to poke fun at his name; but I do as much to my own. Thank the Lord they call him "Snappy"! He sure is one slave of devotion to me, and MEBBE he'll continue making love until I learn to appreciate his cream-of-wheat disposition.

Sumner J. Allison—Snappy's older brother—is one of mother's ardent admirers. He has oodles of money, and spends it on "Prudence, deah," as he calls her; but he, too, is a meek dish of unsalted cereal, but retains his popularity because of his "nize ways" and "piles of coin".

SEQUENCE—I've returned for a few minutes.

Have a Bennie complex today.

Must keep my blaze flaring, or the girl from Vermont (who, of course, knows nothing about the uniforms of traffic cops) will have my Bennie for "her'n"—WOW!

Bennie must remain mad about me. He must court me VIOLENTLY and JEALOUSLY—SUFFERING FAIRLY MUCH! Otherwise, he is liable to become weary of his "Nan, darlin' ".

Isn't "Nan, darlin' " the most loving, maddening phrase?

The IRISH are sure hot steppers! It's like the rest of his impulsive, passionate love—I adore it!

OH, MOMMA!

"NAN, DARLIN' "!

Men are heartbreakingly UNCERTAIN, but devilishly INTERESTING. And that's no fairy tale.

Bennie is a LOVIN' BEAR with the girls. Even MARRIED women and GRANDMOTHERS rave over his exquisite manners—"his ways with women"! Oh, he's an impressive actor, all right!

Dicky Thornton, with all his determined love, his proposal, and his threats, has never got under the skin of my flip-floppy-heart just like Bennie Arnold.

All I need to do is close my eyes, and concentrate for an instant—then I hear a deep, wonderful voice say: "NAN, DARLIN' "!

GEE WHIZ! GOSH BANG! What's the reason for the traffic-cop business?

MYSTERIES ARE DELICIOUS!

* * * * * * * *

Even MARRIED WOMEN and GRANDMOTHERS rave over his exquisite manners—"his ways with women".

Speaking of some of the boys who devote more than ordinary attention to me:

There's Vernon Beckley—he's only twenty, and more or less of a lounge camper, but a fair fill-in to make either Dicky or Bennie change color. He's the pampered son of a "big gun" in the———Bank.

(Hope Snappy and Vernon both do their stuff tomorrow night, so Bennie and Dicky will take notice.)

Then there's Armore Ames, whose father is a tailormade butcher,—millionaire packer, who calls at least once in ten days, sends me flowers every week, and frequently takes me to the afternoon tea-dances in the smart tea-rooms and hotels. We have regular jolly times. He's a good dancer, drinks but little (tho he always carries his gold flask on his hip) and gives me lavish attentions when we are out together. It is seldom Armore and I go to any evening affairs, as Prudence is awful squirmish about "platinum-set butchers" without chaperons. Both Armore and I would rather attend the dansants alone in the daytime, than be numbered with the ultra ones during the evening, and pestered with a prying, busy, female bodyguard. Besides, Armore hasn't even made a dent in my heart, so he only counts with me as a necessary filler to make the others take notice.

There are several more—Grant Halsey, and Courtland Carpenter, to say nothing of Allen Countis, Helmer Ovington, Blanchard Peck, Phil Rennolds, and Bertram Adams, son of the wealthy Insull Adams. Too many to write about. Besides, mentioning names ONLY isn't spicy news for a memory book—tho it might prove HOT DYNAMITE if somebody read this and got busy with their little TIN RATTLER!

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January 11, 1923. 7 P. M.

Since I'm going to retire early tonight, being "all in" from the party, will start my notations early, too. It's a wonder I've ever kept steadily at this diary business. It has always been a failing of mine—FICKLENESS. (Took a derrick to probe that confession out of me.)

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Behold:
It has COMETH and WENTETH!

It's dollars to doughnuts that I wait an hour for Prudence to come from her "bawth".

Last night's Culver affair was one perfect success! It was three A. M. before I reached home and four o'clock before I had bathed and climbed into bed.

Could have retired a little earlier, but Prudence beat me to the "bawth", and when she does that, it's dollars to doughnuts I wait an hour for her every time.

'Am so sleepy that my "phraseology" is a funny mess of "split infinitives", not to mention the escape of my pet, SEQUENCE!

Must make up for almost no sleep last night. More later.

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Sumner J. Allison, Snappy's older brother, was a marvelous angel. He asked Prudence to dance with him four times, and twice just as A. J. B. A. was hurrying to her side, confident that he could "manage" the extra dances.

Insull Adams, mother's escort, was also conspicuously attentive to Prudence, and danced with her every dance he could secure. She played her little game with him too. He made a wonderfully attentive admirer. I could have hugged him.

Mr. Adams also danced with me, as did both his eligible sons. Once or twice I have gone to parties with Bertram Adams; but the older Adams boy has never taken my fancy —he's sort of odd—kind of a poet and literary genius—long wavy hair, and wears a diamond studded wrist-watch. He says "deah," and hasn't a he-muscle on his lean body. Sometimes I look at him and think he'd look real cute if they sewed ruffles on his pants, and ornamented his shirt-front with a lace jabot.

Sumner danced with me. Snappy tried to "cut in". Sumner refused. Snappy came around for his next dance when it was promised.

The fellows all like the "cut-in", excepting when it's THEIR DANCE.

I "flapped" last night until my naughty wings were weary. Don't remember half that I said or pretended—hope the partners I had have forgotten it too.

Sumner Allison is crazy about Prudence. He asked me if I'd put in a good word for him. He's jealous of Insull Adams and Allen Arnold—confessed as much to me. I made him have an uneasy half hour as I exchanged confidences and told him that both men were taking an awful lot of mother's time, and for him (Sumner) to "butt right into the game"

and show the other two men that "Daughter Nan" preferred Snappy's big brother, Sumner.

KIND HEAVEN, may I be forgiven for my fairy tales!

Sumner gave me a regular bear-hug, lifting me clear off my feet, swinging me around where I dizzily landed in Snappy's waiting arms. Snappy seemingly understood, and we three plotted a scheme to put it all over the other admirers of Prudence.

It was a game within a game. Am getting to be a regular shark-lawyer for "twicks".

My conscience becomes more soluble every day. Will resort to most anything in order that Prudence may have her lawyer-icicle. Blood IS thicker than folks confess.

When we reached home, and Prudence and I were preparing for bed, I told her everything. We giggled like a pair of silly kids over Sumner's, Snappy's and my little plot. Mother said I looked so innocent that no one would believe me so wicked.

This is a great opportunity to use Sumner to torture Allen. There is no comparison in the mental brilliancy of the two men. Sumner is wealthy and "nize", but he is far from a wits and after-dinner speaker, while Allen IS, and a complete knock-out to mother.

Prudence told me that A. J. B. A. invited her to attend the theater and dinner following, this week Friday, to see "The Perfect Lover". SOME PLAY; And going with Allen, too!

Two nights later I'm going, only with Dicky Thornton. His sister promised mother to chaperon us, but in reality she is going to spend the evening with a spinster friend. We are to call for her at the conclusion of the play and take her home, then Dicky and I will dine together.

When Dick sees "The Perfect Lover" business, he'll certainly be in a marvelous mood! The title is a THRILL!

In spite of EVERYTHING Dicky has said, I KNOW he's NOT a marrying man. He THINKS HE IS, but he's too marvelously FREE to wish to REMAIN BOUND. The girls are all wild over Dicky—especially the older ones. His family is so well fixed, financially and socially. It's no secret that Dicky has already received two hundred thousand dollars of his share, which will be considerably over a million. MEBBE I would lose him in short order if I PROMISED, as he wished me to.

I don't want to be engaged to any man at my age.

Life is just one amazing thrill after another, and even being engaged would deprive me of many a party, many a dinner-

dance, and many things which might cause the chosen one to weary of me, or be too aggravatingly jealous.

A little jealousy is exceedingly flattering, but too much drives me to the goose-fleshy bow-wows!

Friday night, when Prudence and Allen attend "The Perfect Lover" I'm to attend the Hollibird party with Bennie.

My thoughts are becoming disjointed. Must get to bed early.

TOOT?

TOOT!

* * * * * * * *

Later, same night.

Nerves must be wobbly.

Am restless.

Sleep seems like an irritating back-scratcher. Awakened several times—finally got up.

Think I'll write a bit more about the Culver dance.

Possibly writing will make me sleepy again.

Prudence danced the entire twelve dances, and split two, so Bennie could have part of one and Mr. Adams could have an extra half. Allen looked like a thunder cloud after making five attempts and failing to get his third dance. WHOOPIE! Prudence only gave him the two "promised ones", and kept her word to me of "no more".

She was humanly anxious to break her promise, but I stood firm. One of the quotations I mentioned to her was: "A winner is never a quitter, and a quitter is never a winner." She is STICKING! She'll yet be a winner! I knew that seeing her popular, yet himself unable to secure her for future dances, would increase his ardor. IT HAS!

ALLADIN'S LAMP!

EVERYTHING is working like magic!

Today Allen sent mother a beautiful box of American beauties. Wonder what he'll send her tomorrow.

OH, JOY! IT'S "CAMING"!

He's beginning to show HUMAN instincts!

May the flame continue burning!

Set the universe on fire!

Prudence needs A. J. B. A. for her'n!

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Snappy made a charming escort for me, but nothing particularly thrilling transpired. He's just one splendidly good

"Oh, Nan,—just as I was in heaven, too"!

boy, and much of the time appears like jellied beef broth—you know it's THERE, but you can't SEE the BROTH—it's too THICK!

SWEET BLAH-BLAH!

SLEEP'S COMING!

NIGHTY!

* * * * * * * *

January 15, 1923.

We had Snappy and Sumner over to dinner. After dinner, we danced to the victrola, and later Snappy and I took a spin in his Rolls-Royce. We motored out to Channel Lake Inn, where we had a warming cocktail, some chicken salad, hot biscuits, orange marmalade and delicious coffee.

I can't stand two cocktails in immediate succession. More than one goes to my knees, and my legs won't hold me up. Mother would be shocked if she knew I took ANY. Snappy has a stand-in with the owner of the Inn, and we had everything we wanted, including a dear, little private dining room. After refreshments, we smoked our favorite brand of cigarettes and sipped another cocktail. By that time I had sufficient food, so the second drink didn't affect me.

Snappy was at his best; not too fresh, but sufficiently jubilant from the cocktail, that when I decided he was just a wee bit dangerous, he was easily subdued. I thought him at his BEST during this trip—yet that's not flattering.

He lighted my cigarette!

I lighted his!

We kissed each other and proceeded to lounge around on the cretonne-covered, old-fashioned sofa, which occupied the bay-window end of the little room. Was in hopes he'd spunk up more than he generally does.

Wilting snap-dragon! Compared to Dicky and Bennie, Snappy is surely TAME—a queer elongated baby!

Once he rested his cheek against my bosom and pretended to sleep. I could hear his uneven breathing and knew that sleep was furthest from his fancy. About the time I thought he was going to turn his mischevous face and suddenly kiss the tempting rise, I exclaimed:

"Look outside, Snappy, there is a mantle of newly fallen snow. We must be going, or Sumner and Prudence will worry."

Most red-bloods would have given me a sample of the torture boy-friend was enduring, but not ALGERNON.

"Oh, Nan" (and he made a gulping sound like a conscious infant), "just as I was in heaven, too!"

"Come, dear," I coaxed, all the while wanting to hiss thru my teeth at him. He seemed so easily submissive.

"Nan, Cutie! Tell me you love me!"

"Not until you first tell me!" I urged.

"But I've told you a dozen times, and you have never confessed ONCE!" His lower lip pouted.

All the while I was wondering whether to hit him on the wrist, or bite off the tiny gum-drop end of his shell-pink ear.

My vanity was hurt, and I was disappointed with SO MUCH BLAH, and so little speed. Had hoped for volumes of intensity from Snappy WHEN THE RIGHT OPPORTUNITY presented itself, and this visit to the Inn seemed a glorious hour for the most exquisite kind of loving. (It is evident that Snappy better buy someone else's method of making love, just as he does his clever after-dinner stories.)

No REAL girl wants a COOL LOVER. She wants her admirer to have a mind of his own—something with which she has to measure her wits, and perhaps hold a pretty battle.

The meek sap called me "Cutie", too!

If there is a combination I crave in a he-man (and only LIVE he-men know the combination) it is DEPTH, PERSISTENCE, PASSION SHOWN BUT UNDER CONTROL, ATHLETICS AND LOVE as a girl DREAMS IT.

I want the LOVE that makes you completely forget EVERYTHING, including good sense.

This was Snappy's next remark: "Awh, Nanny, I'm crazy about you, honest I am."

He twisted about as he said it—acted like a spoiled kid—sort of "DEAH MEAH".

I went over closer to the window, looked out, and thought ALONE THOUGHTS.

A spurt of unusual circulation seemed to inspire in Snappy a semi-change, for he suddenly added:

"Ahem! Nanny," (THAT sounded like the bleat of a mountain goat) "will you—could you—will you—could you—keep a secret—until I graduate from Northwestern,—and—and—come—into all my inheritance? And—in the meanwhile—be—be—engaged to me? Will—will you—Nanny?

HESITATING, STUTTERING ALGERNON!

That "NANNY" gave me the cramps!

Snappy's entire proposal was funny. I almost doubted my hearing. An opportune time and place, and yet such a meek-voiced, spineless FISH.

Why, I'd been AFRAID to have ACCEPTED HIM, for fear he'd cried about it to mother and Sumner when we reached home. Never before had I seen Snappy quite so like a simp, and TWIST. Even the pitch of his voice was feeble, and he was about as much like a he-man as a mole.

"Snappy, ARE you proposing?"

"Don't know what else to call it. It IS peculiar, asking a girl to—to—become—my—my—wife——ahem—some day—and exacting a—secret engagement."

"RAWTHER," I yawned. I wanted to yell.

Shuddered at the THOUGHT of being tied to HIM for LIFE, even when the poor sap has oodles of money.

It was NOT his proposal of marriage; it was NOT his wish for a secret engagement that GOT ME; it WAS the STUTTERING and BLAH-BLAH TONE of ALGERNON ALLISON. (Real name just fits.)

"Won't you promise, Cutie?" he half whined.

"Oh, let's just be good pals as we have always been; and when you have graduated and secrecy is no longer necessary, you propose again, and I'll try to give a more satisfactory answer. NO, Snappy, I do NOT want to be engaged to ANYONE at my age."

I tried to cover my disappointment in not getting ONE THRILL out of a genuine proposal.

Nevertheless, I wanted Snappy's older brother, Sumner, to continue being a persistent admirer of mother's, since he served to whet the efforts of Insull Adams and Allen Arnold. (Allen would never go bugs over any woman for whom he didn't have to battle.)

MORE, I did NOT want to be engaged to anyone, least of all to a male who talked like a prune, and called me "Nanny" and "Cutie".

Comparison between Snappy Allison and Chappy Wentworth?

I'd have to FIGHT to PEP Snappy into ANYTHING; and I'd have to FIGHT to TAME Chappy down to earth. Neither job is worth the effort.

Recalling Chappy Wentworth, I think of the parody:

"Bo Peep went out with a crook—that's why she lost her sheep."

Snappy was not to be chilled QUITE so quickly. He had a TINY remnant of spunk, or something like it, even if he did propose like frozen molasses. His come-back indicated

that the male hates to have his conceit take stock-decline, for he replied:

"Nanny, I love you. Rest again in my arms, just a little minute. Won't you, Cutie?"

"Not tonight. Come, dear, Prudence will be anxious. Let us keep on with our splendid friendship."

I felt ancient.

He reached in his pocket, removed the last cigarette from a box, slowly lighted it, and mildly puffed.

The silence was maddening.

It's a stand-off whether I do not value his sap nature, or whether he has a blunted sense of emotion and romance.

Fully three minutes passed in irritating quiet.

When his cigarette was about half consumed, he made a wry face, as tho the taste were not up to standard, tapped the tip, pressed the weed between his thumb, forefinger and the ash-tray, and reached for my coat which hung on a nearby wall-hook.

I drew a fresh cigarette from my vanity bag and handed him the case. He struck a match for us both.

Suddenly Snappy gazed at me as tho he had just discovered I was among those present. Without saying a word, he caught me in his arms. (This was his only LIVE and HUMAN move.) Just as suddenly he dropped his strangle-hold and resumed his semi-blank expression.

"Nanny, PLEASE tell me you love me. I told YOU."

(Oh, Diary, if you could have listened to that wail of an 'I told YOU".)

"London bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down;
London bridge is falling down,
My fair L-A-Y-D-E-E!"

That's' the fool-kid-verse which came to my mind when he suddenly exclaimed: "I told you-oo!" and twisted about as tho on a pivot.

"I DO love you Snappy, but not enough to marry—at least, I couldn't promise you now—not for two years. I want to keep my freedom for a long while. It's better for you to be free, too, dear. Neither of us are old enough to be engaged."

THRILLS, and TIME and FREEDOM—
YOUNG and OLD FOLKS NEED EM!

Snappy argued like a sausage:

"That's it; you will remain free so long that some other fellow will surely get you while I'm trying to carry out your wishes. You're playing a darn serious game with me, Nanny —and stringing one or two of the other fellows, too. I'm no fool, even if I'm not romantic. If you'd only consent to a secret engagement, I'd feel safer."

THAT was his FIRST FAIRLY he-stuff—and LAST. Even then he almost drooled, and lacked a certain punch of speech.

"No, dear, let's be pals, just as we are; keep this secret from everybody; and both remain free as air. Surely, that's fair."

'I'll keep on proposing until you consent—see if I don't," and pouted.

Toward Snappy my love is well mixed with a lullaby complex. I'm glad to have won the proposal from him; at the same time, disappointed he had no more cave-man pep than a cripple. The thought kept running thru my mind that he well served the purpose of making other fellows jealous. His wealth is a factor in our set; in fact, anywhere in Chicago. His after-dinner stories make him appear quite a winner in gatherings. He is invited to all the worth-while affairs. But his personal sentiments lack FIRE. Snappy could never keep me AFTER MARRIAGE, even if I did consent to be engaged to him. What I want is a MAN who will master ME, yet DO IT LOVINGLY—POSITIVELY.

"I appreciate your love, Snappy, but I've just begun to live."

"You CAN'T appreciate love like mine. You don't realize how much I care, or you'd say 'yes'," he remonstrated, looking like an undertaker.

"See here, Snappy, a girl doesn't marry a man simply because he loves HER."

Even that didn't jab his meekness.

"Kiss me, Nanny."

I kissed him tenderly—like a sister.

In turn, Snappy tried to do a "Dick Thornton", but it fizzled. His lips are always slightly chapped and only lukewarm. He's sweet, but tame. Too tame to hold "Nanny". (That goaty name! Can you beat it?)

I tried to induce from Snappy some of the flame which generally withers a girl's "no" into "yes," but " 'twan't" there

to induce. He had that semi-sissified: "Come-and-sit-beside-me-and-listen-to-the-victrola" expression.

SWEET BABY! Mamma's angel child!

Needn't have been alarmed about Snappy turning his face and kissing my bosom. He hadn't the nerve. His uneven breathing must have been from adenoids. MEBBE he's been converted. Perhaps he suffers from indigestion.

On the way going home, felt as tho we'd been to prayer meeting. He kissed me several times. His kisses were sweetly precise. Mine were the same. I'll admit to my Diary that it was a bit difficult to hold my lips like a dead one.

Thrill-less kisses are such a waste of emotion. There's no aftermath. I've learned young.

MEBBE?

MEBBE.

* * * * * * * *

Don't seem to have learnd anything that other girls have not experienced. Besides, I, Nan, have had sheiks of all ages for TEACHERS. That's no lie! And it requires "P. H. D's in LOVE" to teach a girl all I've got tucked away in my secret store-house.

Kind Heaven, let me have more kicks out of life before I settle down to knitting sox or washing diapers.

Deliver me from sappy proposals!

Deliver me from tame matrimony!

Deliver me from drooling, stuttering, platonic males!

I'd rather have a domestic tangle, like the Gilletts, than one constant round of meek SIMPLENESS, and a wishy-washy husband with an expression like a blank page, who'd call me "Cutie" or "Nanny". I'D BRAIN SUCH A NEUTER!

MEBBE I wouldn't; but MEBBE I WOULD!

Meek men (and women, too) appear so slobbery to me! I always want to hand them a sticky all-day-sucker, or a mechanical doll that says: "ma-ma, ma-ma".

I'd rather have a brute for a husband than a weazen-faced, weak-voiced baby LAMB!

Snappy seems to have about as much pep, and causes me about as many thrills, as a period-costume movie.

What a shame, with all his money, he is just a graceful he-goldfish!

When we two reached home, Sumner and Prudence were popping corn before the log fire.

Some more thrilling indoor sport.

It must run in the Allison family.

However, we four did enjoy eating the crisp, buttered corn, and big, juicy apples.

Mother's method of entertainment may be a heap safer and saner, but certainly it's in my blood to crave a few moments of speed, until I get SOMETHING out of my system.

WHAT 'TIS?

DUNNO! But it THRILLS me, and I get EXCITED! I like things to MOVE!

Yawning and BLAH companionship make me feel like a season of asthma. THEY MISS SO MUCH FUN! If I owned a BLAH MEMBER, I'd sell "it" for "what am I offered"!

Don't want too much "NOO YAWK" talk, but I DO want JUST A LITTLE BIT of a KICK out of life. I'm not the sort of girl who feels that a man's not treating her right unless he almost RUINS HER DIGESTION. Rather, I'm a PROM-TROTTIN', SUGAR SHEBA who likes to be rushed by a LOVIN' MELLOW, SAXAPHON-PATOO-TIE like BENNIE! That big boy is giving me a PANIC!

MY BUDDHA POPPA'S SOME HOT FLASH!

THAT'S the NUMBER of my giant, male baby: HOT FLASH!

I, Nan, am willing to be his KISSABLE MOMMA!

Lord deliver me from A HUNKA MUD!

GUILTY AGAIN! RAMBLED AS USUAL! Guess I'm lost, SEQUENCE! WHERE ART THOU?

GOT ALL HET UP WITH EXCITEMENT!

I'm much like a pianola—always in a hurry!

Come back to earth—and SUMNER and PRUDENCE:

Mother is not in love with Sumner Allison one little bit, I KNOW. Popcorn is not an indication of love's romantic palpitation.

Had Sumner been Allen Arnold, Prudence would have danced with him to our latest records, discussed the best-sellers (and "cellars", if that happened to suit the moment

—she's adaptable that way), talked of travel (she has tooted around the globe quit a bit), served a delicious chafing dish repast, made right before his eyes, (tho it originally came out of a tin can). In fact, she would have been doing most any up-to-date, mesmeric stunt rather than pop corn.

Prudence, at her meekest, is no blah-face!

Snappy and Sumner remained until one A. M.

Later, after Prudence and I had exchanged confidences, and I had confessed to "stringing" Snappy along, and WHY, she replied, like the fine pal she is:

"String them all, Nan, dearest. Mother wants her little girl for many years to come."

I'll do that little stunt until I find the cave-man who will MAKE ME LIKE HIS WAYS FOREVER.

When the fatal hour arrives, it's a cinch I'll do most of the worrying, if not most of the loving. THAT IS THE WAY OF MY SEX.

At least, that is the way they appear to do it in married life. So many of the older set are more or less "GILLETTS", and get an AWFULICH for trading LOVES.

It's a poor example but has an exciting KICK! Sometimes it ends with a THUD!

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January 17, 1923.

PLENTY NEWS!

Tonight Prudence and Allen Arnold attended "The Perfect Lover".

Bennie Arnold took me to the Hollibird party.

None of the Hollibird's excepting Thomas, Jr., know that Bennie is a traffic-cop. They know him mainly as the eligible, bachelor brother-in-law of Banker Russell.

Tom Hollibird, Jr., is a splendid, fine sort of man's man, and popular; so is his father. The mother and two daughters are get-rich-quick snobs and social climbers. They hang on to their recently dug-up Coat of Arms, like a drowning man to a straw.

A few of the so-called elite who were invited to Hollibirds. were not present. Many of the REAL elite DID attend. Those who did, did so because they were NOT snobs, and loved to dance, accepting all their friends for their character worth. Some of the older men might have had political reasons for attending.

Thomas, Sr., is a strong factor in politics and the real estate world, owning several choice parcels between the Lake and Cass, just north of the bridge. He was shrewd enough to buy during the doubtful part of the war, and his holdings have "trebled and trebled again", as Prudence says. He is easily worth two millions, or better.

(Another thought just came to me, so once more I'll digress. SEQUENCE, run out and play until mama gets thru some juicy gossip.)

Mentioning Prudence reminded me that, after the theater, she and Allen had dinner at the Drake, and later took a long spin out to Lake Forest. En route, they parked their sedan for an hour or so along the east side of Lincoln Park Lagoon, next to the very edge of Lake Michigan, where they watched the waves and adored the silence of their own companionship.

During the early portion of the play, Allen slipped his arm thru mother's and managed to hold her hand while a marvelous love scene was being presented. When the curtain was lowered and the lights thrown on, Prudence drew away with this remark:

"Allen—please—not while the theater is so brilliant." (Evidently she knows HOW.)

"Just as you say, dear. I couldn't resist," he replied, obediently sitting up in his seat. MEBBE HE KNOWS HOW, TOO!

About that time Prudence wondered whether it would take another play, an earthquake, or a hypodermic to move Allen into showing further affection.

While at the Drake they danced, and Allen made a few very delicate advances—none but what any attentive man might have ventured.

Later, when they were parked on the water's edge, listening, dreaming and mooning, Allen placed his arm around mother's shoulders. She pretended not to notice it. Finally, they entered into a lively and very unromantic conversation about Captain Streeter's rights, and the riparian rights of those who, years ago, had built homes on Lake Shore Drive, with the waves playing in their front yards, and who now find themselves anywhere from one block to half a mile from the water's edge, all since the beginning of the gigantic filling-in. Mother was strong for the "City Beautifull" plan, and "ParkExtension". Allen was against it, but mainly because he is retained at a good figure to fight the extension situation for some of the property owners. It is business with him.

Art has little to do with the alterations in his mind. To Allen it is a gigantic steal and done under the cloak of the "City Beautiful". Mother thinks he is sore only because he is paid to assume that attitude.

On their return drive, and just before reaching our apartment, Allen suddenly EXPLODED:

"Are you in love with Sumner Allison, or Insull Adams, or Curtiss Gillett?"

Mother was equal to this courtroom insolence.

"Are you cross-examining me for violation of the law, or are you jealous?"

"Jealous," he flared back, with a candor that quite took her breath.

"Why—I—didn't think YOU cared enough to notice they were even attentive to me," she assumed.

"CARED! Why, little girl, I've gone thru hell, watching those fellows dance with you, and taking your attention and time."

"ALLEN!" (Prudence confessed it took actual will-power to hide her joy.)

"Seems to me I'll choke the very breath out of Allison and Adams, and some day shoot that skunk, Gillett. They've got their nerve."

"I can't figure out your attitude, Allen. You've never made love to me, yourself, but you are incensed with those who do, or who are trying to pay me attention."

"It's this way, Prudence—you've been accustomed to all the luxuries money can provide, and I've only half your income. What I make would be plenty for some woman, but not for you. That's the reason I've kept silent and never told you the craving and ache in my heart." He thought a moment, then continued: "It hurts thru and thru.'"

Mother said, that after he had voiced his secret, he glared out into the night as tho expecting to meet a raging lion. She knew THIS was HER cue.

"Allen, should money—when—you have a sufficient, enter into our—our happiness?"

"Yes, it should," he insisted. "You are used to just so much money. I love you madly! It would hurt me not to be able to provide everything that you have had. I'm insanely jealous of you! I KNEW that if I ever attended any romantic play with you, I wouldn't have the sense God gave me, and would wind up by telling you how jealous you make me every minute. It is my one desire to some day have enough of this world's goods to ask you to be my wife, but NOW—" He removed his hat and ran his fingers thru his

hair, as tho wondering how he came to so forget himself.

Prudence melted humanly.

"I have enough for any little extras and the children." (The sweet simp confessed that instantly she knew she had said the wrong thing. It revealed her own secret desires and weaknesses. She was so flabbergasted that she almost "flopped."

My blessed Prudence wanted her man!

Allen was ready for her argument:

"That's just it. You COULDN'T live on my income. After a while, you WOULDN'T live on my income. And REAL MEN don't live on insurance left by their predecessors. When I have an income as large as yours—an income fair to you and your two children, I'll propose to you."

"Allen, you're not a bit romantic. Don't you suppose that a TRUE type of loving woman WANTS LOVE most of all? That's what REAL WOMEN are made for—JUST LOVE."

"Don't, Prudence, I can't resist you. You don't do me justice. I have a sense of honor, dearest. Ever since I first met you, I have cared for you devoutly, tho silently. I have controlled that emotion mainly for your sake. If I had loved you less, been more selfish, and had less pride, I would have asked you long ago. Give me credit for decent ideals." He took her face between his hands. "Tonight I've impulsively declared the love of which I am not ashamed. It's the influence of your sweet presence and "The Perfect Lover'. I knew if ever we were caught as we have been tonight, I'd forget myself. Forgive me—all I said about Allison, Adams and Gillett. They're good fellows. Perhaps not Gillett, for he's somewhat of a rounder, and I wish you would chill him conspicuously. Will you?"

"Curtiss Gillett has always been charming, and has only filled a void, but he means absolutely nothing to me. The other two men but little more. Sometimes I am dreadfully lonely."

"I am, too, dear," he admitted.

"It is only human," she continued, "that I receive the attentions of honest men when I am not engaged to anyone in particular."

'That's the truth, dearest. I'm a beast to expect you to coop yourself up for me and wait. That's a nun's life.

"Not until I give my promise to some worthy man, will I do that."

(I was tickled to giggles that Prudence had the gumption

"Don't you believe me when I say: 'I love you'?"

to reply in this manner. She had ALMOST flopped a second time.)

"Will you keep our little secret, dearest, until I'm able to declare more?"

"Yes, Allen; but don't expect me to shun my friends. THAT would be selfish under the circumstances. I am fairly young, alone, and crave companionship. It is only natural that I have as normally happy time as possible."

"Kiss me, just once. Will you, Prudence, dear?"

"Not tonight, Allen. Try again some future time, when romance means vastly more to you than analytical reasoning. Your version is just typical of the courtroom, but for genuine love from the heart, it's a poor substitute. You weigh every word, and love is the victim."

"Please—just one?" he begged.

"Not one—tonight. But if you truly care as you claim, keep on trying, and—and—perhaps—"

When they had arrived at our "apotment," Allen jumped out, ran around the car, opened the door on mother's side, and offered his hand to assist her.

"I love you, Prudence. You are the dearest, sweetest woman I've ever known. Don't you believe me when I say: 'I LOVE YOU'?"

"Perhaps, but prove it, Allen. A woman always feels happiest when she is loved, but most of all she wants to be made to realize it."

With that remark she hurried into the entrance-hall, waved Allen a "goodnight" and blew him a kiss thru the plate-glass doors. He was too late to catch her, so blew a kiss back again, and stood with his hat removed, as tho glued to the spot. He was still there when she stepped into the elevator.

So much for the real beginning of A. J. B. A.'s courtship of my beautiful Prudence.

THE BLAZE HAS BEEN IGNITED!

Mother and I promised each other to MAKE Allen so jealous he'd just HAVE TO PROPOSE. It will take both of us to accomplish the little "twick", but it CAN BE DONE.

I, Nan, am a sweet little huzzy, but certainly I do love my Muzzer! She's worth it, too!

Little Miss Fix-It!

Perhaps "WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD"!

MEBBE?

MEBBE!

Now the fire is started—hope it burns like 'LL!

* * * * * * * * *

COME IN, SEQUENCE; it's again time to get started on the home stretch! You patient pal!

I'M A FUNNY BIMBO!
HORRAY!
I SHOULD WORRY!

Bennie and I had a glorious time at the Hollibird party. I danced with him five times—gave one dance to each of the younger men—had an exciting time splitting dances in order to give most of the older fellows a half-dance each.

It is simply heaven to be in Bennie's arms! Even with his massive build, he dances as lightly and easily as any man I know. He has the rare combination of strength and grace. It's a cinch, that big boy's never blah—never looks like a wrist-watch—and never juggles his opinions.

Later BENNIE AND I motored over to the lake to "moon" and "fess" HEAPS OF THINGS. I didn't have to bait my hook to catch HIM into LOVING ME OCEANS. He's a WHALE, and knows his SEA WEED!

Isn't it odd what an attraction the new Park Extension on the lake front has for lovers? There were over two dozen cars parked long the water—all with their lights dimmed, or none on at all.

It's a stand-off who loves the more romantically and divinely Dicky Thornton or Benjamin Arnold. Bennie is far handsomer, and some older. He goes about it as tho it were his last opportunity, perhaps a bit cave-man, but it's adorably thrilling. Certainly I couldn't mistake his love-making for anything like mother's experience with Allen—analytical or like a debate.

Bennie's speaking voice is symphonic—mesmeric! (Dicky's voice is pleasantly deep, but not in the same class with Bennie's.)

What Bennie wants, he wants with MIGHT!
What he decides to get, he GETS with IRISH LOVE!
He's GLORIOUS! He's MARVELOUS!

Bennie's older and wiser than most of my jazz-hound admirers. He can do and say things so interestingly that you get pop-eyed listening. He has entertaining ideas. And REAL ideas are more or less like beards—FEW MEN HAVE THEM UNTIL THEY GROW OLDER!

I'm trying hard NOT to commit myself to Bennie "for keeps"; but he's in earnest, and is the most wonderfully per-

sistent lover on earth. "No", means "TRY IT AGAIN", to him. And he keeps LOVE working over union hours. Do I, Nan, like PERSISTENCE? I'll tell the world I DO!

Most of all, BENNIE makes me WANT HIM when he's not around. That means the cat's ear-muffs to a girl like NAN LIVINGSTONE. IT'S A WARM-BABYISH, AFFECTIONATE FEEL!

MAY THE SAINTS DELIVER ME FROM A SISSY LOUNGE-LIZZARD!

Aren't MEN marvelous when they're not MEEK, and simply WON'T TAKE "NO" for an answer, and don't talk like JELLY BEANS?

Could life be more romantic and irresistibly changeable than Bennie can make it? DREAMLAND! Don't wake me up!

Mrs. Russell's husband is trying to get Bennie to accept an office in the bank—so SHE says. Bennie owns quite a bit of stock, and is on the Board of Directors, but prefers his present job along with his freedom on Daniel Boone in the open air.

CAN HE RIDE! He doesn't play the harmonica on the back of that six-cylinder horse—that's THAT!

BENNIE'S a whole RODEO in himself. I've seen him do stunts in practice, and over in Grant Park, which took away my "breather". He's nobody's yellow streak—that's a cinch! That bimbo RIDES!

I'm not crazy over Bennie's being a traffic-cop. Most of our set will eventually know it, in spite of Dame Russell's attempt at secrecy. Several of the men know it now, and think it a great joke on some of the fond mamas who are angling to get their daughters thrown in social contact with this handsome Apollo, who is "the Banker's brother-in-law." However, I'm going to test my Bennie to the limit of his patience, and allow him to court me all he desires, since he is the loveliest male that ever happened.

SO! Just SO!

I'm NOT going to be one bit jealous if he hovers around a dozen others—at least, not so anyone can notice it.

SO, some MORE!

Of course, one's position is not EVERYTHING, but as Buddy says: "It's a great prop."

Prudence insists: "Great men never REMAIN in mediocre situations. They nearly always start there, but wind up where GREAT men are invariably found—on TOP, financially, socially and mentally."

CAN HE RIDE!

(Prudence is some little delivery-boy when it comes to the pert and spiffy lectures.)

Bennie doesn't like to see me smoke cigarettes. He looks daggers when I do and others are present. When we are alone, he lets me take a puff or two, then reaches for my fag and smokes the remainder himself. Male consistency! He does this tenderly, yet all the while I KNOW it's useless for me to remonstrate. He's a wonder—this Apollo! Once he took me close and said so lovingly:

"Nan, darlin'—make me happy by not smoking any more cigarettes. Your lips are too sweet for such foul-smelling weeds."

"YOU smoke them," I argued. "You also confessed that you like liver-hash, sauer-kraut, ham-hocks, awful sauer-braten, pickled pigs' feet, limberger sandwich on rye with a stein of dark beer. Tho I think such foods coarse and fierce, I never tell you to stop eating or drinking them. It seems to me your lips are too lovely for such commonplace refreshments, but I wouldn't interfere with your indulging in them. I can't see the consistency in refusing to let me smoke, and then YOU doing it any time you see fit, and also eating the most foul-smelling, plebeian foods."

"A woman never appears so mannish or common as when she smokes. I want you to be DIFFERENT," he argued, ignoring my slam at his appetite.

"Do I ever appear mannish or common?" I coaxed, cuddling closer.

"No, no, darlin'; but YOU'RE too perfect for anything so crude as would suit the indulgence of ordinary Men."

"Well, I won't promise yet, but I love to know you want me to be—"

"The most perfect and precious creature on earth, you little angel!"

The SWEET, OLD, IRISH DOO-BUNK!

MY BUDDHA PEST!

HORRAY FOR THAT LOVIN' BLARNEY MAN!

Don't I love to to be MANAGED by HIM?

I have no intention of stopping so peaceful a relaxation as having a restful smoke once in a while; any more than I intend to cease eating Mrs. S's luscious, vanilla, butter creams.

Both have their appropriate moments. MOMENTS is good!

To be sure, I never smoke when mother is around, but I wouldn't hide my cigarettes if she suddenly came into the room. All the girls smoke—those of the very best families. Most of their mothers do, too. I've never seen Prudence smoke, but it's the grasshopper's clog-dancing slippers that she does not make herself conspicuous by being the ODD PRUDE, saying like a mewing KAT: "I never indulge—don't approve". She has too much sense for that— is too good a pal—and too finer a social mixer.

My money on Prudence! She is wisely understanding! One of the few mothers who are UP-TO-DATE, and SANE about it at the same time.

She is ONE mother who knows enough NOT to make LIARS of her children. That's more than Peg's, Reene's, Judy's, or Siggy's mother can boast. Why, I've heard those girls LIE LIKE STREAKS to their mothers about things that I never hesitate to tell mine.

Prudence NEVER PICKS, and NEVER PINS ME DOWN TO FINE POINTS until I HAVE to "fairy" to protect myself from some punishment.

MEBBE most mothers don't grasp the art of Prudence's gift, but they SHOULD if they have good memories.

"Henny" mothers miss a lot from their girls and boys when they force them into becoming professional LIARS.

THAT'S THAT!

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

I'll be busted if I don't think FEAR of picky scoldings and punishments gets a hold of flappers and cubs until it becomes a DIS-ease! I've listened to girls lie excuses to their mothers, until I've thought the girls MUST BE SICK. Yet, Im POSITIVE they lied from FEAR and not deliberate DESIRE.

Trot back, bum little bunch of SEQUENCE!

Again I'm going to write about my BUDDHA-POPPA!

I adore the way he holds and cuddles me like a baby in his strong arms. So far he has never overstepped his rights; yet, I don't think he's a man who will endue too much torture either.

BENNIE'S PROVING MORE AND MORE THAT HE'S IRISH!

I LOVE 'EM IRISH, MASTERFUL, and with CONTROL!

Once, tonight, while we were motoring, Bennie quietly said: "It's time to sit over on your own side of the seat, darlin'. Let's motor around the park for a little while. Tuck your furs about your throat. I'm going to open wide the windshield. Let's get a few whiffs of fresh air."

THE MAN!

THE MAN!

I adored him! ADORED HIM!

Hope he always finds strength to open wide the windshield, indulge in crisp fresh air, and spin along—A MAN!

WONDERFUL IRISHMAN OF MINE!

ALL MAN!

GOODNIGHT, SEQUENCE!

I hope nobody gets a peep at this.

Once in a while, I'm a slightly wild heathen, and it gives me a kick to write down in this secret-book some of the stunts I do when I FLAP.

Can't resist it; must again add:

BENNIE'S ADORABLE!

As dear Prudence says: "I'M EN RAPPORT!"

* * * * * * * *

January 22, 1923.

Attended a junior party out to Nettie Morton's and we had one hilarious time. During the party Mr. and Mrs. M. Sr. attended some affair at the Blackstone. Nettie's gathering rather thrilled me because of its unusualness.

All the boys and girls removed their shoes and stockings and danced with locked toes (or tried to). Some of the guests had flat feet or pet corns, and for them it wasn't so becoming; but my escort (Grant Halsey) and I linked toes perfectly and had a thrilling experience.

During the refreshments, the boys drank their wines from the girls slippers. We weren't supposed to have wine, but when Mr. Morton left, he turned over the keys to the butler and winked at the boys. That was enough.

The butler was laid out stiff in less than an hour. Then our fun began. I was almost glad Bennie was not there.

Siggy Betooson Larson (God bless that girl—she IS human away from "Sweden", and I've learned to love her) sang all the popular songs, and had everybody singing with her. Couldn't hear Siggy's adenoids in the chorus. Murphy Kenna was there and kissed Siggy's pink toes about twenty times,

We put plenty of pep into this party.

while she was on top of the piano as our "Sing-Cheer-Leader". One of the boys ragged and barber-shopped marvelous accompaniments.

I wonder what MA BETOOSON LARSON would have thought, could she have seen her offspring.

Wonder what she would have said to Murphy, had he ever ventured to kiss Siggy's cunnin' toes while the hyphenated parents were around.

For the life of me, I can't see that kissing her pink toes was a crime, any more than kissing her pink fingers, which Murf does about ten times an hour. IT'S JUST UNCOMMON! TRULY where is the crime? K A T S !

Nettie Morton left all the orientals down on the drawing room floor, so our toes were treading on softest pile every minute.

We put plenty of pep into that party!

My head aches! UGH! HOW IT ACHES!

Smoked parts of twenty-eight of Nettie's monogrammed cigarettes. Don't know how many the other girls smoked, but PLENTY. The atmosphere was blue.

This party was just for the younger crowd, and a few of the older girls who got wind of it were resentful, as the Mortons are prize kumquats, socially and financially.

Among the other fellows whom I know, and who were NOT invited, were Dicky, Snappy, Bennie and Vernon Beckley. In a way, I'm glad. There's nothing like variety.

As it was, we had one glorious time, and nary a wet blanket in the party. Some of the stunts were so novel that they were both fierce and thrilling. If there was anything Nettie hadn't thought of, it wasn't invented until after this date. Certainly, I do like spice with mine, and HAD IT. There was some priceless muscle dancing, and much laughter like the arpeggios on a flute.

They say FLAPPERISM IS SORT OF LUNACY—ah, then, sweet memories, I, Nan, am plumb LOCO!

YOU NUTTY, LOVIN' MOMMAS!

YOU AMOROUS, MAD-GLAD POPPAS!

When it came time for refreshments, the boys had us climb on their back and carried us, cave-man fashion to the dining room.

Some of the welter-weights looked funny with their double loads—one in their wine-filled tummies and the other on their backs.

When a girl proved a FAT-legged flapper, she looked like a "porker" too big for the barrel.

Grant Halsey is a quarter-back at U. of M. and was more than able to hold me on his broad shoulders. I used his mop of wavy hair for a steering wheel, and he used my two legs to hold me fast. I screamed when he bit my toe, but he immediately kissed the spot so beautifully, and grabbed me from his back and into his massive arms so thrillingly, that the bite proved a thrilling beginning to more appropriate eats and petting. (No more bites of toe!)

We sang everything popular, and between songs always filled in with a round of "Hail, hail, the gang's all here."

Mrs. Morton 'phoned out to see if we were getting along all hunky-dory, and to tell us that she and Mr. Morton were just leaving the Blackstone for home.

Now, THAT'S what I call being a REAL SPORT, and not forgetting when SHE was a flapper. That sweet dame plays SQUARE.

Being warned, we all had on our stockings and slippers when the senior Mortons arrived, and our lip-stick was fairly well reinstated.

I couldn't find one of my stockings, so had to borrow one of Nettie's, which didn't match a little bit. We had short time for color schemes.

Going home, Grant Halsey pulled my lost stocking from his pocket, and I let him put it on me after I had slipped off the odd one. He is a dear! Went at it so cleverly and gently but NOT SAPPILY. He is firmly THERE, but subtle of movement, and doesn't frighten me.

First, he kissed my toes until I squealed so loudly he was afraid his chauffeur would take a squint. Then he patted my slender ankle and drew the stocking almost to my dimpled knee. (I said "dimpled" and MEAN EXACTLY THAT.) Finally, I rolled the top for him, while he continued to beg to kiss the dimple.

Something had to be left for NEXT TIME, so I remarked: "Are you going to Virginia Armore's pajama party, February 25th, when her father and mother go to Minnesota on their hunting trip?"

"Yes, I expect to. Have you an escort?"

"Well," I hesitated.

"May I be the fortunate bear that night?"'

"If you are a good boy NOW, and stop teasing me."

"But, Nan for the sake of my dizzy brain, let me kiss that dimple just ONCE—PLEASE."

"CAN'T BE DONE—not this trip, Grant, dear. Save that particular kiss for some other date. You've had a heap more

now then I'd ever given you if we hadn't had such a rollicking time, and you—you petty-larceny cub, hadn"t stolen my stocking. Now be good!"

"PRETTY PLEASE! PLEASE!" he begged.

(Where would the stocking industry be had it not been for Mother Eve and Father Adam?)

"Here we are, Grant. Press the buzzer for Perkins to open the door."

"Well, let's have a lip-to-lip goodnight kiss, then," he substituted.

Grant did a fair imitation of Dicky Thornton—a luscious smack that youths of his age generally know how to deliver per schedule. He didn't peck; but he proved to me during the first touch that his kisses are a matter of more than mild experience. I let HIM think he was TEACHING ME A NEW TRICK. He appeared ELATED.

A wee bit of evil (just a WEE bit) is often a very memorable and delightful situation.

I get a tremendous KICK in making my male admirers believe they are TEACHING ME SOMETHING. They LAP IT UP with average MALE CONCEIT.

You talk about the vanity of a girl; it CAN'T COMPARE with the colossal CONCEIT of a man! AND THAT'S NO LIE!

I got a rare thrill out of Grant's company. He is only twenty-one years old. Some day he'll make a REAL SHEIK. Most boys of Grant's age are such nursing bottles and gumdrops. NOT GRANT! He stands well at the University, his parents are leaders among Chicago's oldest and best families.

Comparing Grant with my BIG-BEN—my Irish LOVER-BOY—my man of MANY GLORIOUS SURPRISES—my BUDDHA SHEIK!

Well, IT CAN'T BE DONE!

Bennie has no imitators and nary an equal. He's about as ideal a lover as I could desire, only, SO FAR, HE HAS NOT OUT AND OUT PROPOSED.

SMART POPPA! OO! SO SMART POPPA!

MEBBE too smart for Nanny-Momma!

TOOT?

TOOT!

* * * * * * * *

January 26, 1923.

Yesterday, my seventeenth birthday, passed most delightfully.

Mother allowed me to have a matinee party for girls only, followed by an elaborate dinner at the Castlemo Ultra. (Buddy is a member.) Mother and Mrs. Wellington Russell left the Ultra soon after my guests and I were seated. They were due at an early evening dinner-party at the Van Cortland home out in Lake Forest.

Dicky sent me a birthday bracelet of platinum with twenty diamonds and ten rubies in it. It is a DREAM! Prudence hid it in the wall-safe, and is taking the gift under consideration. She dislikes to have me accept it. Later, I opened the safe and slipped the bracelet into my vanity bag and wore it during my birthday dinner, and at another most unexpected evening party for six, at The Brakes. Have since replaced it in the safe.

Wrote Dicky a loving letter, which I failed to show Prudence, but told her about it. She was silent. Her expression wasn't framed in smiles. Guess she thought I'd taken affairs too much in my own hands. Don't believe Prudence intended I should keep so expensive a gift.

Well, I, Nan, know just what Dicky WANTS TO MAKE ME FOR LIFE—EVENTUALLY! SO, I ACCEPTED THE BRACELET!

Snappy sent me a gorgeous mahogany spinet desk with carved legs. Feel more grown-up now then ever.

Sumner gave a box of beautifully monogrammed stationery for every requirement. Goes with the desk. Love it.

Bennie gave me a dozen of the finest, sheerest linen handkerchiefs with my entire name hand-worked on each one; also a pair of genuine pearl drop earrings in the most delicate platinum filigree setting, to match the real pearl necklace he gave me last Christmas. They are gorgeous!

AGAIN Prudence had her usual FIT, but I just insisted on keeping them, because they are part of the set of three pieces which Bennie proposes to give to me. I adore them. They make me look so distinguished and apart, in comparison to some of the oriental junk a few of the girls wear. Earrings do have an oldish appearance, to be sure, but I need it when I flap around with adorable Bennie. He knows his selections, believe me!

I didn't drink too much during my birthday party at the Castlema Ultra but afterward at THE BRAKES—sweet

Looie—today I'm paying the price. Scrambled brains and jazzy tummy!

It's a cinch I'll never touch Scotch or champagne highballs again. It's now ten A. M., "the day after", and my head hits on high every once in a while. Just can't bromo the speed. It's a demon and working overtime.

One of the girls at my party (Olga M. L.) had a pint flask in her beaded purse. We all took a nip (excepting "sweet Inez K.") The gold-lined, sterling thimble over the cork, out of which we all drank, must have contained a million germs. But they never started to argue with me until this morning. They've held a national debate ever since.

I'm suspicious of Inez K. Think she's a SNITCHER—a loose panhandle. Anyone chumming with her will get burned to a crisp. She has the reputation of being a snoopy, gossipy, itchy cootie. She's nasty nice to one's face and appears as tho she'd like to "missionary" most of our set.

BLOOEY! When she saw the flask! She looked like a cat given an unexpected shower-bath! Slowly she changed her expression to a patronizing stare—"Oh,-if-only-I-have-an-opportunity-to-get-back-at-you." She's a leather brain, anyway. Sort of yelping puppy! My idea of a HEMORRHAGE!

Mother insisted that I invite Inez because Inez's mother and father, who are quite wealthy (Mr. K's a grain man now) introduced mother to THE set here in Chicago. Mother knew Mrs. K. when she was Isabel Van Pelt, back in T., Virginia. Mr. Stuyvesant Van Pelt (Inez's maternal grandfather) was one of the founders of the bank of which Daddy became President. Mr. K. (Inez's father) was Daddy's note teller and married Isabell Van Pelt at a fashionable wedding, where mother served as maid-of-honor before she was engaged to my Daddy. It's a long story of banks, Pelts, and families—so I finally consented to invite Inez; but I've never liked her beady eyes, or her small, stingy ears. She looks shocked and resentful most of the time—as tho someone had given her a swift whack, and she were trying to discover whom to hit back. She's bowlegged, too.

Odd creature, Inez! It's too bad that kid isn't made of more real-girl stuff. It isn't because she doesn't drink or smoke that I dislike her. It's something I always feel when she's around, as tho a small, poisonous snake were about to creep out of her thin nostrils and hiss at me. Her teeth are pointed on the ends and look as tho they scratched her tongue into saying sharp things behind my back. UGH! She's creepy! Don't like her! Several times acquaintances have told me tales that

made me boil, which only Inez (SAINTLY INEZ) could have repeated.

Lord, deliver me from a two-legged newspaper! (If they have to TELL it, why not keep a diary?)

Lord, deliver me from a weazened-faced reputation killer! (If they want to KNOCK, do it in a diary—it's soon out of the system, and nobody hurt or the wiser.)

Lord, deliver me from a kittenish PANDORA!

Lord, deliver me from an itchy gossip!

OLD KATS ought to keep a Diary, and write down all their highly charged opinions, as I, Nan, am doing now. I'm not exactly a mean old KAT, but possibly WOULD BE if I had no DIARY-OUTLET.

Am not crazy about Inez's mother, either. Think the old hen-face somewhat of a mental short-weight.

Inez's Dad is a bit of an ostrich, too. If he donated anything to the missionaries, they'd starve waiting for it. It's a wonder he gave Inez a middle name. He's such a tight-wad that money in his purse naturally aches waiting for circulation.

ANYWAY, MY HEAD SPLITS!

TOOT!

TAPS!

* * * * * * * * *

Next day. Noon.

Prudence had a great time at the Van Cortland's party in Lake Forest; got home around midnight. The dinner was at the early hour of six P. M.—almost as early as mine (5:30) at the Castlemo Ultra.

Allen, Mr. Russell, the McV's, the Seth Armores, and the Blairs joined her party. They're all friends of the Van Cortlands, at whose beautiful home Prudence has been entertained several times before. This unusually early dinner-dance was strictly for the older crowd. (So they could cold-cream, felt-slipper, hot-water-bag and climb into their cotton flannel nighties before breakfast! MEBBE!)

Allen J. B. A. has sent Prudence flowers or candy, and once in a while some lovely book, most every day since she did NOT allow him to have all the dances he thought could be so easily arranged for, and since she did NOT KISS HIM GOODNIGHT.

The meaner you treat some brutes, the more docile they become—at least, A. J. B. A. is growing meeker n' meeker.

Prudence—sure animal trainer!
HUMP!
Allen—the subdued sport!
The weather-worn BATTLE-AX!
MEW!

* * * * * * * *

HEAR ME?
COME SEQUENCE, mama needs you!

Toward the close of my birthday party, Vernon Beckley and two visiting Harvard men came into the Castlemo Ultra for their evening meal.

(Vernon Beckley, Sr. and son are both members of the C. U. Club. Beckley, Sr., is one of the heaviest stockholders—so mother informed me—of the Elevated System, also an official of no small influence on the I. C. R. R. During the war, BECKLEY, Sr. was a dollar-a-year man and did his bit. I was too young to enjoy a thrill about that time.)

We girls emptied Olga's pint and felt great— if a bit noisy. After the demi tasse and my monogrammed cigarettes, we had one more nip all the way 'round from a small bottle Buddy had managed to deliver to me in a huge basket of birthday flowers. Then the girls departed in their respective cars or special taxis, excepting Judy, Olga and myself.

During the last of the festivities, I had a note handed me by Pedro (the head-waiter) from Vernon to make his party "six", and that his two Harvard pals were "doggy fine fellows." I conveyed the invitation to Judy and Olga, who accepted immediately. I gave the boys the high-sign and they managed to linger over their coffee and cigarettes until my party was completely over, and all but Judy, Olga and myself had taken leave.

(Gee, Whiz! My head still hurts! It feels like an overworked Ferris wheel! That's why I write in jerks!)

Once or twice during my birthday dinner, I managed to catch the glance of one of Vernon's two guests—Whitney Harriman—whom I later drew for my personal escort, a marvelous dancer and adorable coaxer, not too bold—JUST RIGHT. He is six feet tall, broad of shoulders, near-blonde, solid of jaw, laughing of eyes, and a lovely speaking voice. All around good-looking HE!

The six of us scrambled into Vernon's big Cunningham, and first drove out to Evanston for air and to get acquainted; then we returned to a private dining room at THE BRAKES. By this time we all knew one another almost as well as we

Pedro, the head-waiter, handed me a note from Vernon Beckley.

ever will—calling one another by our first names—or "pet" ones.

At The Brakes it proved to be a progressive dinner. Each man told a spiffy, breezy story, after which he moved to the next man's seat, and so on until he returned to his original place. In this manner each girl became better acquainted with the other two men, as well as the partner she drew at the beginning.

We three girls did stunts, too, and each one took turns sitting on the lap of the next girl's escort, until we had returned to our original pair of knees.

I like plump legs to sit on. Razor blades are not enticing. I also like tall, broad-shouldered men. Whitney was just about right. He has a sit-some-more lap, and kiss-again lips.

We danced to the sweet, soft whistle of dear Judy, whose fascinating jazz and birdlike trills whistled so alluringly and true, infected all six of us with the RHYTHMIC WIGGLE. Each girl danced at least twice with the other girl's escort, and much more often with her own. We were regular dancin' floor-polishers!

Later, Vernon proposed that he take Judy in his Cunningham, and that each man hire his own taxi and take his particular partner for a good-night spin. We all agreed.

Whitney Harriman clung to me like LePage's glue.

Jack Burden had drawn Olga and appeared pleased with his choice—but kinda made longful eyes at me.

Vernon Beckley was delighted with Judy, but (like the Mormon he is) whispered to me during our personal good-night:

"Nan, when I suddenly got the inspiration to have this party, I expected you for myself, but Whitney said he was FOR THE FUN providing he could have the 'beauty with the gold-red hair'. So it was up to me to be a good sport to my guest. Promise me that you'll soon attend some affair with me—perhaps a show. I'll call you up this week. Give me one more kiss, Sweetie."

Ducked into Whitney's arms and laughed merrily as I called back:

"I'll expect to hear from you, then, some time this week, concerning that other matter." (Very mysteriously.)

To which Vernon enthusiastically responded:

"Well, I guess, YES, unless I'm holding my own little funeral in the meanwhile."

Whitney Harriman proved a devoted escort and supported me with iron strength. (I NEEDED IT.) His masterfulness I truly enjoyed. It compared favorably with Bennie's; tho

Whitney is zero as to magnetic speaking voice, in contrast to MY BUDDHA-SHEIK! Of course, Bennie is years older. Whitney will be thru Harvard this year. Vernon said Whitney stood ace-high in both studies and athletics.

SOME DEMI-BLOND, BOY-BABY—that WHITNEY HARRIMAN! He made a lasting impression on my optics! HEAR ME, WORLD?

Toward the close of The Brakes party, my legs commenced to feel like rubber stumps—seemed to wobble and weaken when I tried to stand any length of time. Took too much "Mumms". But it's only now my head "hoits".

The entire party was plenty lit up. Jack Burden carried six quarts in the lining of his overcoat, also a novel collapsible ice-container, and a bottle opener, ALL AT ONCE. The waiter brought us buckets of cracked ice; and the boys gave him five dollars apiece as tips.

By the time we were thru eating and drinking, Olga was so funny and liberal that she insisted on giving the head-waiter (who came to our private dining room to see that we were being properly served) a crisp ten-dollar yellow-back—the only one she had with her, pinned to her stocking. We girls saw her donation. The boys at that minute were busy with some mixture they were concocting. I'm wondering whether Olga remembers her gift. BET THE HEAD-WAITER DOES. I do, QUITE CLEARLY—but dreadfully HEADACHEY!

Six gay, jolly JESTERS! Bet we made plenty fools of ourselves. Good thing we had a private dining room.

Nevertheless, it was GLORIOUS, and worth today's bum feel! I'D DO IT AGAIN! I'M A GAME SUFFERER!

Today I'm like a wabbly dewdrop, and almost as energetic. Wonder I have the gumption to write in my Diary. All I want is several packages of cigarettes, half a dozen dill pickles, my Diary, and a tub of crushed ice—THEN MORE ICE!

SOMETHING SPINS!
THAT TASTE!
THE DAY AFTER—SAWFUL!
MY EYES FEEL LIKE A BUNCH OF STIES!
OH, MY POOR HEAD—IT SPLITS!
BUT, NAN WILL NIP!
NOW NAN'S A COLLAPSIBLE CONTAINER!

This account of The Brakes party must read like a wreck—some here—some there! Think the part about my birthday dinner is less crippled.

Right now my brain feels all smeared up with gooey, hot, wall-paper paste, or sumpfing. The more I try to scribble, the thicker my poor head feels. If I can bridle my jazzy brain a few minutes longer, will write a little about my ride home with Whitney. It was memorable. He may LOOK COOL—but—

COME ON, SEQUENCE, help me get this stright!
We wasted (?) a few dollars of the elder Harriman's millions. Motored for three hours. Understand Whitney's dad is some gay bird, HIMSELF! BLESS HIM! I LIKE 'EM ANCIENT! They make wonderful spenders, and ADORE being babies! Wonder if birds as old as he is think we actually love 'em!

(TWEET! TWEET! Don't know what I hear, but something sounds in my ear every once in a while. Guess it's the squeak of the milk wagons.)

On our ride home I let Whitney pet me until I thought (with what I had left to think with) that he was getting too much at one sitting, so deliberately tapped on the glass and ordered the taxi driven to my own address.
Whitney was peeved at first, but I cuddled up closer as we neared the "apotment", ready to open the door quickly if things were too-utterly-too-too, and JUMP.
Whitney didn't know just how much further we had to motor, so he was feasting on kisses, and crushing me to his heart in delirious passion, when suddenly the taxi came to a stop, and I glanced out to behold devoted Buddy waiting for me. Timely good fortune all around. Clever for a semi-soused leather-brain—at least not so worse.
I introduced the two men.
Buddy explained how worried Prudence had been because INEZ K'S mother had called up to congratulate me on what INEZ had said was 'the most select girls' party" she ever attended. She (the old skirt) gushed her admiration over the beautiful favor INEZ had received.

Mother's method is, never to let anyone know it is my birthday, until AFTER they arrive, and the lighted cake is brought to the table. Then she (in this case I did it) gives a beautiful souvenir or favor to each guest.

Mrs. K. (the measly moth-ball) hinted to mother that perhaps, as I remained after all but two of my guests had

departed, and looked a bit weary to INEZ, I had become sick—perhaps I'd eaten or drank something that disagreed with me.

INEZ, THE SNITCHER!

INEZ, THE SNAKY, BLONDE, PIOUS, POT WALLOPER! THE ALMOND-EYED SPY!

SEQUENCE, PULL MY HAIR!

I COULD SCREAM!

HOPPIN' HOROSCOPES!

Isn't her mother some PANDORA?

SNITCHY INEZ and SNOOPY, BUSYBODY ISABELL!

A FINE PAIR OF SKIRTS!

NATURALLY, mother called up the Castelmo Ultra and Pedro (the wise and perfect head-waiter) answered the 'phone, saying that he was off duty when my dinner party had been completed, and his assistants did not know to whom he referred. I'm going to give Pedro five dollars next time I go over to luncheon. But what I'll give Inez K. will be PLENTY.

THE SMALL-EARED NEWS-PEDDLER!

THE GREEN-EYED SNAKE!

THE PIN-HEADED IMP OF FLY-SPECKED MISERY!

THE HUMAN WRECK OF NOTHINGNESS!

Buddy jollied mother, who had worried considerably. Insisted that he knew "just where the three girls had larked to a movie." After which he stood in the bitter cold in front of our entrance for over an hour, waiting for me to return from The Brakes, and to tell me that I had been to the South Side, to the Tivoli, with Judy and Olga, and simply couldn't get the "line" when I tried to 'phone. Buddy is a dear! He said goodnight to Whitney Harriman—escorted me into the "apotment", and explained the fairy tale to Prudence.

She swallowed it like an ostrich does an apple—right down whole.

I suffered for fear she'd ask me what picture I had seen, and who was in it.

She's a dear, and UNDERSTANDS how to make a girl ADORE HER. She wouldn't question me and MAKE ME LIE. She was glad I was all right, and glad to have me HOME. I'll never remain out again without her knowing I am safe. She is so silently BIG, and finer than MOST MOTHERS. HEAPS and HEAPS FINER!

(Isn't a PICKY mother the kat's claws?)
Why aren't more mothers like Prudence?
I was so grateful she didn't offer to kiss me? SHE'S A DEAR! WISE mother! REAL mother!

After this Buddy rushed down to the main floor reception-hall 'phone, where he called up Judy and Olga, and informed them where they had spent the evening following the birthday dinner.
It worked beautifully. Neither of the girls had been questioned by their parents, because said parents still believed them to be at my party. Bobby came back whistling, which told me that everything was the berries. BOBBY'S A WONDER!

I'm surely glad that Whitney goes back East day after tomorrow. We hit a rather high-powered speed in everything. He didn't kiss my toes, as Grant did, but I'm thrilled over all he did do—THE MEMORY STICKS.
AND THAT'S NO HOKUM!
Whitney's a fast worker! I'm deeply impressed! He kissed my lips and throat until I was almost breathless, and proposed three times. Each time I "considered".
HE'S SOME SHEIK!
TOOT TOOT!
LA LA!
HEADACHE'S SLOWLY LEAVING ME!
HOORAY! HOORAY!
OH, YOU BROMO!
I, NAN, BLESS YOU!
JUST THE BERRIES!
HEAVENLY BOTTLE—THAT BROMO!
HOT ZIGGITY LOONACY.
PLAIN FLAPPERY NUTTIZY!
MUG WITTICY NANICY!
LIGHTS OUT!
TAPS!

* * * * * * * *

ANOTHER PARTY!
A racket I'll adore!
Day after tomorrow, on the 28th, Dicky Thornton gives a party for our merry gang. He has insisted that he personally call for me half an hour before the time set for his other guests to arrive, as he has to return home in a mad rush to receive them.

Whitney kissed my lips and throat until I was almost breathless.

I explained how needless all that trouble will be, as Whitney and Snappy both want to take me, not forgetting Vernon Beckley, who called up and was truly irritated because Dicky had been accepted first.

It's funny, the BIG "I" of men!

The conceit of most girls is not to be compared!

WHOOP LA LA!

Well, whatever happens, Dicky will discover I have plenty of attention! I won't have to linger over the quality of the window drapes, or pretend to become interested in a book, or have partners "hunted up" for me. That's a cinch!

It's too bad Bennie isn't going. I'd love to have him for my escort.

Think Dicky's jealous of Bennie, or he would have invited him. Yet, he always claims that Bennie's "a wonderfully fine scout, and a handsome devil."

A sublime picture comes to mind:

I can visualize Bennie's courtly manner; hear his magnetic speaking voice; and feel the warm glow which covers my body as he holds me in his strong arms.

I'm not afraid of Bennie, either.

Never will I forget the ride—the open windshield—Bennie's control—and the REAL MAN!

I know he CAN, but WON'T!

BENJAMIN KENESAW ARNOLD FOR MINE!

I've learned that the bigness of any man depends not so much on what he does, as what he does NOT do in a CRISIS! AND THAT'S THAT!

Bennie's gentle words—yet spoken in tones I knew were to be obeyed—"sit over on your own side, Darlin', for a little while,"—and then driving like mad thru the park until he was secretly finished letting his IMPULSES and DESIRES know who was MASTER—I shall never forget.

BENNIE'S A REAL MAN!

HE'S A WONDER!

Later, he tenderly confided:

"Darlin', you can borrow anything in this world excepting SELF RESPECT and CONTROL; and they are only obtained in a REAL FIGHT with your naked conscience, and for the sake of someone you love too much for bestial selfishness. I'd rather press your precious body to mine than

anything on earth, but only SHAME for me, and SORROW for you, would be the result. Real love—MY LOVE—OUR LOVE—is NOT going to be founded on that cheap basis. Always remember this hour, Nan, darlin'! Some day you'll know what it has meant to me—and perhaps value it."

NEVER, NEVER will I forget Bennie's remarks!
WHAT A MAN!
What a marvelous he-MAN!
He needed every whit of his self-control, for I was torturingly in love with DANGER!
I was indifferent to anything excepting to hear the usual pleading, and witness the possible battle.

I, Nan, am only seventeen, but believe me, Bennie is the first and ONLY man (excepting Snappy) whom I've not had to fight like a tigress, after I was once guilty of encouraging the petting a bit too far.
OTHER men I truly NEVER WANTED!
OTHER men I COULD fight—mentally or physically—and enjoy the tussle, especially bringing down their EXALTED CONCEIT.
BUT I WANTED BENNIE!
I deliberately set about to tempt him to the limit!
IT DID TEMPT HIM, but **THAT'S ALL!**
BENNIE PROVED TO ME what it IS that is greater than DOING—that is, **NOT DOING!**
He proved the best use for cool, fresh air and open windshields.
He proved to me that HE could conquer me ANY TIME!
He FIRMLY and MANFULLY made **ME ASHAMED!**

I WISH HE'D PROPOSE!
GREAT BUDDHA, BUT I WISH MY BIG-BEN WOULD POP THE QUESTION!
MEBBE I'D ACCEPT?
MEBBE?
I KNOW I WOULD!

It seems to me, since the maddening, wild desire for Bennie—JUST BENNIE—has almost consumed me, and caused him to chain his passions until the very love hurts, that it's about the turning point in both our lives. I WONDER!

Once, recently, when we were alone in mother's living room, Bennie asked me if the difference in our ages gave me the

same worry and concern that it did him.

"Bennie, what has age to do with it? We are so very happy every time we are together, and both love each other so, that it seems more of a sin to mention age than to ignore it."

I thought that a fairly good answer for seventeen, but didn't exactly want him to wait until I ASKED him to propose to me.

I felt him quiver, and thrilled with his sublime emotion!

"That's mighty sweet of you, Nan, darlin', but in the future years, when you are twenty, I'll be forty; when you are forty—oh, God!" he moaned, and commenced to pace back and forth.

Just at this crisis, Prudence came in with the wheel-cart laden with delicious eats, and my near-proposal from my Bennie was squelched flat.

Oh, hum!

'NUFF'S SAID!

BUT—

Bennie! BENNIE! **BENNIE!**

* * * * * * * *

Received a heavenly letter, special delivery, from Whitney Harriman. IT'S A THRILLER! He can't wait until he sees me again! He'll be at the Dicky Thornton dinner on the 28th. Coming to Chicago just for that—and for me—MEBBE!

He's a WOW! I LIKE HIM! There's no moss growing under his feet! HE MOVES! He has the spine to DO many things while the other fellow is DREAMING about it! He's becoming more and more like the reputation his father has acquired. Whitney's A GETTER, NOT A QUITTER! THAT'S WHY HIS FATHER'S WORTH MILLIONS TODAY! Whitney's peppier then BENNIE! I haven't tested him to know how conscientious he is, but I DO know Whitney has that strong he-man characteristic which every REAL WOMAN bows to with deepest RESPECT—he has GUTS, yes, GUTS ENOUGH TO MAKE THE WORLD BEND TO HIS TIME, HIS wishes, and HIS finances!

Wish Bennie had THAT with his adorable, marvelous CONTROL! But he hasn't—no, HASN'T, or he'd NEVER BE A POLICEMAN TODAY!

THAT'S THAT!

PRUDENCE WAS RIGHT!

* * * * * * * *

The Aftermath!

Attended Dicky's successful and merry dinner-party. The three Harvard men were guests of honor.

Vernon Beckley is a Harvard man, too, as well as Whitney Harriman and Jack Burden.

Dicky Thornton and Vernon Beckley have lived next door to each other since they were small boys. Their mothers were like sisters, before Dicky's mother died. It was courteous to want Vernon's two eastern college pals, when Dicky had his big blow-out.

Vernon is four years younger than Dicky, but age doesn't seem to count with men as it appears to with women.

When Whitney Harriman is at HOME, he lives in New York City.

When Jack Burden returns to the family fireside, he travels to Pittsburgh. Wonder if anybody ever came clean from there? Ouch!

Going out to his home, Dicky refrained from kissing me, excepting on the palms of my hands. He knew I was all dolled up and didn't want to remove my lip-stick. However he didn't hesitate to impress me with his jealousy and not to "goad" him too much. I promised that on our return trip, we would "stall a while and pet a heap".

Once, during the dinner, Stanley Vance—sitting at my right—whose father is some pumpkin in the C. E. N. Bank, where Stanley holds down a good job in the same depository with brilliant prospects for an early Vice-Presidency—became more attentive to me than Dicky (who was at my left) could endure; and for a short, flaming, two minutes, I thought the end of "A Perfect Dinner" was about to be announced. But Snappy was ready with one of his newest and wittiest stories, which set the guests into gales of laughter, and saved the day.

Later, Dicky whispered to me that if I danced with Vance, he would "choke hell out of him".

During the evening, Stanley Vance drank too much and made himself scarce. After the guests had departed, Thornton, Sr. discovered Stanley all curled up under a table down in the wine cellar, where also, propped against the wall, was the assistant butler, new in the Thornton service. Stanley's vanishing made it quite unnecessary for Dick to worry over any dances I might have with Stan. Dicky carried him out to the car and drove him over to the Vance home, putting him in charge of the butler.

Shortly after this, Dicky and I took our departure. While we were enjoying our "stall and pet" party, Dicky begged me to elope with him. It took all my strength to hold him off. He had been drinking too heavily and was inclined to be maddened with jealousy and sometimes almost overpowering. I "called" him three or four times, and accepted his frank apologies as often, but was truly glad when the first streaks of gray dawn caused me to suggest that it was "high time to move along or the milkmen will say we are delaying traffic."

About this time Buddy passed, recognized Dick's car, and stopped for a brief greeting. He had just left Reene at her home and was motoring for ours, when he saw the familiar machine. It gave me an excellent excuse.

Buddy drove slowly, and ahead of us. Dicky followed sullenly. Finally, he burst forth:

"Shee here, Nan, I can't stand thish another week! Won't you think sheeer—ree—oush—ly about slipping down to Crown Point and getting married? I'm mad about you, Presh-shush! Thish sush-pensh is conshuming me—making me mosht unfit for everyshing. I idolize shu! Nan! Sweesh-heart! Pleesh accept me! I may be a li'l shick of speesh, but I know exsyackly what I'm shaying."

"Dicky, if you had not proposed before, I wouldn't take you seriously now. You've had too much wine tonight, dear. Let us talk this over under other circumstances. I can't promise now—not at this time."

Dicky's face reddened with anger. He deliberately steered the car toward the curb—clamped down the emergency brake—grabbed me in his arms like an enraged lion—and pressed his lips over mine until the pain was terrible. I felt the warm blood oozing from one corner of my mouth. His violence was the direct result of too much champagne.

I fought like a she-wolf until my left hand clutched his wealth of hair, then gave his head such a bang against the side window that the pane cracked.

My dress was torn—face a map of hot streaks—chin bloody—and my lips looked as though they had attended a hive party.

I struck Dicky a sound whack across the mouth.

He was speechless and gazed horror-stricken at my bloody features. The shock and sight seemed to partly sober him. He dropped to his knees before me, fairly moaning his apologies.

I assured him that the only way he could apologize to me, after almost eating my head off, was to catch up to Buddy's

I gave Dicky's head such a bang against the window that the pane cracked.

car and drive me home immediately, PROVING that EVERYTHING he had said was NOT the direct result of wine.

Dicky scrambled to his seat—his handsome face crimson with shame. When we neared our block, he exclaimed:

"For God's shake, Nan, don't hold this againsht me. Pleesh—pleesh! I promish never to do it again. I wanted you like a madman, but I KNOW you're PERFECT! I'll be deshent! For God's shake, tell me you'll forgive me! PRESHSHUS, tell me!"

His brain worked better than his tongue.

I was in luck that I hadn't been forced to walk home.

You're forgiven, Dicky, but I don't want to see you for a month. I want to get this hideous night out of my memory." I turned my face away so his soft brown eyes, all flooded with tears, would not melt me into taking his sorrowful face between my hands and kissing him. MOST MOMMAS WOULD BE JUST THAT SIMPLE! I, Nan, WANTED TO BE!

(Aren't girls the silly, soft idots? A man's tears, and we ka-FLOP! BUT I DIDN'T! NOT THIS TIME!)

"Shweetheart! Preshshus! I've been sho cursed mean to you! You're shus a li'l baby! I hate myshelf! Will remain away ash long ash I can, or ash long ash you shay, only every day I'll shend you shome thought—a flower or shumshing—to prove my constant dezhire for your forgivenessh an' love! May I do zsat mush to atone? May I, Nan?"

"Yes, Dicky."

With his right hand he gently clasped mine.

As we drove up to our door, Buddy was waiting. Dicky was considerably sobered and very repentant. Outside of his mixture of "h" and "s", he was fair in his speech.

"Preshush—believe me—I'll wait ten years for so perfect a baby-doll—shush a lovely li'l wife ash you will make. You're a wonder."

"But I never promised," I exclaimed, fearful lest he think we were engaged. "You know that, Dicky."

"I know that, Nan; but some day, pray God, you will. Another shcene like tonight will never happen again, I shwear! Give me jyust a li'l kiss?"

I met his gaze squarely.

"Some day—after I can FORGET."

He looked at my poor lips. I covered them instantly.

"Preshush, I've been a drunken brute. It washn't your Dicky who did that. It ISH your Dicky who begs forgivenessh. Have you granted it?"

"Mebbe—dear."

Just then Buddy opened the door.

Dicky tenderly touched my hand with his warm lips. Even drunk, Dicky Thornton is SOME LOVER! He is a Prince, after all, and truly WANTS to do right. It was the wine—and perhaps a little bit ME! Besides, I wasn't as badly hurt as I pretended—mostly scared.

It was exciting, just bringing Dicky to his knees. It was thrilling, banging his skull against the pane of glass, and swatting him a stinging blow across the mouth. If he hadn't loved me, he would have turned me over and SPANKED ME GOOD and PLENTY. He had the strength to have mastered me at any stage of the game, but was too repentant —too much of a man, after all.

I adored the conquest, and got a great kick out of the escape!

SOME PARTY!

Didn't go to the "bawth" between mother's room and mine, for fear she'd call to me for "news". It was seclusion I needed, and I managed it nicely.

Bet my head feels more refreshed than Dick's this morning. Former experience—enough for me. Toot!

* * * * * * * *

February 15th, 1923.

The day after Valentine's Day!

We had a pleasant party at Reene's home last night. She didn't invite Dicky because I asked her not to, and told her WHY. She'll help me punish him for a little while.

I don't like perfume spilling, lady killing freaks! One of the girls, during last evening's party, had so much heavy perfume on her body that it almost choked me when I was close to her. She's a scatter-brain, anyway. Heavy on family cash, but light on gray matter, with a "think" which lacks interior illumination. Her name is Gwynie Chessburrough Carter. Perhaps that burden was too heavy to permit brain development.

Gwynie is sister of the girl (Jennette Burbon Carter) whom Buddy escorted to the Valentine party.

Buddy deliberately palmed off both sisters on me several times, but I managed to escape. They suffocated everybody near them—perfume was awful stuff—oriental—snake oil—musk—or worse.

Reene was hurt because Buddy didn't attend alone. He was sorry, too, after he was almost asphyxiated by Gwynie

and her pet smell. It tickled me pink that he failed to like this new flame. It was a mean trick on Reene, after Buddy and she had made a pact between them always to attend everything together. He has had a crush on Reene for some time, but last night rather put a kink in it. When I see him tomorrow, I'll hear the gossip and the reason.

Have received boxes of marvelous flowers from Dicky and five pleading letters. LET HIM SUFFER FOR A WHILE! His agony is sublime to me! He's GOING GREAT! Dicky Thornton is one PERSISTENT, HANDSOME DEVIL, and I, Nan can't help but like him! I'll make up with him soon! He is necessary to torture Bennie and the others! THAT'S THAT! I need him for HIMSELF, too!

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February 25th, Wed. Morn.

Tonight is Virginia Armore's Pajama Party.

Her parents left for Miami, Monday, which has given Virginia three days to prepare. Understand Whitney Harriman has been expelled for ten days from Harvard for some stunt he pulled, and is visiting Vernon Beckley. Both men will attend the Pajama Party tonight. I'm going with Vernon instead of Grant Halsey, as Grant was called to New York on business. On the night of my birthday, I promised to attend something with Vernon soon, and this gave me an opportunity. As soon as he heard that Grant had to go to New York, he called me up and I accepted.

Virginia is a great kid. Her mind is many-colored. That is—it sort of blazes when irritated; becomes sarcastic when anyone imposes; by spells is almost spiritual (especially when old married couples are about); then, when she hits it on high with a cocktail or two, she punctures her personality by the very weakness I, Nan, possess: ONERY SLANG. However, like myself, Virginia finds nothing quite so effectual as the jazzy, snappy, spiffy lingo which explains more in ONE word than could be done in a paragraph of precise English.

I KNOW slang is inelegant, but I love occasional bits all samee. It just DOES and FITS! When I become enthusiastic, which is frequent, I quite forget to "bawth" and "apotment" my speech.

Guess I'm hopeless.

I'm a good, bad, li'l girl!
Guess I'm the ONERY one in the litter!
Nan hits high quite frequently, but it's a blah creature who doesn't these days,—I'll tell the world!

* * * * * * * *

February 26th, Thursday.

The Pajama Party was nothing unless SCRUMPTIOUS!
Some of the old kittens think: "effusions of adjectives are only used by dumbbells." Then I, Nan am one prize bell-jammer!
MEBBE!
DIZZY, BIZZY LIZZIE! If I lost all my spontaneous combustion of adjectives, I'd lose my birthright and go loco. Would become so stained with this world's sour grapes, that I'd soon be afraid to "spill the beans" in this blessed diary. MEBBE, the older kittens would like me better, but nobody else would!

Snappy asked THIS one last night:
"Why is a woman's bustle like a French novel?"
Several of us made putty attempts, after which he informed the bunch:
"Because it's a fictitious tale founded on a stern reality."

My Diary rambles deliciously!
Where's my sin-twister, LADY SEQUENCE?
I'M HOPELESS!

Poor Dad wanted to make a journalist out of me, and I can't even write a description without telling the last part first, and balling up the whole SCHMEER.
This Diary isn't for anyone else, anyway, so can write freely and enjoy every item better'n BETTER. Didn't start this with the intention of winning a NOBEL PRIZE. Some of the revelations I enter, however, are more honest and sane—even cleaner—than a few I've read in Dumas, also several other so-called classics. Dumas' novels are given to the public as great literature. Some of them are mighty suggestive. I know, for I've read 'em. If I, Nan, have anything to say, I SAY it, not SUGGEST it. THAT'S NAN!

I DESPISE AN INSINUATOR! They give me the hives, and I want to strangle 'em! (Not the hives, either!)

Women with sour stomachs and green eyes envy us flappers because we've discovered we can toddle without crutches, drink without a wet nurse as chaperon, and yet remain "every day in every way" AS DECENT AS THE FORMER GENERATION.

SO?

TOOT!

Some of the things our great-grandmothers did were awful, too; but everything was modestly or shockingly SILENT or SILENCED in those days.

Old-fashioned homes were filled with closets containing skeletons of various descriptions.

There were fewer newspapers, fewer reporters, and women were just bread and bed makers, often merely human incubators, dressmakers, plus tailors. ALL WITHOUT PAY!

If the poor dears DID happen to make a "miss q", and were discovered—Mrs. Grundy branded them with scarlet letters and life-long disgrace. But IF they escaped publicity and the holy wrath of the pious, they were just innocent lambs as formerly. Such is social justice. Always HAS been, and always WILL be, as far as I can learn. Naturally, I've yet a heap to learn.

Sometimes our great-grandmothers must have been puritanically clever—at least, as to SECRECY. If one of them escaped the searching eyes of the elders and sisters of the "Kirk", the poor dear deserved a halo for her secret martyrdom.

According to what I, Nan, have heard about the World's War, TRADITIONAL bunk was shot to the everlasting bow-wows.

This present and breezy generation is so HONEST, IMPETUOUS, and FRANK, that the shock has left the ancients (who have non-progressive, single-track minds) either in a state of confusion or paralysis.

It gives me a giggling complex when my elders clamp their jaws in pious horror over some ordinary stunt I do, that all the girls of this generation are doing every day, and getting away with it too.

After the PRESENT flappers become grandparents, the full value of this nervy age will be appreciated. We ARE not running wild,—it only LOOKS that way. I truly enjoy the HONESTY and INDEPENDENCE of most of this

Our great-grandmothers felt highly honored, and had it written down in the family archives, when they were signaled out to be kissed by some General or High-Cock-'o-the-Walk.

slangy, fresh, painted and powdered, jazz-loving, wise, impulsive, sometimes athletic but never sleepy generation. Few of us are sneaks—fewer are hypocrites! I mean exactly that without insinuations.

(My journalistic outbursts are the elephant's trunk for adjectives and exclamation marks! I adore 'em! Both come perfectly natural. I simply bubble over with enthusiasm—love every minute of life, and don't think my case is vastly different from other girls. Take away my bubbling, warpaint, and mascaro, and I'd be nothing more than an old wart.)

The flapper has forced the old birdies to realize she's ALIVE!

At least, she doesn't SNEAK when she paints or powders to MAKE HERSELF MORE ATTRACTIVE. She just DOES!

I think the flapper is CLEVER!

CONCEIT?

MEBBE!

In our set, we don't refer to the girls as flappers, but as "B. B's", meaning: BRILLIANT BUDS!

Buddy translates the "B. B's" as meaning: "Bad Bugs". That hurts NOT—we know it's the bunk.

The flapper doesn't sit around dreaming; she goes out and produces results from clever little schemes!

The flapper doesn't sit back and pray for a husband; she marches out and vamps one!

The flapper is vastly more particular than her mother was. She doesn't accept the first fellow who thinks she ought to. She goes about vamping several, and picks her choice. The flapper's independence makes this possible. She KNOWS she CAN!

I wouldn't think of kissing a man with unkempt teeth, for example.

Dentistry was not the necessary calling in the lives of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers that it is today.

If our great-grandmothers were signaled out to be kissed by some General or High Cock o' the Walk, she would feel highly honored, and want the event written down for posterity. Even if his teeth were rotten and his body diseased, she would be innocent of it, and allow the great GENERAL to kiss her.

NOWADAYS, if any man from a President to the family chauffeur, tries to caress or kiss a flapper, SHE DOES AS SHE PLEASES.

The modern girl has been taught about diseases, and THAT A KISS CAN INFECT, so she is ever on the ALERT about a combination of mints, or cloves, or breath sweeteners.

I have been taught by Prudence the penalty a girl or man MUST PAY when she or he gets familiar with diseases of ANY KIND—mental, moral, or physical. THAT'S THAT!

I, Nan, play rather a breezy game, but I'm fairly well acquainted with the danger marks, and watching out for NAN. I NEVER take the LIMIT GAMBLE,—NEVER! Also, I will not "PET OR LET PET" with any man whom Buddy or Prudence fear.

INSTINCTIVELY, I goose-flesh at the first familirity of the rounder ever since my miraculous escape from old Kingsley Van Patten. MEBBE that's why I walked home when Chappy Wentworth took me motoring that time.

One can't depend on INSTINCT, but one can be mighty careful about going too far until you KNOW, and then MEBBE one would have TOO MUCH SENSE to play the LIMIT under ANY circumstances.

I DO know that ANYONE IS LIABLE TO MAKE A MISTAKE.

We can't x-ray every man or woman with whom we dance or walk, yet even THAT extreme might improve the next generation as much as the "B. B's" have improved the perspective of THIS AGE.

"Sounds just like the conceit of a devil-may-care vamp, justifying her wild ways?" Oh, does it?

MEW?

MEW!

The flapper is accused of being FRESH—far too FRESH, too wise, impudent, imprudent, and shocking.

My answer to that, is: It's all according to the AGE of the flapper's CRITIC, her mental color, and her eyesight.

TOOT!

SOME CRITICS ARE SOUR FROM BIRTH, and have yellow and green vision, no matter how bright their own golden opportunities. I've met 'em! They're curdled!

The less capable the critic, the more she'll give HELL to the flapper.

I notice persons who do worth-while things RECOGNIZE the trend of the times and love us "B. B.'s". They have a sense of humor and really enjoy our little "FLAP-FLAP."

"B. B's" vamp from their little French slippers to their lipsticks.

"B. B's" make their intentions PLAIN ON THE SURFACE: weaving attractive nets for HUSBANDS.

"B. B's" advertise beauty; their ability to paint the lily; cleverness at original entertainment; shake their limber muscles in the latest dance-steps; and possess ART in a dozen forms.

It is the flapper's joy to PROVE to her mother and grandmother, the modern smartness of the times over those of germy-dress-trains, the elephant's sleeve, the liver-splitting corset, the wire bustle, and the choker collar,—not to mention dozens of other antiquated afflictions WE wouldn't think of using. (Look thru the ancient family albumn to prove this.)

HONESTLY, THE FLAPPER HAS MADE HISTORY!

She has made dozens of fool-mistakes; at the same time compelling the wise old world to sit up and take notice.

The unprogressive kittens who sizzingly object to "B. B's" are simply sour grapes, green with envy, and never set the world on fire with their popularity.

The modern girl has made a fine ART of smoking and a lucrative BUSINESS of attracting; she can do either to PERFECTION!

("Brilliant Buds" is a far prettier name than "flapper". I'm grateful to the originator.)

The girl of today has proven the chaperon theory is a FALSE FRONT. "B. B's" are NOT prisoners—not in need of body guards. They ARE, or SHOULD BE forewarned and informed, and then TRUSTED. (I like that last sentence!)

As much as a "B. B" can, we attract the attention of boys and men by our wits; after that we DECOY and DECORATE in order to FASCINATE and HOLD. That's HONEST, and very CLEVER BUSINESS. EXCELLENT BUSINESS! I'VE PROVEN IT!

I should worry whether "Old Lady Grundy" likes my methods or not; it would vastly have improved her chances had SHE given 'em a fair trial. That's catty—but true!

To have once WON, is to have successfully VAMPED!

To HOLD is to know you are a wise baby-oyster, slippery and clever. To HOLD THRILLINGLY is the answer to the "B. B's" prayer.

Now I'm thru digging on the thin-lipped, snap-jawed INSINUATORS who haven't made up their pious minds whether I'll wind up in HEAVEN or HELL. Either location, I'll meet any number of our beloved HANGMEN!

WHY FLATTER US BY IMITATING US, EVEN TO THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN?

PRUDENCE insists this is the age of UNREST. Mebbe so. But the flappers are digging, blazing, and blasting a FOUNDATION for a more normal condition to come. HOPE that's O.K.

Some of the sour critics are suffering from life-long troubles that the majority of flappers are too wise to get into.
AND THAT'S NO LIE!

Didn't think "B. B.'s" ever thought of such things?
THINK AGAIN!
The Lord gave us just as much brain with which to DO some THINKING as he gave the "Kats"!
INSOLENT FLAPPERISM?
MEBBE!
Tra, la la, for this convulsion.
TAPS for me now, surely!

* * * * * * * *

Tuesday.

Attended Blanchard Kennedy's studio party with Buddy. Met an "admirer of Art"—an oldish chap—quite a pillar in his church—Norman Shaw.

A long time ago, I heard Shaw "speech" during a drawing-room affair, at Mrs. Russell's, about too much hugging in the clinches on the ballroom floor. Think his lecture was during Lent, and his subject "Immoral Dancing".

Well, at the Kennedy Studio party, I danced with the learned blister. He later suggested that we stroll in the wide hallway for air. We did. I had to fistically and actually remove one of his cuspids before I could free his viscious

hands from my clothing. The old trollop—the pee-wee-him—THE PUNCTURED YEN—had lost his youth and decided to regain it about my chest protector.

I didn't need to "tell momma" or "browtha", for I was a sturdy "B. B." who had been sanely taught by my mother to PREVENT trouble rather than REGRET it. After four seconds of jiu jitsu, he dropped me like a hot lid.

Mebbe I'm not thankful I know HOW to "jit" a bit!

Mebbe I didn't appreciate MY mother!

Just another evidence that MODERN mothers are WISE, REAL mothers, and have given us young 'uns the opportunity to teach the "dumb, halt and blind" how to PREVENT RATHER THAN CURE!

Some wise old dears call us "rattle brains" "slangy pests", and "painted doubtfuls". They even say we are "smart alecks and young heathen", also "wild and dangerous". OUCH!

MEBBE we CAN'T see ourselves as others see us—but we're happy all samee!

I'll admit some of the "starters" DO paint like blazing streaks. WHAT OF IT? EVERYBODY KNOWS IT'S PAINT!—NOTHING WORSE!

GIVE US TIME!
WE'LL FINISH, ARTISTS!
SO?
SO!

* * * * * * * *

What's the use of trying to write in SEQUENCE? I THINK in impulses and jerks, anyway! Guess I'm hopeless!

(HOO! HOO! URIAH, the older I am, the more my heart sobs over professors like you—to think of your miseries trying to teach girls like me ANYTHING. We're all such Bolsheviks!)

SEQUENCE, where art thou?—you vanishing HEATHEN! I'll get a strangle-hold this time you'll feel for two generations!

Just thought of something GREAT to jot down about the Pajama Party—history my diary mustn't miss for worlds!

Virginia is some glorious little entertainer! I've gone to gobs of parties, but for novelty—give me a spiffy Pajama blow-out, with fancy trimmings.

Truth's coming easier than it used to. I'm better able to write down saucy near-bad stunts against myself.

HOLD ON, SEQUENCE, I'M SLIPPING!
THAT'S A GOOD SPORT!
BREEZE AROUND A WHILE—I'M EXCITED!

OH, YOU WILD NANNY!
SOME BABY!

There was an orchestra of three violins, three harps, and six ukes. It was either DREAMY or JAZZY every number. The guests were certainly THRILLED—SUCH HEAVENLY MUSIC!

We went to Virginia's attired in our street clothes, and dressed in our fancy pajamas after we arrived.

My pajamas were delicate pink satin, trimmed in white marabou, with tiny clusters of light blue, lavender, Nile green, and pale pink ribbon buds here and there. I wore soft slippers of pink satin with white kid soles; my feet beneath were nude, as were my arms to midway between the elbows and shoulders. My outfit was one sweet vision! I looked a luscious item! (At least, that's the way I appeared to myself. I like "Nanny" sometimes!)

Bennie attended, although he wasn't anyone's escort. He was called away about ten minutes after most of the guests had arrived, just as we had been instructed by Virginia to get into our pajamas. I'm a bit suspicious of Bennie's "call", —yet I shouldn't be. Surely he can't be jealous of Vernon Beckley. There's no comparison between the two. Vernon is too much of a lounge lizzard to suit me. However, Bennie mentioned Vernon several times lately. That looks "spishy"!

Bennie is a combination of society sheik, athletic guerilla, and a Prince-of-men, ALL OF THE TIME! Also, he's a hard-working traffic-cop and earns his living much as my dear old Dad used to say, "by the sweat of his brow, and honestly."

Vernon Beckley is one of the fellows who camps when he calls; talks mostly about the weather; somebody's blooded pup; says "sweetheart" to the cat; or dots his conversation with: "I'll say we have", or "I'll tell the world". He forever begins his jokes with:

"'Jever hear this one? It's funny." Then he contemplates for fully a minute, and, after his "think" has been adjusted to taxation, he exasperatingly makes a stuttering start, etc.

Vernon is HANDY! But he's just CLEAN SLUSH!

BENNIE is a quick-change ARTIST! If the room is filled with the younger set, he can do their tricks better than THEY can do them and GET AWAY WITH THE HONORS; if the older crowd is his lot, he is the center of popularity; if the gathering is of all ages, he is some cheer-leader, and just makes everyone roar and act the monkey. When he DANCES: What's the use trying to describe PERFECTION?

Even the old girls (with hair so white that their heads resemble animated snowdrifts) want to dance with my Apollo.

Bennie is in a class by himself!

He's no easy pickings, either!

I, Nan Livingstone, am trying to become a life member of Bennie's class! Will I make the grade?

MEBBE?

MEBBE!

Bennie is the only man I've ever truly WANTED to marry!

THERE!

I'VE 'FESSED IT!

HE'S DIFFERENT IN EVERYTHING!

I've always received a divine thrill whenever I've been in Bennie's company!

He's a WOW!—A MAGNETIC, SQUEAL-EXCITER AND DIVINELY PRIMITIVE SHEIK!

Am wondering if Bennie were truly called away last night, or if he just made that an excuse! Perhaps I am torturing him a bit by attending all the younger parties; but he, too, is invited to many of them. He returned to the Armore home later in the evening. (I'll write about that soon. It's too thrilling to forget.)

I'm in sort of a HAZE! A wee bit dizzy from all that transpired, and TRYING DESPERATELY NOT TO WRITE THE FINISH BEFORE THE BEGINNING.

SWEET, GLORIOUS MEMORY!

Before Bennie left, I slipped upstairs and put on my pajamas. When I came down, the others were just going up to change their outfits. I hurried to Bennie. He was leaving, promising Virginia to return as soon as possible.

"The evening won't be half as pleasant without you here," I assured him truthfully, clinging to his coat sleeve.

(Virgina thoughtfully left us alone.)

"I'll be back, darlin', as soon as night-court is dismissed. If the music is still playing, save a dance for me," he coaxed.

"Will I? Why, Bennie Arnold, I'd forsake my escort tonight, and give you every dance, if you'll only remain," I shamelessly confessed.

"What about Beckley, Thornton and the others?" he laughed, but took me tenderly in his arms.

"They're just jolly substitutes, but not MY BENNIE."

It slowly dawned on hm that I meant what I said. For an instant he looked so serious—his wonderful eyes searched mine.

"Nan, darlin'—I've no right to be jealous—but I AM since I've seen you in these." He sighed: "HAVE I ANY RIGHT?"

"A—little—bit," I replied as fetchingly as the good Lord would let me. HEAVENS! HOW I VAMPED!

"When I return, I'm going to tell you a secret I can't keep one day longer. You mean too much to me—can't hide my feelings, little girl. Want to hear it"? he coaxed.

"BENNIE, PLEASE!" Looking him square in the eye, almost bursting with suspense. (Vampin's a great game!)

"Very well, darlin', I'll rush right back to YOU!"

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Thank you, SEQUENCE,—but STAY ON THE JOB!

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It was a thrilling party!

Everyone wore attractive pajamas.

All the guests danced and did a few wild stunts until one A. M. Then came refreshments.

Suddenly everybody commenced to cheer, for BENNIE appeared in the doorway in the most glorious suit of ivory satin pajamas with silver frogs on the front—just like ARABIAN NIGHTIES out of a book—with silver slippers, soft kid soles, and white fluffy pompoms on the tops. He looked too stunningly lovely for words. His body was perfect and every move strong and graceful—("virile", as Prudence explain's Bennie's physical appearance).

After refreshments had been served and dancing resumed, VERNON BECKLEY proved most agreeable and let BENNIE have one of his dances. I deliberately chilled Dick Thornton, tho he managed to dance with me twice. The last time he remarked:

'Sweetheart, I'm trying to be good, but please don't make me too jealous. You are dangerously beautiful tonight. Don't allow any of the fellows to become the least bit free. There's no telling what I'll do if you ridicule my love. Get me?"

"I don't think you need to worry about any man getting TOO FREE with me. If I could manage you, in your condition the other evening, certainly YOU, of all men, ought to KNOW just how far ANY MAN could get with me," I flashed back.

"Pardon me. It's anxiety, Nan—jealousy, and hell to hide it. Please tell me that I deserve your forgiveness."

"Never saw such beautiful flowers in my life, Dicky; I do forgive you. Don't let's talk about it any more tonight. Will you promise?"

"Reluctantly—yes," he sighed.

I was afraid of Dicky's threat, and secretly trusted that none of my other love affairs would reach his ears or vision. However, after Bennie returned, I was quite positive that any protection required would be forthcoming.

Bennie and I had our favorite—a waltz. The orchestra played 'That Naughty Waltz" and surely we lived every note of its dreamy melody. He held me close to his heart, and I felt the sublime warmth of his being—our legs frequently caressed, and our bodies swayed in perfect unison with the passionate theme as we danced "miles away in a secret Paradise".

I can hear Bennie now:

"DARLIN', THIS IS DIVINE!" Then a dreamy phrase caused our bodies to glide in silent ecstasy. "BABY, NAN, DARLIN,' YOU ARE WONDERFUL SO CLOSE TO ME."

It was my turn, and I made opportunity count:

"I've been waiting all evening and yearning to see you in your pajamas. I want to hear your secret, too. OH, BENNIE, ISN'T THIS HEAVEN"?

Bennie looked at me long and lovingly, which added bliss to his speaking voice, so I had no hesitation in letting my very soul rejoice in abandon. I fairly trembled with suspense,

"This instant, promise you'll be my wife".

and the thrill of the moment was sublime under such unusual conditions.

Only for an instant did the thought come to me that I had possibly enthused too much, and Bennie might think me a regular "flop". It was so hard not to SCREAM: "PLEASE LOVE ME—PROPOSE TO ME—WORSHIP ME FOREVER!"

Finally, he spoke:

"My Precious one, you are so sacred to me that I don't like to have these other people see you as you are,—as some day you will be on your wedding night."

He was going good. I sighed relief. Had not flopped. I hadn't even said the wrong thing, for "ONCT". But HE didn't say OUR wedding night. I still had intrigue to think about.

"But, Bennie", this demurely, "I never thought of pajamas and a wedding night in the same breath. Think I'd wear a soft, lacy, silk nighty, such as brides most frequently wear."

"I've thought of you, Nan, darlin', many a time as a bride. You have always been—been—"

He hesitated. Knew I'd have to assist MY MAN.

"Been what, lover-boy? PLEASE—PLEASE—tell your baby-girl the truth"! I urged with adoration in every word.

GOSH-ALL-FISH-HOOKS!—but I was surely excited!

Thought I'd burst an artery from suspense!

Suddenly Bennie crushed me to him almost savagely, but with an assurance that completely took me away from everything and everybody excepting BENNIE AND HIS MARVELOUS LOVE.

"THIS INSTANT, PROMISE YOU'LL BE MY WIFE ON YOUR TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY! I WORSHIP YOU, NAN, DARLIN', AND I CAN'T HOLD BACK MY DESIRES ANOTHER HOUR. WILL YOU PROMISE"?

GEE WHIZ!
GOSH DARN!
SON OF A GUN!
WHOOPIE!
HALLELUJAH, BY GUM!

AT LAST HE HAD PROPOSED!
I ALL BUT PASSED OUT FROM SHEER JOY!
NAN'S HEAVENLY HOUR!

I was shameless—and just answered HONESTLY:

"Bennie, you have deliberately kept me waiting for this glorious minute until YOU couldn't wait any longer. I've a good notion to keep YOU in agonizing doubt for a year or two. BUT I CAN'T. When love gets you as it has me, all the proposals in the universe are as nothing while you are praying for the love of the ONE MAN. So now I'll give you the answer you SHOULD WAIT FOR:.

"If you've been bursting to propose to me, I've been bursting to have you. In fact, I've almost succumbed to heart-failure, while suspense has been at riot. I'll just announce our engagement right here this minute, if you say so. Yes, Bennie, dearest, I'll be your wife on my twentieth birthday."

He gave a deep, deep sigh of relief, and drew me closer.

"Tell me, precious baby, that you love me more than all else on earth. Can you, truthfully?"

"Yes, truthfully," I eagerly assured him.

(AREN'T LOVESICK GIRLS THE EASY PICKIN'S? He didn't have to work hard at all for that answer.)

"Also, tell me, will the disparity in our ages ever make you unhappy? It would kill my desire to live if, after we are married, you should regret on the score of your youth and my—my—"

"Your marvelous maturity," I insisted, triumphantly.

"Please, answer me about the age, darlin'."

(We continued dancing easily—divinely.)

"Age means nothing to me, Bennie, excepting that it gives me assurance of better protection and wiser companionship. I LOVE YOU, AND WANT TO BE YOUR WIFE!"

"Let us keep this a secret, Nan, until you are twenty. I'd hate to have anyone refer to me as a 'cradle-snatcher'." (He smiled for the first time. Before this he had been too dreadfully in earnest.) "No telling how such a remark would end. You know I'm rather a hot-headed Irishman."

We never stopped dancing during his entire proposal.

Isn't it divine that I can remember EVERY WORD BENNIE SAID TO ME. It is like a wonderful SONG—THE SONG OF MY SOUL. I can never forget it all. The harps, the ukes, and the sweet, sweet violins—strumming a glorious, tender accompaniment to our perfect love, whispering the divine echo of Bennie's proposal.

Since last night, I've made up my mind to have a church wedding, with the same combination music during the service,

but with the organ added during the processional and recessional. It will be impressive and wonderful!

I'M SO IMPULSIVE.

Bennie kept me from announcing our engagement. Am grateful now. All my gadding about would have been nipped in the bud. What a shock it would have been, especially to Dicky, Snappy and Whitney.

We (Bennie and I) promised to dance all we possibly could before the party broke up, and although Vernon Beckley was my escort, my Knight-Of-The-Traffic-Cops did credit to the limited time afforded him.

Bennie and I have an engagement for tomorrow evening.

Going home, VERNON tried to flatter me. Told me how crazy he was about me, and asked me to be his partner for the closing prom at Harvard. He was astonished when I said that I'd have to reserve the right to postpone my answer to his invitation, as my "coming-out" party had been planned as a "Garden Party" for around June twenty-first, and I didn't want to get too many affairs close to that event. He was lovely about it. Told me he didn't care how long I kept him waiting for the answer; that any way I decided, it wouldn't change his personal plans, for unless I consented to attend, he did not desire to invite any other girl. Then he concluded:

"There isn't any other girl for me, honey. I'm jealous of several of the boys. In fact, it seems to me that Ben Arnold is too presuming. Please let me be a pal to you; wear my fraternity pin, won't you? If we get along well, no telling what may happen after I settle down with Dad as his business associate."

"I'm not playing favorites, Vernon," I assured him. "At seventeen a girl is too young to choose one among several," I fibbed. "It will be great fun to lark around with you now and again, but please don't ask me to specialize."'

"But you attend affairs with Ben Arnold," he pouted, "Thornton and the others."

"TO DATE I've shown no favorites," I answered quite truthfully.

"Well, give me the same opportunity to show you a good time. Won't you? I'll stack my entertaining ability against theirs. Guess some of them are no slouches at that. But,

Nan, my time and my frat pin are both yours, if you'll only say the word."

"Thank you, Vernon," I gurgled, trying to conceal my secret happiness over Bennie's proposal. "I'll be pleased to have you call and take me anywhere we may decide, but it's impossible to promise the Harvard event until I know more about mother's plans; and as for wearing your fraternity pin —I'll—think about it, and let you know later."

He seemed fairly satisfied, but persisted in loving me more than I wanted. My mind was on BENNIE. Yet I didn't wish to appear like a wet blanket.

Finally we kissed a fairly luscious goodnight.

FAIRLY is the correct word.

I wanted to compare thrills.

NOT COMPARABLE!

BENNIE FOR NANNY!

ALL I WANT IS MY TANTALIZING BUDDHA!

MY BIG-BEN!

MY MAN!

* * * * * * * *

February. Last Day.

Have not told Prudence or Buddy that Bennie proposed and I accepted. It would disappoint her dreadfully. She expects me to make SOME MATCH. Can't be done when any of the Chicago traffic-cops are as mesmeric as Benjamin Kenesaw Arnold.

SOME SHEIK!

ONE HANDSOME, GORGEOUS PAGAN!

REAL MAN!

* * * * * * * *

March 1st.

Am walking on air!

Feel like a toy balloon—ready to burst—our secret all tucked away in my dizzy brain!

* * * * * * * *

Same date.

At last Allen Arnold out-and-out proposed to mother. (The disease is catching.) It was at a party where Insull Adams

was host and MOTHER'S ESCORT. Guess Allen couldn't stand the hot competition. JEALOUSY GETS 'EM! It chokes their male conceit. Makes 'em feel as tho they came from the village of Peeankatank!

Suppose when mother settles her estate, before she becomes Mrs. Allen, there'll be a regular Peace Conference, where the family jars will be freely opened. TOOT!

Buddy doesn't particularly like Allen and will raise a howl before he lets him have a slice of Daddy's wad.

As for me—it's worth the slice to get PRUDENCE MATRIMONIALLY WELL PARKED, if that is what she's after.

Allen is a fine man in many ways, socially mother's equal, and has a good income. He isn't half as arrogant and wolfish as he used to be. Mother says he has returned to earth like a punctured balloon—meek, wilted, willin' an' ever'thin'!

CAN WOMEN WORK 'EM? YEPPY!

Mother confided that Allen became desperate with jealousy and blurted out:

"Prudence, for God's sake, end this agony! Set our wedding day, or I'll be guilty of first-degree murder."

SOME RAPID-FIRE PROPOSAL! Eh?

Not so HOT as to sentiment, but heavy on MEANING!

GREAT NEWS!

Bet he looked like a wrecked triangle, instead of the love-sick Romeo most men appear!

Some wild, primitive LAMBKIN—"I'll tell the world," as Vernon says.

Allen even objected to Insull Adams taking mother home after Adams escorted her to the party. Prudence won, however, and tortured her lover a little bit more.

Gee! It's great to vaccinate 'em with a little bit of SUSPENSE!

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STILL LATER.

Prudence is no flapper, but she'll make SOME BRIDE, at that! She's sufficiently beautiful that Allen is wild about her, and NO LONGER SARDONIC ABOUT SHOWING IT.

No matter how old, it's a cinch we "girls" will forever love church weddings!

ROMANCE, LINGERIE, and the organ playing, "HERE COMES THE BRIDE"!

Orange Blossoms, and a "weddin' wail"!

Prudence says: "If a woman is ONCE cheated out of a church wedding, she dreams about a second opportunity as long as she lives"! More truth. She's proving it.

HOWL, YE OLD KATS, BUT IT'S HONORABLE!

TOOT!

ZOWIE!—can you guess it?

ALLEN wants a church wedding, too!

ROMANCE has worked its way into his blood, and now he's ROMEOING at a swift rate!

Can you beat that?

He'll show what he's won from the other men, by heck! verbally and churchily!

Wait until the engagement is announced!

SOME STIR!

Albert Wellington Russell will give Prudence away. Buddy will act as best man, with Mrs. Russell as Matron of Honor, while I am to be one of the five bride's maids.

So far Bennie is not in the wedding party, for mother insists she has her "doots" that Bennie possesses the inherited family pride and caste which ALLEN VISIBLY SHOWS.

It's evident a policeman's brass buttons make little hit with Prudence.

Well, I'll speak right out in meetin':

"It ISN'T your 'Coat'—your blooded pup—your diamonds or sporty cars; it ISN'T your house—your money—your servants—or even the 'chawming' sound of your Italian 'a'; but it IS what YOU ARE that counts!"

I'M A THIRD RAIL! Don't touch me—I'm mad to think Prudence left Bennie out of the wedding party for such a snobby reason. Wonder if Allen is going to stand for that? Not if he's the lock-jawed baby I think he is!

Wait until Prudence learns MY secret! She'll expire from heart-failure! Get weak-kneed thinking of the hour I'll have to tell her!

High caste—no caste—and no pride at all—Bennie's ALL MINE! ALL MINE!

I'd rather have Bennie than Allen any day in the week.

Bennie is in a class all by himself, with his wonderful manners, Irish love, perfect health, and glorious physique!

RANTING?
MEBBE!

Now that Allen is surely going to be my step-daddy, I've nothing much to say "agin" him, only his set jaw isn't pretty, and his arrogant conceit is anything but conducive to lingering romance!

ALLEN IS FINE!
BENNIE IS FINER!
BENNIE BELONGS TO ME!
LET ME PINCH MYSELF!—GUESS I'M GOOFY!

* * * * * * * *

Allen is to pay the rent, salary of two servants, up-keep of a new car, all household expenses, and clothe Prudence and himself. Mother has to clothe Buddy and me, but Allen will do the REST. A "REST" will be what he'll need after he has financed Prudence for a year or two. And THAT'S GOSPEL!

Prudence confided that Sumner Allison also proposed. She couldn't SEE him even for DIVIDENDS. He's the flattest entertainer, and eternally coaxing a crippled mustache. But, of course, he was left a huge fortune. If Allen isn't just right to Prudence, she'll divorce him and take one of her other admirers—perhaps Sumner. She'd murder me if she knew I had such an idea about her. I can THINK in my DIARY, can't I?

I don't blame women for marrying three or four times. (That's part of the independence the "B. B.'s" are teaching the old 'uns!)

Variety must be deliciously convincing, comparative and thrilling. IT MUST BE THE CAT'S SCRATCH FOR THE LESS FORTUNATE FEMALES.

Some of the popular old Kittens have listened to the strains of Lohengrin so many times that they think it's the national anthem.

Allen gave Prudence a dream of an engagement ring—about a three-carat diamond. If I wore that rock, my aura would predominate so that I'd look like a two-legged arc lamp. Diamonds and pearls! I LOVE 'EM!

HOT PUPPIES! But I look forward to the day when I can wear an engagement ring from my Apollo. Wonder what he will give me? MEBBE gooseberries! MEBBE

goose-flesh, or toss me to the suffering bow-wows long before then! NOBODY KNOWS!

Being true to, and loving but ONE man or ONE woman ALWAYS is a terrible test of one's endurance. It's like wearing scratchy woolens next to sensitive skin—undeniably familiar, especially if one is inclined to petty idiosyncracies or the hives.

TOOT!

And THAT'S the unbleached TRUTH!

TOOT AGAIN!

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March 3rd.

To celebrate our secret engagement, Bennie and I attended the theater and later enjoyed a glorious dinner-dance at The Brakes. During the show Bennie snuggled me close, and when the lights were low we lived together many parts of the play. When we motored home from The Brakes he ordered the taxi-chauffeur first to drive slowly north on Sheridan Road to Evanston, then south once more by another route to my apartment. All the while I was being held protectingly in Bennie's strong arms, and we lived a dozen years in the exquisiteness—the lusciousness of our (AT LAST) engagement kisses.

Bring on the man—unless it's Dicky—who can equal Bennie in a two-lip salad sandwich!

I KNOW!

I'VE TASTED!

Bring on the man whose voice sounds like the muted, mellow cello! THERE'S ONLY ONE OF A KIND!

Bring on the man who knows just how to do EVERYTHING, and especially many of the little irritations which Bennie knows **NOT** TO DO!

HE, MY MAN, IS THE PRINCE OF WOOERS!

I can hear Bennie's magnetic voice now, just as his hot lips parted from mine:

"Nan, darlin', most perfect baby on earth, don't ever forget that our engagement is none the less sacred because it must be secret for a little while. I'm only keeping it silent because of your youth."

I flopped appallingly:

"I think of it every hour during the day, and try to dream of it during the entire night. I love the THOUGHT"!

That may read terribly MUSHY, but I didn't TRY to be other than natural; and at this moment I'M DIPPY OVER BENNIE! YES, UNIFORM AND ALL! Why, I'm so excited that I'd even allow Bennie's fellow policemen to be ushers at our wedding, if Bennie requested.

MEBBE?
MEBBE!
GOOD NIGHT!

* * * * * * * *

Only time will tell. I DASN'T!
Sweet, lovin', POPPA!
I'm your PATOOTIE MOMMA!
Things look GREAT right NOW! MEBBE!
Every time I see that magnetic-voiced giant, I think:
THAT LIPS!
THOSE HAIR!
THAT EYES!
THOSE NOSE!
THAT TEETH!
THOSE FLESH!
WHOOPIE! WHO'S GOOFY NOW?
GOODNIGHT!

* * * * * * * *

Next Saturday, at nine P. M., Prudence gives a dinner-dance, where Albert Wellington Russell will announce her engagement to Allen Arnold. Bennie is invited—so are many of the younger set. Prudence believes in numbers when she banks on future wedding gifts. (Now that's real mean—catty—but I, Nan, would think exactly that, and suppose she does, too.)

Who'd blame her? ISN'T THAT HUMAN?

What are friends for if they won't spend a little money on you when you are facing life's greatest battle?

It may be the battle of "Bull Run" if Allen starts any of his former sarcasm. He'll do the running.

If he remains "chawming" as he is NOW, hope his marriage is perpetual bliss.

Speaking of wedding gifts:

What if most persons DO run all over town seeing what they can buy having the biggest "show" for the least money? I've done that, too. Then, satisfied, spent some more on MYSELF for a matinee ticket.

Saturday night at the announcement dinner, Prudence will wear brocaded scarlet chiffon-velvet over beige satin, with a scarlet ostrich fan, and diamonds on her right hand that she has ALWAYS HAD, and Allen's enagagement ring on her left. (Her hands are exceedingly soft and beautiful—just like a girl's.)

I'm to wear ivory georgette over ivory taffeta, with my pearls. Bennie loves to see me in either white or ivory.

Somehow, I'm blue today. Of course, it's splendid that Prudence is going to have happiness; it's PREZACKLY what we have been working to secure; but I just can't help thinking of Daddy, and wondering whether he would approve. He was always so generous, and left his entire estate to Prudence—everything a woman's heart could crave, excepting companionship. MEBBE he would have married, too, had he been left a widower and was lonely. Guess it's to be expected and natural. I want her to be happy.

So far, I've been unable to get banjo-eyed over ALLEN. It's to be hoped that I won't be selfish about mother finding another man besides Daddy. I'm TRYING MORE THAN A LITTLE BIT.

"It's the right course to pursue," as Rev. T. H. S. said when mother told him about it. "We are not intended to remain ALONE when we are your age, Mrs. Livingstone." It comforted her, anyway. It comforted me, too—a little bit!

There's a decided difference between Allen Arnold and Bennie. They hardly seem like brothers.

BENNIE has the large, Irish-American physique and hypnotic, speaking voice. He has magnetism with control, and heaps of vibrant love—all for HIS SWEET MOMMA.

ALLEN'S colder, older, and appears to have more of the Scotch ancestry. He's turned out warmer than expected, however. Perhaps it was our intensive training. We did some panicky calculatin' on that old bird! At the beginning he appeared a hopeless gamble.

Allen's and Bennie's mother was English-Irish, and their father was Scotch-Irish. Both boys, and Mrs. Russell, were born and educated in the middle west.

Allen brings to mind the difference between the Scotchman and the canoe. The canoe TIPS.

He's certain to TEACH Prudence a lot about scientific bookkeeping; but that won't be saying what she'll teach him.

That buzzard is so methodical and systematic, he'll order Prudence to number the hooks he hangs his suit on, and to file his socks. DARN UM!

One fine morning Prudence will air her tin-Farrar and warble an aria about a wife's duties don't consist of grinding system—that she's able to spend her allowance without an edifying ledger. ALLEN WILL BE MUCH TO THE SURPRISE PARTY. HE'LL RECOVER. THEY ALL DO!

Well—HERE'S TO MY FUTURE NEW DADDY!

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Prepare for the feast! Bring on the sacred squab—or feathers!

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May he speak softly and guide me with blinders! I can be led, but not driven—by ALLEN!

Wonder what Reene and the others will say when they hear what Prudence has up and done?

MEW!

Prudence should worry!

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March 20th.

The Announcement Party was one great success. PRUDENCE LOOKED STUNNING. Mr. Russell made a nippy, fine speech. Everyone was flabbergasted, but most generous in applause to all he said, and lavish in best wishes and congratulations to both mother and Allen.

Sumner Allison appears bitterly depressed, not to mention the long face on Insull Adams. Think Insull Adams was TOO SURE of where he stood with Prudence, and had the biggest shock of his life!

Everything is in a flurry-hurry for the wedding. Allen insists that Bennie be one of the ushers. Hooray!

We are to occupy the Prescott house in Lake Forest for the summer, leaving here May 1st, and remaining in Lake Forest until October 1st. Mother has given me an adorable

room with private "bawth"—it is in the east wing of the old mansion, overlooking the lake.

She is more tolerant toward Bennie, but a bit suspicious of his attentions to me. She warned me against marrying or even holding out hopes" to her prospective brother-in-law, because he is "tottering toward old age," "much too set in his ways for a young girl,"—and not possessed of the "Arnold caste", simply BECAUSE HE IS A COP.

OH, BOY! If she could read my mind!

I listened respectfully and THOUGHT a pile.

If Prudence knew the whole of it, she wouldn't exactly give me ether, but WOULD SHE GIVE ME GAS? That's telling it gently after occasionally receiving a sample of "Bournique" supply. There'd be an explosion reaching from the Cops of Chicago to those of Timbuctoo.

Secretly, I'm a little hurt over the wedding service arrangements. Bennie is not MY partner, but the partner of a stunning WIDOW—friend of mother's—a MRS. SUSAN KELLOGG, of Knoxville, Tenn. THAT'S THAT!

Get a pain in my CEREBELLUM when I think about it.

Susan's googley ways, and vampish gowns, convince me she would personally rather like to be my Bennie's SWEET PATOOTIE FOR LIFE. HE'S not so frozen toward the widow, either, and seems to like the novelty. Perhaps its his joy at being secretly engaged to ME. WANT TO THINK SO! Feel quirky about it, anyhow. Think Prudence might have given Bennie to me for a partner on THIS particular occasion.

GEE WHIZ!

SON-OF-A-POT WALLOPER!

NAN, don't kid your elfin-self too much! WIDOWS have a language all their'n. Besides, she might have been "IMPORTED" not only to serve Prudence, but for the PURPOSE of "meeting the most charming man, just right for her in every way"—or sumpfing like that. Allen and Prudence are almost ONE, you know—and PLANS ARE PLANS! That's out of my system!

There's a KINK in the game SOME WAY!

BENNIE AND I ARE THE GOATS!

I'd tell him, only the boob would think I'm jealous—when I'm only worried a little bit. MEBBE!

Mother's wedding party also includes Dicky Thornton (whom she and Allen assigned as MY partner), Whitney

Harriman, Sumner Allison, Douglas Coleman, Winter Carpenter and Insull Adams.

Insull Adams is gamely managing the wedding proceedings in conjunction with the two Russells.

Poor Adams looks as tho he had been PUNCTURED with some sudden illness, and was trying to VULCANIZE THE SPOT.

Mother has invited the Gilletts to both church and reception, but they are not in the immediate wedding party. Good, dear, Ann Gillett understands. Allen just wouldn't stand for Curtiss taking part in any of the formalities.

Mother's wedding gown is orchid silk-georgette over changeable orchid and apple-green silk and gold lace. It's fit for a Dresden doll.

Her hat's a dream—gold lace, with orchid, green and gold leaves—droops slightly on one side—looks smart.

Today the photographer came. The entire wedding party, all dolled up, "smiled for the birdie". Prudence, though tiny, looked positively regal.

As matron-of-honor, Mrs. Russell will wear a pale yellow georgette gown—bronze lace turban, edged with pastel buds and tiny gold leaves. She'll look chic and snappy—compliment her dark beauty.

The maids will wear various shades of pastel georgette over contrasting satin—harmonious turbans—carry bouquets of pastel flowers and trembling smilax.

Allen gave mother a gorgeous diamond horseshoe set in platinum, and a $5,000 sedan, also a check for ten thousand.

POOR FOR ME! EH? The SEDAN, I mean!

She promised I could drive it. There'll be many a "miss" in that motor when I play chauffeuse.

Allen gave me a pair of slipper buckles, shaped like bow-knots, set in diamonds and emeralds—can wear them as lingerie pins—small, but exquisite. Never expected anything SO lovely from him.

He gave Buddy and each usher a valuable cane. The handle's set in embossed gold—owner's name engraved on side—deeply set emerald on top. Press edge—snaps open—exposing a tiny flask. The canes are carved ebony—but not in the least bulky. Buddy and ushers raved over unusual gift.

Prudence gave her matron-of-honor, and each of her maids, tiny heart-shaped, platinum wrist-watches on orchid ribbon. She gave me one, too—but mine is held about my wrist by a double platinum chain studded in diamonds. Loveliest wrist-watch I've ever seen. Maids all bugs over theirs too.

The final rehearsal was tonight, and afterward the bridal party held an informal dinner at the Castlemo Ultra at which time the bride and groom presented their gifts.

My heart thumps regular "boom-booms" with excitement.

WEDDINGS ARE CERTAINLY THRILLING.

I'm THINKING orfully hard just now.

OCCASIONALLY my THINK works OVERTIME!

Pre-nuptial eats are DELICIOUS!

Whitney Harriman and Dicky Thornton shot daggers at each other during the dinner. They were seated on either side of me, and Bennie and Susan Kellogg were seated directly across.

It was a bit squirmish at first, but when I saw Bennie simply falling head and feet into the widow's net, I felt it about time to let my banjo-eyes and feminine sax pipe a duet into Dicky's eagerly waiting ears, to say nothing of love-sick Whitney.

I set to work to make my deepest impression on these handy TWO. LANDED PERFECTLY!

Everything I said and did registered a hundred per cent. Nan isn't going to her own funeral quite yet.

During the dinner there were only three dances, as there were so many speeches; but those THREE DANCES, I, NAN, made COUNT. Bennie danced with the stunning widow once; then maneuvered to get his future sister-in-law (mother) for one dance; the third dance he DID make a signal toward me across the table, but I smilingly ignored it, and rose to have that dance with Dicky. I danced twice with Dicky and once with Whitney.

It was plain to me that both Prudence and Allen were pleased that Bennie failed to secure me for one of the numbers; ALSO that he had "cut in" so mother could not get a word in edgeways with Insull Adams or Sumner Allison—both yearning to dance with her.

All this may be quite smart and cleverly planned, but it has placed a chill on my enthusiasm.

Evidently Prudence and Allen have decided to do all they can to separate Bennie and me.

If Bennie decides to fall for the widow, then the little scheme will work PERFECTLY.

Susan Kellogg bothers me as Judy, Peg or Reene never did.

How flattered Bennie appears as he looks into the widow's intriguing countenance. Well, she knows better how to play the game than I do—had a heap more experience.

COURTING from a dozen men is ONE thing; but LIVING with ONE MAN is sufficient practice to know EXACTLY what TO DO, and what NOT to do to please the beasts.

TOOT?

TOOT!

I'm orfully sleepy! (And secretly worried!)

Wonder whether the widow is figuring on how near a wedding ticket she can secure with Bennie? MEBBE! I'll take my chances!

Nan's a game gambler!

MY HEAD HOITS!

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April 4th, 1923.

THE BIG EVENT IS OVER!

MOTHER IS MARRIED!

THE SARDONIC ONE HAS BEEN TAMED!

Yet, I've hern tell that ONCE a mean beast—ALWAYS A MEAN BEAST! (More traditional gossip.)

ALLEN and PRUDENCE both LOOK sublimely HAPPY!

EVERYTHING IS SNOOKY-OOKUM NOW-OW!

The bride and groom left immediately after the reception for their new home in Lake Forest.

KISSES UND BLISSES!

UMPPA, UMPPA! BILLING UND COOING!

SUCH A FOOLISHNESS—YAH?

Secretly, I'd be heaps more foolish—bill UND coo until Love's romantic clock ran down.

Mother and Allen are to be alone in the Lake Forest house for one week, excepting for Theresa and Parker—the two servants; then Buddy and I are to join them for the summer.

The Gilletts have taken our town "apotment" for the remainder of our lease. They also purchased most of our furniture, as Curtiss knows its real value, and Ann always admired it. Mother and Allen expect to use the Prescott furniture during their lease, and to buy NEW next fall, when they return to town.

There are so many thrills and changes that my head fairly swims.

It will be most exciting—buying new drapes and all the fancy doo-dads like silk and satin bedspreads, sets of this, and oodles of that. I adore shopping!

WEDDINGS ARE CERTAINLY THRILLING!

The only articles Allen and Prudence took to Lake Forest were a few of Allen's law books, his library table, desk, and three personal trunks, also mother's eight trunks, all her gorgeous and personal "touches," like tiny ivories, bronze figurines, pottery, decorative ornaments, linens, and a few rare paintings.

Allen insisted on having new family silver, so the Livingstone-Bournique "ancestral and modern" was generously divided between Buddy and me. We duly packed it away in packing boxes, which we were gradully getting ready to move in two weeks with OUR four personal trunks and suit cases. Then the Gilletts will take possession of this lovely apartment, which has held so many pleasant associations for me.

Twelve hundred guests came and went during the reception. There were three hundred and fifty invited to the church services.

I never saw so many gifts for one bride in my life. Of course, I haven't attended many weddings and never before one so large as that of Prudence and Allen.

From music, decorators, servants, special caterers, detectives, to receiving and answering gifts, not mentioning remembering dozens and dozens of friends (whom she had forgotten until the last minute) with an invitation to the wedding or reception, a stream of dressmakers and milliners, and lastly the hair dresser and the masseuse, all combined to make the last few days (as well as her wedding day) one tremendous strain, with excitement to the limit.

At that, mother, as a bride, looked like a dream—more beautiful than anyone had ever seen her before. The men raved over her; and the women coudn't help but compliment her regal appearance, even when it cost them SIGHS and EFFORT.

We hired four plain-clothes men (who wore correct evening attire and looked the part of Gold Coast gallants) to watch the valuables. Bennie knew each man very well. In fact, he hired them for Prudence and Allen. All four were wonderfully built, and made some of the wilted, wealthy, Gold Coast bucks look like trembling toad stools in comparison. They lacked neither polish nor proper manners, and were selected to appear as though invited guests.

I spoke to one—a giant Dane—with wavy blonde hair, temptingly rosy cheeks, and beautiful teeth, who smiled at me with exactly the correct guest-smile. He was a DARB. I was just GOING GREAT when Bennie came along and

Bennie looked like a frizzled kumquat, and about as sweet, when I refused him, to dance with the handsome Dane.

invited me to have a sip of punch with him. He didn't want the punch, as he admitted later when he said:

"That fellow's a detective, darlin'."

"Is he wax, or just human?" I quizzed.

"Very human, Nan. Don't dally near the men. They are here to protect the valuables, and not for entertainment."

"Oh, it makes a difference when the policeman is the OTHER fellow, doesn t it. Bennie?" I insisted, rather peeved.

"Decidedly," and he gave me a look of no-matter-what-I-do, it's-what-YOU-do.

"Ah, ha!" I half sung. "You smoke; I musn't. You flirt; I dasn't. Is that it, Bennie?"

"Let's not argue now, darlin'."

"OH, TOOT! SUFFERING PELICANS"!

"NAN!"

"YOU GORGEOUS PAGAN," I laughed, "because I like to do the things YOU do whenever you feel like it, at once you CRI-EYE! That's one of the inconsistences of your sex."

Slowly we retraced our steps. Again I stood beside the giant blonde detective.

"The music, Bennie; and I have this number with this gentleman." I lifted my arms in such a manner, as I turned toward my handsome Dane, that the PETTABLE BEAST just naturally placed his arm about me, and away we danced.

Bennie looked like a frizzled kumquat, and about as sweet, BELIEVE ME! He discovered the GREAT DANE was a bit MORE than merely PRESENT!

Of course, I, Nan, knew that detectives had little or no business to dance with ANY GUEST, but what was the dear boob to do if the DAUGHTER OF THE HOSTESS just out-and-out NOOSED him?

Did that six-foot-blonde-Dane-baby know how to DANCE?

Does the EARTH revolve with perfect ease.

I had risked MUCH, but found nothing to REGRET!

Bennie's expression resembled a red lobster. When I saw him next, he was making a straight line for Susan Kellogg.

That female-charmer has too much hair; she looks like an AIRDALE.

She's a sure-hook angler and fishing with the cleverest of WORMS—WIDOW VAMPISMS!

BAH! She wears shredded wheat skirts, and beads for a waist.

Hunks of fat prove she loves her bacon,—BE GOSH!

(My paragraphing is as punk as my SEQUENCE, but I LIKE IT, and can read MY OWN WRITING, which is more than the late "Uriah Heap" could do when HE took notes. Besides, I like things that are DIFFERENT.

Drank three glasses of punch with my DANE, and tasted the most affectionate nip in it. By the time we had chatted and partaken of the THIRD, I was quite ready for a SERENADE with the leader of the orchestra, or a stolen motor ride with the DANE, himself.

Before we returned to the wedding gifts, and the location to which Bennie had assigned him, I snuggled close, looked fetchingly into his handsome face, and the perfectly tamed, blonde gorilla JUST CAVED LIKE A PUNCTURED TIRE.

WAS HE READY TO PET?

HE WAS SPIFFILY ROMANCY!

We stepped into the solarium with its dim, amber lights,—a delightful, petting color-incentive.

"Are you in earnest, Miss Livingstone?" His voice was not like Bennie's—rather witch-hazel-nazel—but his ability to "PET" registered on HIGH.

"Never more so!" I fibbed cooingly.

(THAT was his "q"; and DID he "Q"?)

"I never, NEVER expected to hold one of your class in my arms—let alone kiss her. This is SOME NIGHT. KISS ME, KIDDY,—YOU TANTALIZING BABY!"

He didn't wait to see whether he'd have to coax, or whether I was going to kiss him, but just DID, while didding was good. His breath was sweet; his lips soft and warm; the language of his kisses was so thrilling that I simply "flopped" to the uatter amazement of us both and our positive JOY.

DID WE FEAST?

After a ten-minutes of regular summer-resort kisses and promises, we joined the others.

The Dane took his station, and I was met by Dicky, who asked:

"Who is the impressive giant?"

"Oh," I answered, enjoying the jealousy the new detective-sheik had created, "he is Count Erick Von Hoiborg, incognito tonight, known as MR. Hoiborg," I fibbed glowingly.

"Handsome chap," Dicky bit.

"Great old Dane, sort of watches out for the family whenever he's in our section of the country," I added quite truthfully.

"He's a perfect specimen of his race. Don't get too friendly with him, Nan, baby; YOU KNOW."

"Yes, I KNOW, Dicky, and you are still ace-high, but don't let the others learn about it, because—because—"

(I didn't know what excuse to make, but Dicky did.)

"Because you are too young and innocent to permit any one particular man to become engaged to you. That's what your mother always says. She is right, too. I'll stand aside until some other man tries to get too attentive, then I'll remind my baby that she has PROBATIONED me her life's protector—MEBBE—EH?"

"MEBBE, Dicky dear!" I sighed feelingly.

(MEBBE was right! For I had other dreams right then.)

"Love me tonight, Nan?" Dicky persisted.

"More than last time!" I shamelessly vamped, and received a secret thrill in the process.

"Did it remind you, as we walked toward the altar arm in arm, that possibly WE may be the bride and groom some day, when you finally promise to be my little wife?"

"It thrilled me, Dicky," I answered, evading his question, "thrilled me until I feared my heart would jump out of my gown." Which was the truth, only I was thinking of BENNIE.

"You look as I imagine the most beautiful angels in heaven must look, tonight. You're perfect. My Nan-Baby!"

"Thank you, Dicky. Seems to me you always say the loveliest things," I purred.

"Will you go to the conservatory with me—so we can be alone for one little minute? Will you, my dearest?"

We went. The music was playing muted and exquisite melodies deliriously, hypnotizing our senses, while blissful kisses were exchanged between Dicky and me.

"Love me, Nan?" he passionately pleaded.

"Love ME, Dicky?" I evaded.

"Sweet—MY SWEET—I DO!"

Never mind, SHOCKED OLD SEQUENCE. I enjoyed every minute—and would do it all over again!

No matter what MY BENNIE was thinking or doing at that period I, Nan, had a WONDERFUL TIME!

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April 20th.

So far, in the Prescott home in Lake Forest, mother has given two informals, to which about fifty were invited each time. Bennie escorted the widow, Susan Kellogg (at mother's request), tho, on both occasions, he danced with me several times more than with her.

Seems to me MY BIG-BEN is altogether too attentive to that vampy dame. The only way I can find out whether it's a bit serious between them is to test Bennie's jealousy. That's not so orfully difficult, either. He's more Irish than Scotch in his disposition. If he were more Scotch, I'd say that he'd not only KEEP the widow, but everything else he could lay his hands on. But, being characteristically Irish, he keeps ONLY while the creature, or article, retains an intense interest for him; after that, he is again OUT HUNTING. I have come to the conclusion, since the widow's advent, that THAT is my Bennie's prime trait—FICKLENESS!

MEBBE NOT?

MEBBE!

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NEXT

Anticipation is thrilling!

Two weeks from Saturday I am going to Madeline Carpenter's house party from Saturday evening's dinner-dance until Monday noon's feature luncheon. Two weeks is a long time. Mebbe I wouldn't think so if I were going to be HANGED.

Understand there will be one theater party, much dancing, two dinner-dances, two feature breakfasts, a musical, two revelation-luncheons, a motor party, one yachting outing, and numerous diversions and surprises—heavy on the surprises.

Mrs. Carpenter is a divine chaperon—she just gets busy—too busy to be bossy or nosey.

Dicky Thornton is to be my escort, much to mother's satisfaction. Dicky IS a glorious catch, but, oh boy, I'll confide to the Universe, there's no lover-man quite so fascinating as MY BENNIE!

One of my brow-wrinklers is the fact that Bennie is to escort a Miss Georgia Ames, the artist-guest of the Casper Armores.

Don't know whose doings it was, but whoever fixed partners AS IS, had a mouthful of nerve.

Susan Kellogg is also invited and paired off with splendid Douglas Coleman, a prominent dentist residing on the near-north side.

Have three betwitching new frocks with smart slippers and all the necessary doo-dads to match, two spiffy new wraps, also my beautiful white fox neck-piece, which is some fetching adornment for "Nan-Baby's" INTENTIONS. Will take them all with me in my visiting-traveling-case, but WEAR my stunning sport suit, with everything to match.

Wonder whether the WIDOW is prepared for a BATTLE ROYAL! Guess, YES! SHE STARTED THIS THUNDER when she performed that heartachey stunt and walked up the church aisle with MY MAN. SUSAN KELLOGG'S THE SQUEAK IN THE WHEEL! THE FLABBY OLD DAME! SHE'D BETTER HAVE THE FLOOSE-GLESH ON HER ELBOWS IRONED OUT!

Of course Allen and mother paired off each couple to suit themselves on the occasion of THEIR OWN WEDDING. But the manner in which they DID IT, is STINGING ME TO BLISTERS. I've never confessed this to mother. That was HER big JAMBOREE! She had the right to pair us off exactly as she saw fit—THAT ONCE!

Wonder if I'll be a game loser, should the southern WIDOW WIN? You'll recall, once I wrote that I despised a grumbling gambler, or one with a YELLOW STREAK in their make-up. It's NOW MY TEST! I'M READY! HOPE I BUST IF I SHOW WEAK STREAKS!

Mother certainly looked beautiful today. Guess steady masculine palship IS what she needed! He's surely peachy to her!

Allen gave me a lovely thread-like platinum chain, twenty-four inches long, with a gorgeous pear-shaped sapphire surrounded with several eighth-carat diamonds. It is a dream! On the card in the box was written:

"To my new and lovely little daughter, with sincere affections, from her DADDY."

GUESS THAT'S HINT ENOUGH!

And "DADDY" it's going to be!

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May 7th.

The Casper H. Armores give a dinner-dance at the Castlemo Ultra tomorrow night. The entire family is invited. This

is the introduction to a house-party they are giving immediately following to which twenty guests have been invited. Buddy and I have accepted. (Allen and Prudence sent regrets.)

Bennie will be there, and, fortunately, is to be my escort. Understand he is to be my dinner partner at the Castlemo Ultra too. Am bursting to ask him about the widow. But I WON'T! It would flatter my Apollo's vanity.

Susan and Bennie have become so chummy of late that Siggy piped up to me the other day:

"That widow makes me tired. She acts like a simpering idiot over Bennie."

I was game, and answered:

"Perhaps Bennie likes it. She is most interesting and just the right age for him. He is a wonderful fellow, and she appears like a regular girl."

What an effort it took to make that little speech! May the angels forgive me! Part of it was the truth, anyway.

Siggy hugged me—said she didn't believe the wid was very nice, and thought I was talking to hear myself. (I WAS, TOO.)

Right now, Susan is several laps ahead of me as far as the first of this race is concerned,—and BENNIE. She'll cop him yet. (No slams at Bennie's chosen calling.)

Excitement is young; So am I!

Have one eye quizzically closed, and my brain busy as to ways and means. Am not discussing "her" with "him"!

Where ignorance is bliss, it's folly to be a glutton for punishment.

TOOT!

Sure, I'M JEALOUS!

But this is my THINK:

Where I, Nan, have one doubt and one pain, Bennie will SOME DAY experience a whole operating-room full.

THAT'S THAT—and no fairy tales!

WOOF!

LIGHTS OUT!

* * * * * * * * *

Sunday.
Three o'clock in the morning.

It's a few days since the 7th, but at the time of the Casper Armore party, I made numerous notes, and what I didn't write down, I'll try to remember.

It was one doggy, dressy, merry affair—the gayest event of the early season.

Guess I raised all the cussed jealousy possible in the short time I had to do my DURNDEST.

Personally, I experienced fewer pangs of regret than expected. Was ready for anything.

Trust I made Bennie WINCE with REAL MENTAL AGONY, and that it pains him THIS MINUTE. So! YEPPY, I DO!

The WIDOW was Doctor Coleman's house-partner, and probably HE is also falling for her charms. It's a modest competition between him and Bennie. But the WID is tickled to blushes—the old HUNK O' PORK! Can hardly see why she'd rather have two ardent admirers than just one. Ditto!

(Doctor Coleman is wise-Susan's escort to the Madeline Carpenter house-party, too, which comes off next week. If he doesn't watch out, MEBBE I'll donate BENNIE to her FOR KEEPS!)

Georgia Ames was Bennie's shadow—that is, he took ME to the Armore party, BUT paid a pile of attention to Georgia while he was PAYING. Bennie may have METHODS, too.

I like Georgia—she's refreshing—a splendid artist—a girl who does most of the stunts but quits when it's QUITTING TIME. She's of the Spanish type—brainy—and a mighty good sport. (Oh, I can praise 'em when they deserve it.)

Bennie's attraction for women is getting to the point where it's liable to make a fool of him. For both our sakes, I do hope he escapes that conceited, sentimental, self-exalted stage that most men from around thirty-five to fifty experience. They're always so anxious that you don't miss THEIR bravery, THEIR virility, and THEIR manly perfections in general. Some men don't pass thru this mental state—but as far as I have noticed, MOST MEN DO.

My jealousy of Bennie is slowly turning to nausea.

Dicky was there too, and wonderfully popular with all the girls. They envied me, as he hovered by my side. Dicky was much concerned because he was not my dinner partner at the Castlemo Ultra—jealous of Bennie. He managed to be my shadow several times, however. He's a persistent suitor. His devotion was decidedly marked. In fact, every once in a while he deliberately made it impossible for Bennie to be alone with me—that made Big-Ben "gnash his toofins".

BENNIE'S SUFFERING WAS PIE FOR ME!

I tried to bring that hot-blooded, flirty giant to his senses. I'D be square, if HE would—but that seems next to impossible. He's superbly drunk with love's nectar, and willing to share his abundance with all the females he meets. Why should I sit on the fence and moan and mourn?

If it's possible to make the wound in Bennie's heart any deeper, I'm ready with the knife. This minute I could brain him—then die of grief.

He's been SO attentive to SUSAN!

IF Bennie truly loves his "NAN, DARLIN' ", he'll have many a squirmish qualm before I finish with my operation.

IF his Irish love has been transferred to the WID, his fickle affections will take a dizzy convulsion before I, Nan, take the final jab.

BRRR—R—R—rrr!

THE BEAST!

THE MAGNIFICENT, TRAINED ANIMULE!

Seems to me a girl has to resort to such low-brow tactics to bring a man to his senses, or prove he lacks any. She has to lie, smirk, dance or refuse, dress like a nun or a Hottentot, and pretend in a hundred things she dreads doing. Girls aren't always to blame because they vamp a man for whom they care but little. Often it's to punish some other man. Sometimes it's the girl who pays, and pays, and PAYS. I, Nan, will TRY NOT to pay too dearly for my carefree and happy youth—and loving Bennie.

Now, I'm trying to sympathize with myself!

Could weep—but WON'T!

Could choke him—only dasn't

I'll choke Buddy's bull pup—then he'll growl WITH me!

No one at the party was more lovely to me than her nibs, Susan Kellogg—THE PET JAGUAR!

(I'm gnashing my teeth.))

SHE'S A STORAGE EGG—OF DOUBTFUL AGE!

I, Nan, forced myself to be pleasantly cordial to her. In fact I offered to loan the fat dumpling one of my dainty frocks. (Some of the smaller girls were trading dresses, just for sport.) Susan couldn't have gotten her one arm in the neck of mine—so pig-fattened on nut-fudge is she!

That fat dame gave me a quizzical smirk as she declined my offer. Her face was all trusting smiles—the KAT!

You bet! My claws ARE out! OUT FOR THE WIDOW!

BUT—SO ARE "HERN"!

THE BATTLE HATH BEGUN IN HEATED FASHION!
HUZZIE!
I'll annihilate that southern hick!
PIES 'N' PIGS!
SHE CAN GO WAY BACK AND PUT MORON!
ENOUGH! I'm breaking out like the hives!
NIGHTY!

* * * * * * * *

Later.

Breathing fairly normal now!
It's the bee's stinger how my temperature will rise!
Attention, Diary!
From one cat—about another!
HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

At the Castlemo Ultra dinner, the WIDOW wore a clinging outfit made from just enough flesh-colored georgette to call it a gown, plus six pearls over each shoulder. She is fifteen pounds too fat, and the pork on her back flops in huge chunks, as tho trying to shimmy over the blades. I noticed Doctor Coleman "lookin' her over". His smile was a twisted smirk as he viewed her six pearls.

MY dress was delicate and beautiful, with the usual yards of tulle falling from my neck and shoulders down over my slender arms. I atomized some of Prudence's "French Orchid" perfume on my hair. It had an enticing effect, and proved very impressive.

WIDOW KELLOGG had an opportunity to perceive in me a picture of slender youth. Bet IT HURT! HOPE IT DID!
She must have THOUGHT a HEAP!
Hope her thoughts ITCHED!

Dicky was nothing less than lavish with devotion and praise after he saw me in that dress. In fact, he was wild over every dud I dolled up in. (Punk construction! I can hear a moan from poor, old "Uriah"!)
Dicky seemed so hopeful concerning our future. I felt a little guilty! He was bursting to confide our secret to

I noticed Doctor Coleman "looking her over". His smile was a twisted smirk as he viewed her six pearls.

the guests, but didn't, as I had not yet ACTUALLY PROMISED. He's an experienced Dicky-Bird and realizes HE is the COURTER and AGGRESSOR, which just about keeps a man of his type at fever heat.

(Wish I could get Bennie to the same pitch. He formerly WAS.)

Dicky feels an announcement of our engagement would make about the most sublime bon-mot of the season, and hopes to spring it on our set whenever I say "Yes".

Oh, shivering blues!

Will feel like sinking with the ship, as far as Dicky is concerned, SHOULD BENNIE AND I REMAIN ONE!

BUT I, Nan, may not stay PUT!

WHO KNOWS? MEBBE THE WAFFLE MAN!

MEBBE my logic is a bit fuzzy, but I'm clear off feed! Got a leaking valve in my achey heart!

MEBBE I, Nan, am a little wicked!

MEBBE not so awfully much, considering SOMEBODY'S proposal, SOMEBODY'S happiness, SOMEBODY'S PROMISES!

CATCH ME—I WANT TO FAINT!

Have almost burst—yet haven't confided in a living soul!

This is where I, Nan, don't intend to flood my eyes with salt brine, and cripple my opportunities and popularity by a LONG FACE. If anyone can tell I've a "sorry" in my bean, they're MENTAL WIZARDS.

MEBBE it's mean to lead Dicky on, but it's not beyond possibility that I MIGHT accept him yet—especially IF Bennie gets too darned devoted to Susan Kellogg.

WHO KNOWS? I, Nan, least of all!

I COULD SCREAM.—but I WONT!

I could bang somebody's head against a stone wall,—but I wont!

I used to have Prudence to tell all my troubles to, but she has her own pal now (and troubles, too, mebbe) so I've got to pack mine in my "old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile"!

(That's one of mother's old songs—said she learned it when she did war-work. I learned it from her.)

THIS Nanny is not going to wear crepe for any man!

Neither am I not going to spend my youth bicycling thru an aeroplane age, seeking graveyard scenery!

THAT'S THE STUFF, BABY—HAVE SOME HARD TACK!

It's my INTENTION to stick to someone who truly wants to stick to me. STEWRUTH!

Any time I discover that Bennie WANTS to love Susan Kellogg, I, Nan, will give one clear bill of sale to him, and toss what's left to the widow. It'll be goodbye DAMAGED GOODS!

Should I happen to catch Bennie being too fresh with anybody, I'll just laugh like a wild heathen, and pretend it has all been a huge joke with me.

AND should Bennie still insist he wants to marry me, I'll snap my fingers before his handsome face and explain that not for one minute did I ever intend to be his wife—especially the wife of a man old enough to be my father, and one who makes love to fat old ladies and promiscuous females.

I'LL STING HIS VERY SOUL, IF he scorns and knifes this love of mine!

Bennie needs a REAL JOLT! AND HE'LL GET IT!

SO TOOT! TOOT! HIST! LISTEN!

IF Benjamin Kenesaw Arnold, MY IDOL, PROVES UNTRUE at HIS AGE, I'LL NEVER have the same FAITH again. I'll scratch him off my list forever. Will do that beastly little trick, even if I have to marry the ice-man.

If there WEREN'T any more HE'S, even THEN I'd give Bennie up providing I thought he DESERVED the JOLT. That's that!

COULD DO ANYTHING IF I HAD TO!

Of course, there's Dicky and several others who would make Bennie's heart bleed much faster than the ice-man.

Here's hoping I can hold my Apollo!

I LOVE HIM!—MY BUDDHA PEST!

At least, I THINK I DO!

There'll be a strain in the family if I cut up didos, and show Bennie that I'm not withering into a blue prune just because he favors Susan! THAT'S POSITIVE!

What possessed Prudence to have Susan Kellogg in the wedding party? Mother always avoids the subject. Suppose she and Allen got their wise heads together and thought the easiest way was to tempt Bennie and me in other directions. It has almost worked with Bennie. It's better to discover his fickleness NOW, than to wait until I HAVE HIM IN A WHEEL CHAIR FROM OLD AGE.

AGAIN I SIGH!

GOT A SPECIAL MONOPOLY ON SIGHS!

MY HEAD SPINS LIKE A MERRY-GO-ROUND RUNNING IN JERKS!

All my good intentions remind me of my one experience at baking a cake—about the time I thought everything was going well, it suddenly flopped in the middle, and went FLUEY!

THAT WAS SAD!

Nan, you are some red-headed YEN to worry over ANY man at your age—or ANYTIME.

PST! HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

According to Ann Gillett, men are ALL TO THE BAD when temptation is close!

SHE OUGHT TO KNOW!

Ann says: "SIX-CYLINDER BACHELORS ARE MOST ALWAYS CHEAP RUNABOUTS AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY."

OO! OO!

DEPRESSING PROSPECTS—MEBBE!

Guess I'll learn the SAXAPHONE and moan this out of my system! GOSSIPY TALES and SAXY WAILS!

Sue Kellogg's heart is the size of birdseed. She's utterly indifferent to MY feelings while chasing MY MAN! She's after him with a HOT LARIAT and GETTING HIM, BY GUM!

Think of the vast and valuable experience a WIDOW has!

ZOWIE! BUT WIDS ARE WISE!

UMPPA, UMPPA!

When the WID has once landed my easily flattered HE-TARTAR, she'll feed him the crumbs of her experiences.

Oldish men are such simple infants when it comes to consuming instruction from WIDOWS. THEY JUST WIGGLE AROUND FOR MORE, AND APPEAR TO ADORE THE PROCESS!

Expensive instruction—so much "per flatter"—with the loud pedal on the PER!

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Sunday, very early, there was a lively canter on academy horses, with a few of the Armore saddle ponies given to those who knew how to ride best.

Later, we had a regular hunters' breakfast, and enjoyed the novelty.

Madge Armore certainly rides beautifully and is afraid of nothing.

Sylvia Blair rides well, too, but can't take the high jumps and hedges.

I had a "school horse", and he was doing all his tricks for me in fine shape. From the time I was seven, Daddy had me ride in the saddle. Bennie and Dicky complimented me numerous times—so did the others.

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10:30 A. M.

Baths and re-dressing.

Nothing more on this notation.

Time must have been deliriously short and precious.

Things WERE exciting.

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11:15 A. M.

Four singers, one harpist, one violinist, and a most capable accompanist gave a fine concert in the Armore ballroom.

Think I'll take up the Umppa-Umppa or the uke—less work —more fun!

The mop of hair on the male accompanist was the envy of every man there, to say nothing of the girls.

I like the classics SOME; they are especially good for a bread-diet. BUT, am I, Nan, the ONLY human who is honest enough to ADMIT (without excuses) enjoying romantic music with a big dash of dippy jazz?

Anyway, ME for the moany SAX and dreamy UKE! I'm LOST when these two anesthetics start playing havoc with my senses and tingling my toes.

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Sunday. One P. M.

We had a light buffet luncheon of delicious nut and olive sandwiches, asparagus salad, whipped cream layer cake, orange ice, and coffee. Also, on the buffet, there was a ten-pound box of the richest chocolates and fruit candies, but I indulged sparingly.

Was weighed and measured:

Five feet three inches tall, and weigh just one hundred and six pounds. A little too slender, but GREAT for contrast to the fat-legged flappers (hist!—mebbe widows, too).

I'M A COZY COOTIE WITH SEX-O-PELE!

NIZE IDEE?

NO?

SORE AT ME?

Oh, you long-faced, mental flat-tire!—you hollow spaghetti!—learn to smile!—for a hunka mud I'd convince you that soon tomorrow will be yesterday!—and yuh don't love li'l Nell!

Think I OUGHT to be ready for TAPS?

Well—THINK HEAPS—it'll exercise your stiff muscles!

TOOT!

* * * * * * * *

Sunday afternoon.

Supposed to roam or rest.

Did a little of each—mostly rest.

All the afternoon the pipe-organ was beautifully played by some hired genius, whose touch and expression were just about perfect. He chose soft, dreamy melodies. I gave way to castles-in-the-air, thinking about the future and my BIG-BEN.

Bennie played golf with three other men guests—bet he thought very little about ANY WOMAN!

Dicky, with eight or ten enthusiasts, went to the pool and did some trick diving.

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5:45 P. M. (Sunday)

Started to dress for the family dinner to be served at six.

Later, after we were seated, every guest found a question written on the reverse side of his or her place-card, to be answered off-hand, creating gales of laughter and fun.

I remember Dicky's question:

"What's a stout matron?" Quick as a flash he gave this answer: "A superannuated flapper gone to w-a-i-s-t."

Bennie's question was:

"Why do flappers wear two pairs of garters nowadays?" He was silent for a moment, then a merry twinkle came to his hypnotic eyes as he answered: "One pair above the knees to hold up their stockings, and the other pair below the knees to hold up traffic." Bennie ought to know.

Whitney's question was something like this:

"Of what did Vesuvius die?"

There were several fairly clever suggestions, then he decided: "Delirium caused by high temperature and eruptions."

Mine read:

"What's an Italian decoration of modern period?"

One man spoke up and said "garlic", which gave me an idea immediately, so I made my little speech: "Spaghetti drizzled on my dress front."

Susan Kellogg's question was:

"What do you generally get when you expect the worst?"

She stammered for ideas like a fish out of water, and hesitated fully a minute. Then I piped up: "Hot dogs."

Think Bennie was a bit disappointed I gave the answer instead of the widow, but she looked so helpless and Dumb-Dora, that I just DID. Everybody laughed at my unexpected reply, so Bennie smiled his thrillingest at me.

I'll tell the world that what Sherman said was tame in comparison to war between a WIDOW and a FLAPPER over one man!

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Sunday. 9 P. M.

Informal dance in the ballroom. The orchestra was composed of two harps, two cellos, four violins and one violo.

A special feature during the evening was an accompaniment of Hawiian guitars strummed dreamily, while a shredded-wheat dancer gave the Honey-Hulla in native style. It was beautiful and difficult—everyone raved over it—and the dancer, too.

Hawaiian music is soothing and hypnotic. It carries me far away to where the natives have little knowledge of time, or responsibilities, and where dreams, love, and dancing are their chief pleasure. The Honey-Hulla dancer had all the grace and agility of the native Hawaiian. The guitars were dreamily and perfectly played. I loved it all—I was lost.

We remained up until two A. M., then sang some college and popular songs before we said: "Goodnight."

HELLO SEQUENCE!
Forgot something again!
Nothing unusual for me, is it?

There were so many witty speeches and so many ready responses to the dinner questions, that I bet the WIDOW discovered our set is composed of something more than NEAR-brains. We may have all-the-time-bridge-fiends and perpetual-lounge-lizzards among us, but none were invited to the Armore house-party.

Once during dinner Sunday evening, Susan Kellogg spoke up and said, previous to that hour, she'd quite decided Chicago girls were much slower in appreciating the artistic side of life.

Which was too much for MADGE ARMORE, who flared back smilingly, tho none the less meaningly:

"OH, WE'RE NOT SUCH A DEAD BUNCH. Most of us HERE are PART of the Arts and Sciences to be found in Chicago. Our women are either at the helm, or supporting the man or woman they want at the helm. From six to sixty, we are infected with GO and justify our reputations. Sometimes men and women of eighty startle us with their sudden demonstrations that age IS only a matter of figures, and MENTAL ACTIVITY PROVES PERPETUAL YOUTH. No matter, Mrs. Kellogg, how dreamy-eyed we APPEAR to you, possibly we may be only taking a breathing spell,—planning our next MOVE. We MIGHT be storing

The Honey-Hulla dancer had all the grace and agility of the native Hawaiian. The guitars were dreamily and perfectly played. I loved it all—I was lost.

ammunition for attack—never can tell," she warned with a smile.

"Bravo," came from the lips of a few.

"Loyal little Chicago miss," spoke Dr. Coleman.

"Trust Madge for a smart defense," came from another.

"Nothing of the sort," corrected Madge, "I'm only emphasizing the actual status of our BRILLIANT BUDS."

'TIS SO!

Madge is a clever girl! She's athletic—strong of character—a loyal peach!

Had I dared, in Madge's house, to have spoken as she did, I WOULD. I was a guest, but happy Madge had the courage to let the old fat worm know where to get off at, and that ALL OF US AREN'T RACING AFTER FANCY "COATS". Madge hit straight while she was hammering.

Susan Kellogg is a scratchy creature.

I like loving kittens; but I don't like green-eyed, porky KATS!

CONCEDED! I KNOW I'M A KAT, too;—but were I visiting Susan's southern city—MEBBE I'D THINK IT—but I'd NEVER SAY IT,—that the women were minus pep.

Susan's brain has a slow leak—oozes a poor line of chatter for a house-party. She's short weight, mentally,—perhaps capable of doing the left-right, left-right—stuff, and can answer "present", but not much more. However, SHE HAS CUTE DIMPLES, and is PRETTY—which plainly compensates with MOST MEN.

BLUBBERING SIMPS!—BUT HOW MEN RACE AFTER A WIDOW'S DIMPLES!

THE AVERAGE MAN HAS TO HAVE HIS OPTICS TREATED FOLLOWING THE STRAIN OF WATCHING A PAIR OF SHAPELY ANKLES!

Wonder if Bennie compared Susan Kellogg with the others?

I DID—but SILENTLY!

I'd like to put my little Frisco on the map, and tell the truth to some folks once in a while. In the case of SUSAN, it would lay my trump card on the table—so I DASN'T! Guess I'll have to content myself with my Diary. THAT'S SOME COMFORT!

My conscience is becoming more elastic every minute. Wonder if I ever had any too much?

I, Nan, sense the thing I OUGHT to do, but DO the thing that WON'T leave me a social flat-tire! That's the idea!

Have already lived seventeen years and a few months of my allotted time,—at best, I've only fifty-three years left.

So far, I haven't had many plans and dreams; but lately I've started to HANKER for the things money CAN'T BUY. Prudence says THAT is the beginning of ACCOMPLISHING SOMETHING. HOPE SO.

It's exciting, just to plan how to KEEP BENNIE from some one else. Also, I want to HANG ON TO DICKY. And all the while KEEP THE OTHER FELLOWS GUESSING and WANTING my love.

That's a full-sized job for a "B. B."!

I, Nan, am in love with Bennie and secretly engaged to him; nearly engaged to Dicky, who is certainly in love with me; and playing a swift game with several more. THAT'S GOING SOME!

Even tho I don't like her, the WID is an irritating competitor! She's about fifteen years older than I am—a fine dancer—has had any number MORE EXPERIENCES than I've had—is quite musical, playing the sex-opeal in great shape. Sometimes Susan looks at me, as much as to say:

"YOU INDEPENDENT LITTLE, BOARD-WALK BROILER!"

THE JEALOUS KUMQUAT!

THE SLIPPERY WORM!

Wonder what will happen next!

Wish I could look into the future!

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Siggy and I made an appointment with a fortune teller. Fortune tellers can't tell me any more about myself than I already know; but it's heaps of fun to listen. I'm curious—so is Siggy.

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Sunday, 8 A. M.

It's so quiet around me, I can almost hear my hair grow.

If I want some noise, I'll have to adorn my legs in loud socks.

BALLOONS—DREAMS—either one easily punctured.

NO KIDDING—'S TRUTH!

The church-bells are ringing!

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Later.

Here's another note I just discovered:
Final fun!
Was up so late Sunday, that Monday morning I felt like a bedraggled remnant.
Everybody ate a splendid breakfast. I gorged on the maple-popovers.
Someone was playing the pipe-organ beautifully—March Triumphant—put pep in the guests.
The men were a bit nervous to get to their offices or schools.
The girls had one glorious time—not so anxious to depart.
Madge made a wonderful hostess, and her father and mother were PERFECT CHAPERONS—knew exactly what to do and what NOT. SOME FINE ART, THAT!

Wish I'd taken more notes. Regardless of dear old SEQUENCE, I may yet remember several spicy "twicks".

It was SOME HUMDINGER of a house-party!

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Allen gave me a wonderful week-end traveling bag. It has a safety lock on it. Glorious against prying maids and snoopy guests; and there are a few of those, too.

Trying new brand of cigarettes. They don't just soothe right. Perhaps after "more-ish" they'll be "better-ish"!

Time to turn in!

NIGHT!

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Wednesday.

Going to Esther Blair's bridge and dancing party tomorrow night. Dinner follows at midnight.

BENNIE IS TO BE MY ESCORT!

He called me not three minutes before Whitney, and twenty before Dicky. It certainly gave my vanity human enlargement to have those three sheiks ask me so closely as to the clock. Also it was a heap of satisfaction to turn Dicky down.

I'd love to have had WHITNEY ask me FIRST, in order that I might have turned Bennie down, as a little punishment.

Am fearful lest BENNIE thinks he's the only paddle in my canoe!

HEAVINGS!—but the lake is rough!

FEEL QUEER!

SORT OF, HALF NOT HERE! AWFULLY DIZZY FEEL!

Something tells me that I'm going to be AINT!

'SAWFUL SENSATION! Like going down in an express elevator!

SUSPENSE IS FIERCE!

Something "hoits" around my heart!

Sense the coming of a CRISIS!

First, I had a desperate case of FEVER; now, just plain CHILLS! Next stage will be the grand FINISH!

Love is a funny DISease! It gives me the creeps!

Love is something like a mad-dog bite—frightens you at first—finally you just WAIT FOR RESULTS!

I, NAN, am WAITIN'!

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Madeline Carpenter's house-party is called off. They're all in quarantine. Madeline's brother has scarlet fever.

Wish SUSAN were in quarantine!

HA! HA! GRITING MY TEETH! BRrrrrrr!

Look out, SUSIE,—cross PUP after your footens!

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Friday, 2:30 A. M.

Will never forget Thursday night's party!

It CAMETH—it WENTETH!

Have a queer ache in my brain, as tho someone had whacked me on the skull and told me to smile.

AM SO upset—'way ahead of my story!

DARN SEQUENCE!

It's impossible for me to write ANYTHING in rotation—let alone a spiffy secret-diary! Am not on speaking terms with SEQUENCE just now!

Too PREZACKLY PRECISENESS, and I'd be so UNREAL—wouldn't know myself. Would imagine I had HIGH-BROW BLOOD-PRESSURE!

Just GOT to have my secrets jotted in my Diary as they spill from my pen. My brain functions in jerks, anyway.

SEQUENCE is cross-eyed watching my fizzling efforts—struggling to keep me in some semblance of journalistic shape. Can't be did.

IF YOU SEE THE TAIL OF MY CAT FIRST, THAT'S NO SIGN YOU WON'T HEAR ITS MEW SOONER OR LATER!

GO ON, NAN,—BE YOURSELF! 'STIME!

During the party last night, Dicky and I sat out one of our dances in the attractive solarium. He became marvelously loving, and in a moment of glorious passion, dropped to one knee, exclaiming:

"Nan, baby, I ADORE YOU! DO you love me tonight MORE THAN ANY MAN ON EARTH?—DO YOU?"

"Tonight—YES," I desperately and deliberately LIED, to save my vanity, and to please Dicky-boy.

I, NAN, HAVE A NECK-TO-NECK RACE TO WIN WITH THE WIDOW. MY LIGHT'S GROWING DIM with BENNIE. HAD to have an emergency HANDY.

MEN EAT FLATTERY! (GIRLS MORE OFTEN JUST PRETEND TO.)

"LOVE ME MORE THAN ANY MAN ON EARTH?" I can hear him now.

BAH! MALE CONCEIT!

Dicky is my SECOND BEST, but at that he is NOT FAR AHEAD OF WHITNEY, who is daily sending me flowers

and lovely gifts to show his admiration. Whitney does not take me off my feet in his courtship. He's desperately in earnest, but quiet, deep, determined. Competition only makes him work harder. He isn't much on NOISE!

WHOA? WHOA! SEQUENCE!

DIARY! BACK TO DICKY!

"Better than any man on earth!" And we aren't even engaged! CAN YOU BEAT THAT?

PRIMITIVE, DEMANDING or SENTIMENTAL—males are absolutely INDISPENSABLE!

Dicky's surely a whizz, anyway, and persistently HE-MAN! I'll say that for him!

Wish it possible to believe Dicky means all he says to me, and would mean it in the years to come.

BUT when I, Nan, plainly observe signal reasons why I have to doubt MY BENNIE, I can't see the good sense in trusting DICKY.

It's in the breed, BEGOSH! Males are males!

I'm the first flapper Dicky ever TAUGHT, and the only female to place him on probation. He has no doubt made desperate love to many of the older girls, but never to any of the younger set.

How dumbfounded he was when I didn't flop all over myself because his wooing didn't TAKE with me. But I "DINT", as Siggy Betooson Larsen's mother would say.

I, Nan Livingstone, NEVER flatter myself that men mean one-tenth of what they rattle from their trembling lips and let escape in emotional speeches.

The more violently they kiss me the more certain I am that they are CONSUMING GLORIOUS TIME.

Most of 'em get so convincing with passion that they wouldn't recognize their speeches if they heard 'em recorded next day. 'STRUTH!

Several men have made desperate love to me, who first practiced on my girl friends.

I, Nan, have learned a heap for one of my years!

Prudence says I'm twenty-five in SOME THINGS, and six months in others.

MEBBE! At least, I'm slightly impressed with the insinuation of Prudence. She means o.k.

I SENSE THINGS!

AM KEEN ON SYMPTOMS!

Dicky Thornton THINKS right now that he means every word he says, BUT—

Well, HE isn't lying any more than I AM!

It's a great old world, and requires a REAL GAMBLER to WIN OR LOSE—one whose expression is that of a game poker player.

Wonder whether his lies to me or my lies to him will do either of us any good!

Dicky THINKS he is telling the truth!

I KNOW I'M LYING! JUST PLAIN LYING!

I WANT BENNIE! MAGNETIC BENNIE!

If I, Nan, CAN'T have Bennie, and the Widow gets him from me, WELL—

AS I SAID BEFORE: "In MY life NO WEEPS"!

YOUTH IS MINE! ABSOLUTELY MINE!

DICKY IS A TRUMP CARD!

To BENNIE Dicky is an ugly SORE!

While the WIDOW yodels her love into BENNIE'S eager ears, I'll need ALL my boy friends, and MORE.

Susan Kellogg has learned to twirl the lariat about that big boy-baby with the assurance of an expert.

If ever SHE ran for President, all the males on the other tickets would be vamped into retiring in her favor.

Daniel Boone would roll right over on State Street if SUSAN commanded. She has HER methods, by gum!

As a future wife, she MAY NOT be a complete knockout to Bennie, but I have my "SPISHIES".

Just took a short nip of wine. Thought perhaps it would stimulate me a little. Nothing doing. Too sleepy to care any more.

Must close in a minute or two.

Can hear the horses' hoofs pulling the milk wagons. Click-click! Clickle-te-click! Click-click! Then the poor beast stands still for a while—unless he "paws" the pavement.

FINALLY:

I'm no piker! THE BATTLE'S ON IN EARNEST!

WAR! WOMEN! WOE! ALL SAMEE!

If the Armore house-party was a sample of how loyal Bennie expects to be to me—think I'll do a few MORE stunts, and show him that side-stepping is not confined to HIM ONLY. I COULD show him how little any ONE particular man means in my young life!

Bennie must NOT know I have discovered his flirtation unless I actually catch him performing. Neither must he know it hurts a little bit. How he'd glory!

THAT'S THE PLASTIC CONCEIT OF THE MALE! GOOD NIGHTY!

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November 20.

Mother intends giving a Thanksgiving Dinner Party—followed by an informal dance, to which others will be invited. This will be her first semi-formal dinner since she became Mrs. Allen J. B. Arnold. She has engaged two harps, two violins, one cello, four ukes, and one Hawaiian strum instrument from the same agency where she engaged her wedding music.

Allen (Daddy) has been lovely to me. Think he's worried for fear Bennie and I have fallen too much for each other. Recently he mentioned something about "youth requiring youth", and that I must "play about more with the younger crowd and enter into the spirit of childhood." It sounded asthmatic, but I accepted it as WELL INTENDED BUT RATHER LATE IN DELIVERY.

Dicky isn't as young as some of the boys, but he is sufficiently young for me. Many of the girls are going about with boys older than Dicky—so THAT'S THAT!

Bennie is several years older than Dicky, and just twice my age.

Neither Allen nor mother can ever make a final decision for me.

IF I MAKE A SAP MESS OF MY LIFE, I CAN ONLY THANK NAN.

So far I've had heaps of thrills and zippy kicks in my glorious seventeen years! Of course, there's been a few heart-jabs, but nothing seriously lasting.

At least I've not been forced to walk home but twice, and then not until I'd first partaken of a delicious dinner and a good show. Both events were worth the WALK.

SEQUENCE—GOOD NIGHT!

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SOP! November 30th.
GEDUNK!
SPLASH!
EVERYTHING'S SMASHED!
Thanksgiving is past tense now.
Guess I'm past tense, too, as far as Bennie is concerned.
Anyway, I'm AINT!
Diary, hearest thou? I'm AINT!

For weeks I've silently watched BENNIE flirt with SUSAN KELLOGG, and knew she was weaving a clever, insinuating net about him. Bennie, at his age, didn't need me to warn him. He liked the WIDOW'S influence, or he'd never easily and gullibly flown into her web.

Well, this is the sad tale:

(GIVE ME AIR!)

Just before time to enter mother's perfectly appointed dining room she sent me to the conservatory on an errand.

THERE, directly before my eyes was SUSAN KELLOGG, leaning against MY BENNIE'S SHIRT-FRONT in the most devoted manner, his amorous arms about her, and his eyes gazing into hers as tho he had just DISCOVERED HIS YOUTH. Couldn't quite get all they were saying but they were MOONING IN FINE SHAPE!

A thorn from one of the rose bushes must have touched her finger.

Bennie kissed it passionately again and again.

I shall never see a Rambler Rose but it will remind me of her.

Of course, Susan pretended the "hurt" was much worse than it really was, just to keep Bennie busy.

His kisses were as passionate as any he had ever given to me; and his LOVING—SUCH AS A GIRL DREAMS ABOUT IN HER WILDEST FANCY.

BENNIE IS SOME PERFECT LOVER, even tho fickle!
I WAS TRANSFIXED!
All I could do was to GAZE and GASP!
MY LEGS WOULDN'T MOVE!
IT'S A WONDER I COULD STAND!
MY BUDDHA POPPA!
MY SHEIK!
MY BIG-BEN!
MY MODEL!
MY BENNIE!
MY **LOVE!**
GONE!

I SMILED ALL THE SMILE I COULD POSSIBLY MUSTER.

IN SOME MANNER MY DRY THROAT RELAXED.
I COUGHED!
THEY JUMPED GUILTILY!
I LAUGHED!
I TRIED TO LAUGH NATURALLY! SAUCILY! CARELESSLY! TEASINGLY! MERRILY!

HELL! IT WAS HARD!

IN MY POOR HEART IT WAS SICKENING!

OH, HOW I, NAN, DID LAUGH!

HOW I DID LAUGH!

Bennie's expression was that of a man seeing an apparition.

Susan pretended, kitten-like, to giggle and stammer her most virtuous mortification.

WHAT ACTRESSES THE STAGE HAS MISSED!

I shook my finger at the astonished pair, saying:

"You two sweethearts had better come to dinner. It has been announced. Mother is waiting for you. I know it's GREAT—this loving business, but there'll be HEAPS OF TIME after you eat some of the delicious turkey."

I SMILED ALL THE SMILE I COULD POSSIBLY MUSTER.

My heart tried to overcome my common sense but I CARRIED ON. This was MY opportunity to PROVE my gameness.

My throat seemed suddenly dry, but I managed somehow, some way, to make exactly the kind of speech I WANTED to make if such a hideous occasion presented itself.

I KNOW POSITIVELY that I did NOT laugh HYSTERICALLY or vindictively. Rather, just TEASINGLY —MERRILY—and like a REAL SPORT! But certainly, I LAUGHED!

Susan Kellogg twisted and smirked consciously and purringly. The wretched, old KAT! She was inwardly tickled pink; and I, NAN, (HURRAH) WAS A GAME LOSER!

MY POOR BENNIE!

It was pitiful that I had to catch him, and SEE HIM!

Why did I have to bump into THAT!

When I said "THERE'LL BE HEAPS OF TIME," etc., Bennie got my meaning perfectly. HE KNEW a girl with my independence would see that HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME IN THE FUTURE!

Secretly, the dinner was spoiled for me. But I played the game of "Make Believe," and flirted with young Doctor Butterworth, Dicky Thornton, Scott Adams (son of Insull Adams), and Whitney Harriman (who came west for this special occasion), until I was even ashamed of myself for my lies, my pretenses, my deceit.

Scott Adams sat directly across from me with Reene. He was ready with quick, witty answers, and made a fine guest.

Doctor Butterworth sat at my left with Madeline Carpenter. He is a fairly new member of our set and already quite popular.

Whitney Harriman was paired off with Judy, and her running fun and repartee compensated for his disappointment in not having me for his dinner partner. Whitney's eyes were mostly for me, ALL SAMEE! I LIKE THAT KID A WHOLE LOT!

Buddy had one of mother's house-guests. As he secretly expressed it to me: "She's a nice OLD flapper—still trying recipes."

Dicky Thornton was my dinner partner. Conversation never lagged. His little speeches were nothing less than gems of wit and charm. He was devoted to me; which must have nettled Bennie.

Not a single soul could have told that my heart was torn—not even Prudence, who is marvelously quick to sense the least mental change in me. In fact, during the meal, I really appreciated Dicky Thornton all the more because of what he had so patiently endured from me. I knew him to be a persistent lover, generous and thoughtful, as well as deserving of a better reward than I had previously given him. My particular bugaboo seemed to be that Dicky lacked the romance of being the particular man to whom my mother and Allen OBJECTED.

Bennie NOW being out of the running, I let Dicky take the bit between his lovely teeth, and right then and there everything shaped itself perfectly.

OPPOSITION ALWAYS HAS A PECULIAR EFFECT ON ME!

MEBBE that was why I was so determined to KEEP my Bennie.

MEBBE.

HONESTLY, I LOVE HIM!

BUT, NEVER AGAIN WILL I ADMIT IT TO THE SHEIK OF SHEIKS!

MEBBE that isn't REAL LOVE according to Prudence's version, but it's all I know, and NAN'S WAY!

FOREVER, I, NAN, HAVE BURIED MY LOVE FOR BENNIE!

FOREVER, AS FAR AS ANY LIVING SOUL CAN SEE!

FOREVER!

After dinner there was the music for dancing—beautiful and dreamy.

I had several numbers with various guests.

At last it was Dicky's turn. We danced for a few moments, then he suggested that we go to the Solarium, where he had so much to tell me.

No hesitation on my part!

I KNEW!

It was Dicky's inning—his turn to WIN.

BENNIE AND SUSAN were already there as we entered. At first they did not notice us, but I SAW THEM DISTINCTLY. BENNIE HAD LOST HIS ENTHUSIASM. The widow was courting madly, trying to revive something she evidently thought was gone. Gosh, wids can work!

DICKY, my Lothario, was easily led to a bench where the other two might get an EAR FULL. He was nervous to begin—much like a fidgety colt, tied against his will.

"NAN, BABY, don't put me off any longer. I can't endure it to see these men so infatuated with you, and not have the right to let them know you belong to me. They are all trying to win your love and hand. Please, baby dearest, promise to be my wife. PROMISE NOW, WON'T YOU?"

Bennie had HIS jolt as he heard Dicky's proposal and my acceptance. Hope it jarred him like a wreck.

(Could it have been better? Wasn't Dicky a luscious peach?)

BENNIE AND THE WIDOW WERE SUDDENLY STILL. They heard and listened. They dared not move. They were directly behind the palms, and we were just to one side, not ten feet from them. Bennie's eardrums must have ached. Hope he needed laudanum to stop the pain. He certainly heard plenty when I gave my answer to Dicky:

"Until tonight, Dicky, I have refused to accept your wonderful love, but it just seems to me that I am convinced, against all odds, that we should marry."

"Am I dreaming? Do you actually mean it? After all my pleading, have you at last consented?" DICKY WAS SO IN EARNEST.

BENNIE HAD HIS JOLT! He was hearing plenty!

Dicky and I couldn't have rehearsed anything which would have stung Bennie more than what actually transpired. Dicky pled most vehemently, and once more repeated his prayer:

"PLEASE, BABY DEAREST, PROMISE NOW!"

"I PROMISE NOW," I responded, TRUSTING BENNIE would burst a blood-vessel as he listened to his "NAN, DARLIN'," consenting to become the bride of another.

DICKY KISSED ME DIVINELY—HIS OWN BRAND!

Bennie and Susan must have seen THAT, too. Hope they did. It was DICKY'S BEST!

Dicky placed a marvelous diamond on the third finger of my left hand. Said he had carried it ever since the first time he proposed to me. He felt that even tho I had refused him at that time, some day he would be able to convince me of the sincerity of his love, and win mine in return. He kissed the ring and my fingers several times, and emotionally coaxed:

"Let's tell your mother and have her make the announcement this memorable evening. Are you willing, Baby?"

"LET'S," was my impulsive reply.

I wanted to give Bennie all he had NOT been expecting when HE passionately KISSED the WIDOW.

Prudence was sincerely pleased, and looked very much relieved as she kissed me, then Dicky—and lastly lead Allen to one side, confiding our secret to him. I saw Allen nod in

a pleased way, and a broad smile illumine his countenance. He, too, evidently, was relieved and satisfied.

I was terribly excited, but tried awfully hard to appear calm and just peacefully happy.

I was about as happy as a young colt with burrs in its mane;—every time the colt moves, the burrs scratch. Pleasant mustard.

Dicky was radiant, delightfully attentive, proud and demonstrative,—almost too much so in his frank joy.

Special cocktails were served. Allen made his first fatherly speech. It was a HUMDINGER—flattering—witty—unusual. I never knew it was in him. No wonder he is a success in the court-room. He convinced everyone that I was almost an angel.

If it weren't for the LOAD NEAR MY HEART, I'd grow chesty!

First, Allen made each guest feel the welcome on the mat; then he brought about the surprise announcement: "My little girl, who had seen fit this day to accept still newer relationships," etc. He gallantly mentioned Dick's successes, fine family, and last of all the ENGAGEMENT.

For an instant you could have heard a pin drop—but after the guests had recovered from their surprise, everyone (excepting Bennie and Snappy) was offering best wishes. It was Insull Adams who first succeeded in toasting congratulations, to which the guests eagerly drank.

Susan re-entered the room during the speech.

THAT CONNIVING, FAT FEMALE OF THE SPECIE!

I don't know now whether Bennie deliberately left her in the Solarium, or whether she'd just been roaming alone in the meanwhile, hunting for a trough. Was too excited to care very much, just so long as BENNIE WAS THERE, and he DECIDEDLY WAS, and with an expression of despair defying description.

Real tears fell from Bennie's eyes. He got busy, but I saw them fall ALL SAMEE. He wiped his nose as an excuse, but failed to hide the plainly written story. OTHERS SAW IT, TOO.

All the boys knew I had gone about with Bennie a great deal, so rather thought my protecting pal ought to offer a toast, and suggested it. Only I knew how difficult it was

for him. If that moment wasn't the most trying of his life, then I miss my guess.

Bennie's wonderful eyes—so filled with regret—sought mine for an instant.

I understood. His expression almost tore out my heart, to say nothing of my resolutions. He was using every human effort to hide his misery. Finally he commenced:

"You all know," he sighed resignedly, "how frequently my little pal and I have gone about. I feel like an older brother—maybe a bit dearer and nearer. OF COURSE, I offer my truest congratulations to the lucky fellow who has won my pal away; but to NAN, DARLIN' (for she'll be that to me as long as she lives), I offer not only my sincerest good wishes, but openly state, that at any time she is in need, in trouble, worried, in pain, unhappy, or SORRY—I WANT HER TO COME BACK TO ME, her BIG-BEN, and I'll do my honest bit to relieve any suffering she may have, give her the happiness she always deserves, and do it WITHOUT STRINGS ATTACHED." Then, suddenly facing me, he concluded: "Nan, I wish you a life of peace, love and happiness—no one can wish you more."

By this time there wasn't a dry eye in the room. DICKY COULDN'T resent Bennie's remarks, as they had been made so frankly and before ALL the guests—also, everybody's tears had put a rather sacred tone to it; yet, I listened and understood better than anyone present.

BENNIE WAS TALKING DURING THE FUNERAL OF OUR DREAMS!

HE WAS BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE LOVE HE, HIMSELF, HAD MURDERED. HE WAS SORRY—TERRIBLY, TERRIBLY SORRY!

I was almost too overcome for utterance.

Allen was going thru some sort of pantomime, telling me to respond.

At last I found my voice:

"Truly, Daddy, dear, I'm grateful to be called 'daughter' by so fine a man as you. Even tho we may not always agree, I'll forever love and respect you for your unselfish interest." (Mother took his hand in hers. He beamed with appreciation.) "And lastly I want to thank my Big-Ben for HIS LOVE and—and—LOYALTY." (I looked directly into Bennie's eyes.) "IT HAS BEEN TESTED, AND THAT IS THE QUALITY THAT COUNTS MOST IN LIFE."

"Nan, I wish you a life of peace, love, and happiness,—no one can wish you more".

(Then I looked away, as I distinctly saw Bennie choke down a sob.) "Again I sincerely thank you ALL for your good wishes."

BENNIE GOT ME STRAIGHT!

HE FULLY UNDERSTOOD!

HE WAS GUILTY AS HELL, AND WAS CRUSHED THAT HIS OWN LUST HAD FOUND HIM OUT!

For once, BENJAMIN KENESAW ARNOLD forgot to go out into the cool night air—to open the solarium window (the windshield of memory) as a bracer against enticement when TEMPTRESS SUSAN KELLOGG plotted to lead him astray.

BENNIE FORGOT! HE FORGOT ME!

He knew that kissing the WIDOW would turn the trick of two lives. Nevertheless, HE KISSED HER! And I, Nan, SAW the SICKENING SIGHT! (Once I wrote that my jealousy was slowly turning to nausea. So 'TIS!)

MEBBE—he truly DID forget. Just MEBBE!

MEBBE—at the moment he didn't even try to remember his "Nan, darlin'!"

MEBBE A MILLION EXCUSES—NO REASONS!

Dicky was restless—eager to toast. At last it was his turn. He was like an old fire-horse—ready to lunge at the sound of the alarm. His was a verbal stream of delicate compliments and loving appreciation. Thought he'd burst his shirt-front with pride as he spoke of his "beautiful bride to-be."

But—

OH, DIARY! How I do wish that BENNIE, my only BUDDHA POPPA, HAD NEVER KISSED THE WIDOW!

How I wish I'd never, NEVER WITNESSED HIS PASSION!

It was SEEING IT—ALWAYS RECALLING THE PICTURE—and with my own eyes being forced to realize IT HAPPENED! THAT'S what makes it all so much more REVOLTING!

A girl possibly can forgive deceit in a man, when she has not witnessed it. But to SEE it—NEVER!

IT WAS HIDEOUS! IT WAS HELL!

MY BENNIE—strong as an ox—weak as a baby—and the WIDOW'S INNING! Indeed, the able, ample, widow's SUCCESSFUL BATTLE!

Don't know who wrote this—it may not even be quoted correctly—but as far as I can remember it reads like this:

"OH, MY MAN! I LOVE HIM SO!
HE'LL NEVER KNOW
ALL MY LIFE IS JUST DESPAIR!
BUT I DON'T CARE—
I LOVE HIM SO! I MUST NOT SHOW
I LOVE HIM SO!
THE YEARS WILL COME! THE YEARS WILL GO!
HE MUST NOT KNOW
MY WEARY HEART—FROM HIM APART
IS ACHING SO
THAT I CAN'T SHOW—AND HE CAN'T KNOW
I LOVE HIM SO!"

Perhaps not very good poetry, but full of meaning. IT GOT ME! So, I'm trying to write what I can remember of it.

(HUMP! I'm running off track again.)

After the congratulations were over, we again danced. Of course, my first dance was with Dicky.

Then Allen came to me, and I fox-trotted with him. The old dear dances worse than ever—stiff-legged. Music is so much noise to him. He has no sense of grace or rhythm—just GOOSE-STEPS and PUMP-HANDLES.

Prudence evidently likes it. She chose it for life.

Allen's been wonderfully good to me, anyway; and intended everything for my good. To him, marriage between Bennie and me is impossible ONLY because of our ages—January and June. He felt that by the time Bennie was sixty, I WOULD BE MISERABLE.

MEBBE?
MEBBE!
IT WOULD BE UNNATURAL for us to FOREVER REMAIN HAPPY under such circumstances—Mebbe.
PERHAPS IT IS ALL FOR THE BEST!
JUST PERHAPS!
P E R H A P S !

The THIRD dance BENNIE was by my side.
"Guess this is ours, NAN, DARLIN'." By this time he had regained perfect control.
"Indeed, yes, if—if—IF THE WIDOW WON'T OBJECT."
(That skirt is so shamelessly fat, she looks like a juicy frankfurter ready to burst.)
BENNIE SCOWLED!
He looked at my ring—it fairly dazzled him.
We danced away from the others.
Bet the WID would have loved to put in her little two cents, but she "DINT."

"NAN, DARLIN'—I'M SUFFERING HELL. PLEASE understand me when I tell you that Susan Kellogg means nothing to me. IT WAS ONLY THE EMOTION OF THE MOMENT. PASSION PREVIOUSLY SUPPRESSED. WHEN SHE ONCE GOT ME GOING—I MOMENTARILY FORGOT. NAN, I'LL GO MAD if you marry Richard Thornton! MAD! MAD!"
I was almost speechless.
BENNIE, THE CALM, speaking like that.
HE WAS FIERCELY IN EARNEST!
"Darlin', I never gave her the spiritual love I've given you; neither were the kisses alike. She was an aftermath of the days when older women figured in my life."

"BUT I SAW THE TERRIBLE PASSION OF YOUR KISSES," I protested. "THEY WERE VIOLENT! THEY WERE HIDEOUS!"

"NAN—NAN—SHE ONLY——"

"Appealed to your passions as many another woman has done and will do. Let us change the subject. You SHOULD LOVE HER, for she has a perfect right to THINK you do, after WHAT I SAW—AND SHE EXPERIENCED."

"Nan, darlin', for God's sake be reasonable," he beseeched, as we continued dancing to the beautiful strains of "Dream Waltz."

"I'm more than reasonable that I dance with you at all, after what has transpired between us. DO YOU REALIZE, BENNIE, THAT I HAD TO SILENTLY VIEW AND SUFFER A COMPLETE RECITAL OF YOUR PASSIONATE CARESSES AND KISSES WITH THAT WOMAN? Now, Bennie, nobody knows—not even Susan—that there ever has been anything between us, AND NOBODY EVER SHALL. You've gone too far with Susan FOR ME TO AGAIN HAVE A LASTING FAITH. Besides, I am now the promised wife of Dicky Thornton, and I am going to keep my promise to him, unless he performs as you have done. Try to be more loyal to SUSAN than you were to ME. I'M THRU—ABSOLUTELY THRU—with anything between us EXCEPTING a beautiful friendship. I will be unable to forget, and WANTING YOU ALWAYS FOR MY BIG-BEN."

"Nan, you are cruel for one of your years."

"Had I been cruel, I would have struck you—disfigured you with scratches—it came to my mind. But I endured—and tried to cremate the sweetest, holiest love that will ever come to either of us!"

"Had you struck me, I would have rejoiced. It would have proven you were jealous. What you DID, has only made misery for us all." He sighed despondently.

"That is your idea of excusing yourself," I flared back.

"Darlin'," he tried once more. "It was all over in one moment—a physical mistake—A TERRIBLE MISTAKE. TAKE ME BACK AGAIN, I BEG OF YOU. IT WAS MY DAMNABLE, HOT, SOFT-BRAIN, AND NOT MY HEART WHICH FAILED ME. I ADORE YOU! I ADORE YOU!"

"STOP!—BENNIE! I DON'T WISH TO LISTEN! EVEN WHILE SUSAN'S STANDING OVER THERE WAITING FOR YOU—TRUSTING YOU—YOU'RE DECEIVING HER!"

The muscles of Bennie's face worked convulsively as he raged:

"SHE CAN GO TO HELL! I HATE MYSELF—YES, HATE, HATE, HATE MYSELF for being such a rotten, weak idiot! Again, Nan, I repeat in all honesty, that it was my damnable flesh and NOT my heart that made me such a fool! I KNOW YOU SAW! I'M ASHAMED! I'm NOT trying to deny my idiotic actions! If it would do any good, I'd choke Susan Kellogg until her tongue hangs out—I could cut out her crafty heart and throw it to the swine! THE INSTANT I HEARD YOUR SWEET VOICE, THE SPELL WAS BROKEN! I HATED HER THEN! I HATE HER NOW! I swear to God that Susan Kellogg was only a pastime! For the sake of our future, promise me, Nan, darlin', THAT I CAN WIN YOU FOR MINE ONCE MORE!

It was pitiful—PITIFUL!
My throat was filled with tears!
I could not speak!
Bennie, too, was completely overcome!
MY HEART WAS BREAKING!

TRUE, it had been but a pastime PASSION with BENNIE—but there is ONE thing a woman wants in the man she finally accepts—ONE THING ABOVE ALL ELSE—AND THAT IS, ALL OF HIM. His kisses are as sacred to her as his body. And when FAITH is shattered, NOTHING is ever the same, no matter what she SAYS or PRETENDS. Faith in a man — PERFECT FAITH — is what makes a woman's world go round. FAITH SPAT UPON—TRUST and LOVE KICKED IN THE FACE—no luxury on earth can compensate for their elimination. LOVE treated like that SLOWLY STARVES and DIES.

Tears were in the eyes of us both.

Didn't know I had so much strength in this young-woman-body of mine.

I ended the heart-breaking agony:
"It's too late, Bennie, dear. WHAT I SAW WAS YOUR OWN CHOICE, and will forever mock the PERFECT ADORATION I once held for you. To say I don't love you would be a lie; but gradually, if I see you less and less, I'll learn to forget yearning for the impossible—and accept the love of Richard Thornton."

At this moment DICKY was by my side. Bennie gamely grasped his hand, saying:

"Dick, old man, you've won the most lovable little girl on earth. I congratulate you, but—but—old top, 'All's fair in love or war,' so the cleverest man finally wins TO KEEP."

"Surely you mean that fairly and not insultingly?" He clung to Bennie's hand with both of his, as he tried to calm him, hesitating to raise a scene in our home.

"Of course, I mean it fairly," Bennie half laughed, as he easily freed his hand. "But you've done this thing rather suddenly—sort of taken the wind out of all of us. See to your laurels. You've yet to make the home-run."

"In other words," smiled diplomatic Dick, "Nan and I are not yet married, and there's many a slip, according to your estimate—eh?"

"That's just the point, Thornton; but I hope the best man wins to KEEP."

"Thanks, Arnold, but I've yet to lose anything honestly won, so your insinuations are not worrying me in the least."

That remark from Dicky was caused because of bitterness. He had endured about all he intended, even in MY home. I felt the heat of temper consuming the two men.

Dicky expected the instant he was thru his dialogue with Bennie, to put his arms about me and glide away. But my vanity had experienced a jolt. He "never lost anything honestly won." Bennie's insinuations were "not worrying Dicky in the least."

At that moment Doctor Butterworth conveniently joined us. I lifted my arms in such a manner that the Doctor understood perfectly—placed his arm about me—clasped my extended hand as tho we had had that dance promised some time before. Away we glided, chatting like magpies.

Dick was flabbergasted.

Bennie smiled a quiet, sardonic smile, I, alone, understood.

Doctor Butterworth and I danced serenely on. I flirted desperately with him. The old sport fell for my false happiness and quite ignored that only a short while before, my engagement had been announced to another man. He held me close. Touched his lips to my hair. I let my warm ear contact his cheek.

"Miss Livingstone, DON'T go thru with this engagement. Dick Thornton is a fine fellow—heaps of coin, and all that,

but—but you are too young to settle down NOW. Think it over carefully for at least a year before you set any date. Will you promise that much?"

"It's been terribly lonesome since mother married. I didn't think anyone gave my age a thought," I sighed as convincingly as possible.

"Gad—I've thought of your age—your charms—your sweet self—but reasoned I'd be an infant-thief even if I tried to caress you. Here these other fellows have been in mad pursuit all the while I've tried to act like a fellow would want some other man to act toward his sister."

"That's what they did in mother's age, perhaps, but nowadays folks do as they please, and——"

"Do their thinking and regretting afterward," he finished for me.

"Suppose so—but—personally—you don't care—" I urged like a vamping she-villain.

"Don't care!" he exclaimed. "Why, child, you're the most lovable girl I know. Were you not now publicly engaged to Thornton—I'd—I'd——"

I snuggled closer, and let my optics search his until I had that SENTIMENTAL GEEZER GOING and COMING.

"Yes?" I half sung, "tell me, Doctor—you don't know how impressed I've been—with you—but—I thought you'd come TO ME if YOU cared."

"You blessed kid — you adorable teaser — I'M RIGHT HERE NOW to tell the world that no matter to whom you are engaged—I'm still in the race. Get me, little one?"

GLORIA SNIGGLEFRITZ!

PET LOONS!

SAUER BRATEN!

Dr. Butterworth is either absolutely nutty over me, or he's the GAYEST OLD STRINGER in this windy burg! I've heard girls tell about his "BAD EYES" and "SACCHARINE SPEECHES"—but tonight—Oh, Boy!—he let loose beautifully. Guess I can keep up with that smart pair of spats for a mile or two.

"Dicky's looking daggers at us—let's glide over his way," I suggested by way of finishing the convulsion.

"Just as you say—for this time—I'll call up around one tomorrow afternoon—may I?" he coaxed.

"Make it five o'clock—I've a date at Jane Thorndyke's Dansant during the afternoon."

"I'll drop in to the Thorndyke studio for a cup of tea, and have a dance with you, if I may, DEAREST," he bit perfectly.

"As you wish—I'll be watching for you, DEAR."

HOUZAT FOR A BAD LI'L GOOD GIRL?

WELL—just THIS — neither of us deserves to be taken seriously—we're both DANGER-DANGLERS and are subject to sudden attacks of TEMPORARY HEART CRUSHES. TOOT!

Have only one excuse to offer—AM SICK OVER BENNIE'S KISSING THE WIDOW—feel like going on a three-day drunk!

NO USE GETTING PIE-EYED, though! Will just pitch in and do my durndest!

'SALL DONE NOW!

THE WID'S PRETTY ROUND FACE GOT MY BENNIE'S GOAT!

She held the trump ace and USED IT!

THE SHE-BUNCH OF SCRAMBLED BRAINS played a lucky hand!

BENNIE—POOR BOOB! I didn't believe he'd fall for THAT! He's a queer LIMPY MORMON!

Have made up my mind to use Doctor Butterworth if occasion demands. Far as falling in love with him—nothing doing—he's too fickle—SOAMI!

* * * * * * * *

JUST HAD A DREAMY SMOKE!

EVER SINCE I've seen and known the CURTISS GILLETTS, have thought it wisest NOT to IMAGINE that I HAD BENNIE UNTIL AFTER THE CEREMONY, and then ONLY that part of him which he might donate.

ALSO: NEVER TO LOVE HIM WITH ALL MY HEART, ALL MY MIND, ALL MY MIGHT, BECAUSE as poor Ann says: "Men distribute their caresses among several women and think nothing of it, all the while KNOWING that they have ONE WOMAN DOMESTICALLY SECURE and PARKED CAREFULLY WHERE SHE CAN WASH DIAPERS OR DISHES, OR BOTH.

Sort of selfish, one-sided, but COZY sensation for the man!

ANN OUGHT TO KNOW! She married only about one-third of a husband! The other two-thirds are well distributed.

Another time I heard ANN explain to PRUDENCE that: "It's folly to love ANY man to whom you are either engaged or married, MORE THAN JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM GUESSING and LOVING YOU."

OH, WELL, it's this way, I presume: A MAN loves a girl because she's a DOLL and keeps his eyes traveling between rolled stockings and the latest marcel! SHE loves HIM because she's just plain DUMB.

OUCH!

ANN GILLETT has been some little REMINDER to ME, and I've HERN TELL that heaps she claims IS TRUE!

Perhaps that's why Ann appears so happy, for she KNOWS she only has PART of Curtiss Gillett, BUT **ALL** OF HIS AWFUL BOOZE-BREATH, in addition to the second-hand hairpins she picks out of his car every time he substitutes his wife for the other females.

Being forewarned has been of great service to me.

HELLO, Sequence! Almost forgot you! You're a DEAR NUISANCE!

When the GOODNIGHTS were being spoken, Bennie managed to say:

"DARLIN,' I'M IN TO WIN. I ADORE YOU FIRST, LAST and MOST." A big smile illumined his handsome face as he kissed and pressed my hand. His magnetic voice had gained its full control, and his goodnight was such that I wanted him to STAY ON THE JOB.

THAT IS ABOUT ALL FOR BENNIE!

IT HURT WHEN HE LEFT!

HURT—DEVILISHLY!

I SHIVER!

AREN'T DISILLUSIONMENTS HELL?

When Dicky said goodnight, most of the guests had already gone, so Allen and Prudence left us alone in the reception hall. Dicky bent low, saying softly:

"I'm sorry for the little incident which happened between Arnold and me tonight, Nan Baby, but it convinces me what a fortunate future husband I will be. I'll work all the harder to keep you and give to you all possible love to compensate for the loss of the others."

Inwardly I shuddered for fear Dicky had solved the secret between Bennie and me. I was silent, so he continued.

"When I chose you, my sweet, I KNEW what you were, and what I yearned for. YOU ARE MY IDEAL. For you I'd risk my life without hesitation. I WORSHIP YOU, NAN! God bless my little wife-to-be!"

OF COURSE my conscience hurt a wee bit; but why worry? What's a girl to do? MOPE and DIE when the man she cares for most proves he is like the other male distributors? NOT NAN! Neither was I going to choose the ICE-MAN,—but rather some eligible male who'd make the FIRST man's heart ACHE! I DID!

How about Dicky? Don't worry, he's the owner of MILLIONS. If I don't treat him nicely, some other WILLING and EAGER FLAPPER WILL! He's celebrated for PREFERRING VARIETY.

I like the sound of Dicky's flattering goodnight, even when I believe he'll never live up to his vows.

There's a thrill in being PREFERRED.

There's a sinking feeling when you're AINT!

It's a good thing we don't know our FINISH!

For seventeen I've had a FEW boy friends.

'NUFF for this entry!

* * * * * * * *

2 A. M.

Fell asleep.

WHAT NEXT?

DON'T KNOW!

DON'T CARE?

MEBBE!

This minute I want to clean my teeth, gargle, take a warm bath, then have a long, gentle, DREAMY SMOKE ALL ALONE while I rest on the chaise lounge near my east window, where I can see the first streaks of the pink dawn paint its way across the slate-colored sky above the dark waters of Lake Michigan. After that—just SLEEP!

MORE SLEEP!

* * * * * * * *

Christmas Night.

Rather, the wee hours of the following morning.

It is 4:10 A. M., December 26th.

We just returned from a glorious party at the Albert Wellington Russells. There was an old-fashioned tree; Mr. Russell played Santa Claus; a delicious buffet supper was served; and we satisfied our holiday appetites between dances on all kinds of nuts, popcorn balls, glazed fruits and candies.

Every guest received three gifts from the family; yet no guest was permitted to BRING ANY GIFTS—it was strictly a Russell party.

ALLEN received a meerschaum pipe; an umbrella with a hidden flask (and he and mother have both secretly taken the pledge, so Prudence confided to me); and a dozen of the finest handkerchiefs with his full name on each one, beautifully done by hand. Oh, yes, there was a jar of tobacco from South America to go with his pipe.

PRUDENCE received a vanity compact with four parts to it: one for powder, one for rouge, one for lip-stick, and one for a breath sweetener or perfume. The compact is beautifully wrought in antique gold and has her monogram on it. She also received handkerchiefs with her new name in full, worked by hand—they are beautiful; and a knee robe for her car in cold weather—most unique.

MY three gifts were unusual, too, and startled me a little. Mrs. Russell gave me a lovable police dog (I know Bennie picked him out), with a collar about his neck on which was inscribed "Rex, owned by Nan Livingstone." Mr. Russell gave me a box of marvelous stationery for all purposes. And lastly, Bennie gave me the gorgeous pearl ring which completes my three pieces (necklace, earrings and ring), set in platinum. The necklace has a platinum clasp set in four tiny, perfectly-cut diamonds. The eardrops are set in platinum, with long, oriental effect, and tiny diamonds in the setting. And the ring has an elaborate setting, having ten small diamonds about the perfect pearl, which is larger than a large sized pea.

Allen confided that the set is exceedingly valuable.

Prudence is dubious about permitting me to accept the ring, but having already given in on the question of the necklace and eardrops, there is litle doubt as to the outcome.

Dicky is sore and says: "Even big brothers don't give RINGS."

THEY CAN ALL GO CHASE THEMSELVES!

TOO—UTTERLY—TOO—TOO!

I SHOULD CRUNCH PLUSH AND PEACH SKINS BETWEEN MY TEETH IF I REFUSE BENNIE'S PERFECT GIFT!

Perhaps it's Bennie's last remembrance to me!

'NOTHER THING, I, Nan, intend to have one perfect memento of Bennie's and my NEAR MARRIAGE.

'Am bursting to keep the ring, which makes a complete set. Presume mother will consent—mebbe.

Heard lately that once in a while Bennie takes a plunge in wheat—so far, successfully.

He never tells his business affairs, and we hadn't reached that stage in our short engagement.

FUNNY? Susan Kellogg wasn't at the Russell party. WONDER WHY! No one mentioned her name, so, of course, I didn't, yet I was about bursting to ask Mrs. Russell or BENNIE where the WIDOW WAS SPENDING HER CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

MEBBE she remained in her tiny "apotment," wondering "WHITHER GOEST THOU?" about her Bennie. I presume he's "her'n" by this time—or, like I imagined, she THINKS HE IS.

There's no use talking, widows certainly know all the flapper stuff PLUS, for they've been fairly young recently. They also know the clever METHODS of the MARRIED dames because, likewise, they've been AT LEAST ONCE married—often several times.

WIDOWS ARE THE MOST SWEETLY EFFICIENT, NON-RESISTING PUZZLES ON EARTH! (Don't say that fast—it sounds like mush in your mouth.)

Girls of my age MAY HAVE an allurement for men, but when a WIDOW enters the race, WE APPEAR EMPTY-HEADED TWEET-TWEETS, and might just as well call off the BATTLE!

PRACTICE—that's their theory!

Years of PRACTICE makes the ARTIST!

THAT'S THAT!

I'LL BE GAME!

ROLY-POLY WIDOWS!

SNOOKY-OOKY WIDOWS!

ALWAYS WERE—ARE NOW—ALWAYS WILL BE—AMEN!

PAINFUL as it is, THIS IS MY SECRET: My vanity is literally RUINED. Bennie has driven a JAGGED DAGGER INTO MY HEART. My IDOL is dashed to SMITHEREENS. (That's ALL. That's ENOUGH.)

I moan with REGRET—and RAGE!

THIS is worse than an OPERATION. It's like feeling a TIGER craunching down upon your FLESH—BITE AFTER BITE.

This is HELL LET LOOSE!

NEVER again could I have COMPLETE faith in Bennie's loyalty. Always would I doubt him a wee bit, no matter how convincingly he tried to spread the salve. And CAN HE SPREAD! That handsome cop has a method all "HIS'N," believe MUH!

My FAITH is deader'n a MUMMY!

While I wear Dick'y engagement ring, Bennie will never be able to make me do one disloyal act. That smart DETECTIVE'LL get nothing on this NANNY! However, what he doesn't KNOW ABOUT, won't disturb his speed! What I THINK, and what I DO on the side—vurr', vurr', quietly—is NAN'S OWN KOHLRABI!

TOOT!

THAT'S THE SIMPLE ANSWER—TOOT!

TAPS FOR ME! (Never had an engagement ring from Benny, anyway.)

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SHATTERED LOVE is exactly like broken china, or a torn, finely-meshed hair-net, ALL TO THE RAGGED BITS. USELESS — KABUNK — JUNK!

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January 23rd.

REVELATIONS!

Just heard thru Judy, who goes to the Russells for luncheon quite frequently, that Bennie is one of the heaviest stockholders in the ———— Bank, and also its second vice-president. He gave up Daniel Boone—no longer struts the uniform of a traffic cop—but has been doing a limited amount of "plain clothes work" and "feature stuff" for the department. He has also assisted at least ten fellow-detectives to some new lines of business for which they were better fitted. Judy said that another traffic-policeman—friend of Bennie's—had exceptional talent for painting, and Bennie is now paying this man's tuition with the best masters in Chicago and loaning him a monthly salary for his domestic support (until his Art education is completed and he is once established), which this man is later to repay in paintings for Bennie, the price to be appraised by a board of competent judges.

WHAT NEXT WILL THE DAYS REVEAL?

NOW there is no doubt but all the OLDISH dames will set their caps for Bennie, exactly as the flappers and WIDOWS have done.

I'll tell the other bachelors sumpthin—they better pattern after Bennie—and when in Bagdad, do as the Bagdaddies do!

All the bachelors can't be as handsome as Bennie. The Potter isn't as generous to some as to others, and doesn't let 'em pick their own features—but he generally lets 'em pick their own teeth. That's what Curtiss Gillett said when he had his uppers put in.

Bennie's having a love of an adventure—ALL ALONE!

SEAL YOUR LIPS, YOU BOLSHEVIK!

Bennie comes to see Allen and Prudence most every Wednesday and Sunday evening—brings a new piece of music—record—flowers—candy—or some book for Prudence or me. Allen seems to think Bennie and I are positively and separately parked for life.

STILL WATERS!

Sometimes I don't get an opportunity to see Bennie when he calls, because Dicky has caught on to Bennie's chosen evenings, and tries to monopolize all my Wednesdays and Sundays.

Once in a while I foil Dicky, and manage a perfectly approved date with Prudence and "Daddy"—which, of course, always includes Bennie.

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Thursday, 2 A. M.

SWEET TORTURE!

As usual, last night, Bennie called informally. We tuned in on Phil., and danced to heavenly music. It was sweet—dancing again with Bennie. Yet I could see that it tortured him as it did me—so near and yet so far.

SOME WAY, I'D RATHER HAVE THE TORTURE THAN MISS THE DANCING WITH HIS ARMS ABOUT ME, listening to his wonderful voice, and thinking things that MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

GOSH! BUT I MUST LIKE TO RIDDLE MY SOUL WITH MEMORIES AND TEMPTATIONS!

I JUST LAP UP AGONY! (That's honest.)

It IS agony, but—once in a while, GIVE ME BENNIE and AGONY, for that is better than the monotony of perfection.

Conversation was a bit difficult unless we were dancing, as Allen and Prudence were on the job every instant with their little ear-trumpets.

However, that's all right, too. I promised to be loyal to Dicky, and chaperonage makes it easier.

But my—THOUGHTS!

OH, MY RUNAWAY THOUGHTS!

Once Bennie whispered: "Nan, darlin', come closer to me. Tell me that you love me again. Please—PLEASE, DARLIN'!"

Never before had I danced with quite so much distance between Bennie and me; but I was firm in my determination to show and CONVINCE my APOLLO that there was ONE girl who would not flop at the first temptation, particularly when she WASN'T FREE to flop. It was some job—BELIEVE ME!

"Look, Bennie," I answered, raising my hand so he got the significance. "Not while I wear this on my third finger. TO ME, an engagement is a mighty sacred proposition."

"Don't rub it in. I know it. TAKE THE DAMN THING OFF. You'll have to eventually. I CAN'T ENDURE THIS HELL MUCH LONGER. NAN, I'M WARNING YOU!"

"Warning me of what?"

"I hate that cur! Break with him, or there'll be worse heartache than there has been so far, I'm telling you!"

"BENNIE! YOU CHOSE THIS ALTERNATIVE."

"NEVER! IT WAS ALL A HELLISH CIRCUMSTANCE."

"Bennie, you are forgetting!"

"WISH I COULD! NAN, TELL ME YOU LOVE ME."

I looked clear thru his searching eyes to his very soul. Thought possibly a man might sin on the impulse and not truly intend to betray a woman's faith. Yet the hideous truth remained, that BENNIE HAD CARESSED THE WIDOW and I HAD SEEN THE ACT. To SEE it was so much worse agony and A SCAR FOREVER against the sacredness of MY TRUST.

During those few moments, the silence was strained and pathetic.

Bennie KNEW I was trying to keep secreted the knowledge of my love for him. He ALSO knew that Dicky was an EXCUSE, rather than a REASON.

"I CAN'T ANSWER, BENNIE. IT ISN'T RIGHT."

"You CAN'T FORGET, Nan, darlin'?"

We adjusted our elaborate paper caps and proceeded to introduce ourselves to our right and left table partners.

"It doesn't SEEM so to me."

"Time will tell. THIS MUST BE ADJUSTED," he sighed meaningly, and kissed the palm of my right hand—the hand on which I had chosen to wear his beautiful pearl ring.

"Darlin', I'll never marry any other woman unless YOU drive me to the deed. Do you hear? (I nodded "yes.") "You are my inspiration—MY LIFE. I've changed my entire mode of living, and dared many things, just because you are so precious to me. I don't give a damn what man thinks he's engaged to you. I know he is NOT, and what HAS TO HAPPEN. My only prayer is that some day you and I can straighten out this dreadful error and be married, as we previously planned to do. Goodnight, MY OWN BELOVED.

It was useless to argue, so all I said was: "GOODNIGHT, BIG-BEN!"

While I'm writing it all down, my sobber is filled with tears, just as it was when Bennie left.

I'M SICK OF LIVING! I COULD SCREAM!

BLUBBERING LOONS! but I LOVE THAT MAN!

Why did I have to SEE him KISS THE WIDOW?—and JUST LIKE HE ALWAYS KISSED ME! THAT'S THE HURT!

I'm HEARTBROKEN and SPITEFUL—could scream loud enough to be heard in TIMBUCTOO!

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HURRICANES!

SOME EXCITEMENT!

Just finished a light luncheon. Too nervous to eat much. Can hardly wait to jot down about my latest excitement.

Dicky's down south on business for the Thornton Estate, so Jack Burden escorted me to the NEEDY STUDIO PARTY.

Most of our set were invited, and mixed hilariously with models, artists, singers and dancers.

We danced until midnight in the three large living-rooms on the main floor.

Every other dance we reached in a hat and drew numbers. The ladies drew from one hat—the men from another. LIKE numbers became partners. It was heaps of fun. In this manner every one met most every one else.

Things went along in glorious fashion until——

WELL! This is how it happened:

At midnight Samuel Needy directed us to the improvised dining-room (one of the large studios used by the artist for his

Seated in the center of this golden, beading liquid, was a tiny blonde **model** with flaxen hair.

classes), where three long tables were heavily burdened with delicious things to eat and drink.

We were seated according to the manner in which we entered, which said FAREWELL to FORMALITY. Gales of laughter prevailed.

We adjusted our elaborate paper caps and proceeded to introduce ourselves to our right and left table partners.

Jack Burden sat on my left, and Sam Needy—who has been marvelously sweet to me, much against mother's approval—sat at my right.

There were beautiful girls and stunning women—artists—professional and society men—and two West Point cadets—witty toasts and risque ones—bits of daring and oceans of excitement—old and modern songs and gay parodies—and finally:

A male quartette, in artists' smocks, sang the sextette from "Lucia," then a witty parody on the same. Other operas or popular songs were likewise beautifully sung or gleefully paraphrased by these gifted musicians.

A voluptuous, blondish colored girl, dressed mostly in raffia and wooden beads, danced the Hawaiian dances, first dreamily, then realistically, and finally tore into "Pele"—a volcanic dance—with a rapture and grace which fairly stirred my soul.

There was singing by the guests, led by mesmeric and beautiful NANCE BING, who had everybody radiant with enthusiasm as she urged them to forget themselves and set the world in rhythmic song.

To please a few of the older artists present, Miss Bing led us in "RINGS ON MY FINGERS AND BELLS ON MY TOES." It wasn't long before every one was familiar with this rollicking old song. We were thrilled with the same spirit of enthusiasm experienced during more modern melodies.

After that she led us in "BEDELIA," "ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH," and "IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE"—all old-timers before my advent.

There were war-songs, too, popular before my days of pleasure-seeking, but, as I'd heard Prudence frequently hum them, it didn't take me long to let my out-of-tune warbler enter the merry chorus of "KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING," "SMILE, SMILE, SMILE," "K-K-K-KATY," "IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY" and "OVER THERE."

Miss Bing's last choice were the present-day popular ballads and every one made his throat raw with song and laughter.

The PIECE D'OCCASION came when the servants of SAM NEEDY lifted upon the table, before him, an enormous sea-

shell from the South Sea islands, in which had been poured gallons of sparkling champagne.

SEATED in the center of this GOLDEN, BEADING LIQUID, was a tiny blonde model with flaxen hair and dimpled cheeks, whose graceful arms were extended to the outer rim of the shell, balancing an irresistible little body.

After the shell had been properly supported, Sam Needy placed a wine glass in the champagne-mermaid's hand, and offered each man present a drink—"from the hand of the fairest, touched by the lips of the dearest, and, itself, the rarest vintage on earth."

Then the sweet-voiced model recited a limerick, something like this:

'Twas Eve who had no clothes at all;
I'm much too small—
Yes, much too small—
To drape with cloth,
Or hide myself;
For I am Love,
And Love's an elf
Who never troubles anyone
Just out for love
And bits of fun.
Since Mother Eve'd no clothes at all,
Why, I'm too small—
Yes, much too small.
Come drink with me—
Take long, deep sips;
Receive this glass
And taste my lips.
So here's to gay hilarity!
And here's to YOU!
Now, toast to ME!

With this little verbal tid-bit, she dipped the glass into the champagne—filled it—touched her red lips to the rim—handed the first drink to Jack Burden.

He was ready in an instant, and lifted the glass high as he toasted:

"TO OUR BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MERMAID, AND THE DELICIOUS FLAVOR SUCH PERFECT CONTACT BRINGS."

He drank to the dregs, and then leaned down and kissed me passionately.

In turn, ALL THE MEN sipped their champagne from the side where the model's lips had been, and gave snappy toasts.

A little WINE certainly makes the wits reveal themselves. While TOO MUCH, is TOO MUCH. Be it known that only a few guests were more than happily affected.

I was thrilled! Every minute was excitement!

As the amber fluid lowered in the shell to the model's waist, and the tip of her tiny chin, and crimson nipples, dripped beads of the sparkling beverage, a sudden loud knock sounded at the front entrance, and the doorbell rang like mad.

When the butler opened the door, six giant POLICEMEN BOLDLY ENTERED—ONE WITH A SEARCH WARRANT.

THE NEEDY STUDIOS WERE BEING RAIDED FOR GAMBLING AND UNLICENSED LIQUORS. Can you beat that? And——

Sam Needy was SPELLBOUND—I WAS MORE SO—thought of Prudence—prison bars—standing before a set-jawed judge—the gossipy Kats—"COATS" 'NEV'RY-THING!

AMONG THE SIX POLICE WAS BENJAMIN KENESAW ARNOLD, and I—I—AT SUCH A PARTY! AND A NAKED MODEL NESTLED IN A SHELL OF CHAMPAGNE, the CENTER of ATTRACTION!

By the time I collected my wits, the guests were scrambling for every nook and corner of escape.

Sam Needy grabbed Jessie Hanis and locked her in a narrow magazine closet which was under one of the casement windows, and shoved another girl under a serving table which had a heavy drape over one end reaching to the floor.

Then he rushed back and lifted the naked, dripping model out of the shell, and stood her against the wall behind some overcoats.

Jack Burden grabbed me and our evening wraps, which were fortunately on hooks in this same class-room dining room, and was scurrying toward the rear hallway, when a heavy hand touched us both.

IT WAS BENNIE!

SHADES OF ROMANCE!

"Burden, you climb out that pantry window and jump lively." He spoke authoritatively—not like my Buddha of old.

"Nan, you climb into this soiled-clothes hamper—I'll tuck your wrap around you—no time to argue," he ordered in a husky whisper.

"Certain I can make it by the rear door, Arnold," Jack protested.

"Certain, HELL! whole rear court is under police watch. Pantry window is over the next yard to the south—you can jump those eight feet—won't hurt you—I'll take care of Miss Livingstone."

Jack bolted like a wild panther. Guess he was grateful he didn't have to watch out for me.

Bennie wrapped my evening cloak about me, lifted me in his massive arms, and kissed me ONCE, but with sufficient intensity that, blindfolded, I would have easily recognized the type of kiss and HIM.

There were heavy footsteps in the next room.

With one swift movement, Bennie lifted me over the rim of the big hamper, shoved me inside with a bang, and gave the soiled linen a fierce jolt on the top of my head.

Captain Danfort, of the ———— Station, entered.

"Anyone in here, Arnold?" spoke the gruff voice in command, just as Bennie slammed down the wicker lid.

"No, Captain—I've looked thoroughly."

"No one in that hamper?"

"No, Captain — just dumped things out and took a good look."

Once more Bennie lifted the lid and gave the linens a careless poke which almost cracked my neck.

I could peek between the wickerwork and see both men leaving the butler's pantry, and settled myself for an uncomfortable, long wait.

In less than two minutes Bennie returned alone. He stopped and whispered close to the side of the hamper:

"Can you breathe all right, Darlin'?"

HOT BABIES! but Bennie's priceless voice sounded heavenly to his one-time SHEBA!

I controlled my impulse—which was about as easy as pulling a cuspid — and tried to be APPRECIATIVELY POLITE.

"Yes, Bennie, thanks to you, I'm safe!"

"Bet you are, DARLIN'—just stick in that willow basket until I come and tell you to climb out—no matter what you hear—or how quiet it may sound."

"I will—Dear!" I piped daringly.

"You know, Nan, the cappy may order perfect quiet to fool those in hiding, just to NAB them when the poor boobs think the coast is clear and start to venture out."

"I'll do whatever you tell me, Bennie."

"Remember you said that, Nan darlin'," he whispered.

"Bennie," and I made the sound of a kiss thru the wicker-work.

"Here's another," he smacked in return. "That's a good baby! I'll come and tell you when it's perfectly safe—so stick."

My legs became terribly cramped—thought I'd almost rather suffer arrest than remain in that crouched position another minute. All of a sudden I had visions of Prudence—her pride in family "Coats"—and trusting Dicky. It certainly was fierce—but a worse mess for me to face if I climbed out.

Oh, SHRIEKING WILLOW WHISTLES!
WHAT NEWS FOR THE DOWAGER!

After a few minutes, again I heard the captain's gruff voice. "MY GOD!—YOU HERE, TOO!—AND BEHIND THOSE COATS—NAKED!—WHAT THE DEVIL YOU DOING?"

"Hiding," came a meek voice.

"Get into your clothes this minute—you sneaking wench!"

"Yes, Uncle Billy—but don't think wrong of me—PLEASE—I'm a model for the artists here, and have posed lots of times." I judged by her shuffling movements and shortness of breath that she was dressing rapidly. "I'm just as good as any girl living." She puffed some more, and seemed to be half inside of some garment. "Besides, I was to receive twenty-five dollars to splash about in that shell of champagne—guess you've made me lose it—and spoiled a perfectly decent, happy party."

"SPLASH! DECENT! HAPPY PARTY! I'll tell the world it was about the most undressed and noisiest outfit I've seen and heard in many a day. Put on your stockings, too—you're going with me—YOU SHAMELESS FLEA! This will about kill your mother!"

"PLEASE—PLEASE—P L E A S E—don't tell her. I'll never pose again, if you're ashamed of me—but PLEASE don't tell mother!"

"SHUT UP—put on your stockings—DO AS YOU'RE TOLD! YOU SOFT BRAIN! SNEAKIN' WORM!"

The captain shoved his niece toward the hamper, where she squatted, half-dressed, to put on her stockings and lace her oxfords.

I felt so sorry for the poor creature—sweet as a picture—and frank and honest about her chosen calling.

Right then, I wondered which was the worst—RAVING OVER and PURCHASING a NUDE WORK OF ART, or POSING FOR IT. EXHIBITING IT WITHOUT SHAME —OR BEING THE MODEL.

JUST FIFTY-FIFTY. Only the one POSES FOR ART —while the other would LIKE TO, but DASN'T, so BUYS IT INSTEAD!

IT'S HELL TO BE BEAUTIFUL—BUT IT'S HELL IF YOU AINT!

The model and I were alone.

The door was swung open between the pantry and the regular dining room.

I could hear the gruff voices of the different policemen as they rounded up their victims and stood them along the walls. Conversation was fairly distinct.

Sam Needy was TRYING to do his best for everybody.

"She's your own sister's child—innocent as a lamb. We were only having a merry time—nothing wrong, officer—positively nothing out of the way—owned that champagne for the last fifteen years—in fact, I've made a detailed report of my private stock, so there is nothing wrong here. Far as gambling is concerned—search the entire building—the only hobbies I have are ART and RAISING GOLDFISH."

Most of the guests KNEW that Sam Needy really raised some of the finest specimens in the country, and had, in his upper studio on the top floor, one of the largest running-water tanks of which any goldfish fancier could boast. But the captain thought Sam was kidding him.

"Don't get smart, Needy, or you'll LOOK like a herring before I'm thru with you!"

Of another officer he asked: "Any GOLDFISH in the upper rooms?"

"More than five hundred, Captain—third floor, top."

"Well," he grunted, "it's possible."

"Captain," chimed in Sam, trying to impress the officer with his sincerity, "I'll show them to you."

"Shut up!—I'm lookin' at one when I look at you!"

Sam shut up. I could hear soft titters from the others.

The little model leaned against the hamper, tired and discouraged.

I coughed softly.

It startled her, but she did not scream.

"Hist," I whispered. "You go in there, or call the captain and Sam out here—do your darndest—dramatics, you know—

get down on your knees—weep—but get that walrus uncle to save you—then he'll have to let us all off—GO NOW—be a good scout."

"I'll do my best—don't you giggle—here's sink or swim."

Just then Sam, Bennie, Captain Danfort and a few others crowded into the butler's pantry.

"Young lady, how long has this rotten night-life been going on?"

"This is the first time I ever attended an evening party—there wasn't anything rotten, Uncle—just singing and a good time. I only sat in the champagne—never drank liquor in my life—smell my breath. The wine merely touched my lips."

Nance Bing's rich voice was heard:

"She's a darling! Why, Captain Danfort, that child's telling the gospel—surely YOU wouldn't doubt her."

"Who're you—with your two cents?"

"Just Nance Bing—and no matter what you want to do to spoil our little party—take that child in your arms—say you believe her—for I KNOW SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH!"

The little model crept close to her uncle, and kneeling, clasped her arms about his legs.

"They all SAY it well—but naked posin's not in my line. Punk ART—when you SIT in champagne INSTEAD OF DRINK IT!" A sudden twinkle was in his eyes.

Sam got his "q"—rushed out and brought in the two-thirds empty shell. The butler dropped some ice in it, and rushed around for glasses.

"What do you think, Arnold?" The captain turned to his friend of years.

"Well—no need, that I can see, for punishment. If there's anything wrong—with six men, we would have found it."

"I'll dismiss the bunch." Stooping, he raised his niece to her feet, and kissed her forehead.

"Put on your coat and hat, kid—going to take you home. Don't cry—you're a good girl."

Sam handed the officer the coveted wine, and with another glass in his wobbly hand, toasted: "Success to everybody here."

"Thanks. Damn good." The captain smacked his chapped lips.

It was now MY turn. I whistled softly. Bennie lifted the lid—pulled off the linens—and lifted me in his arms, where I remained while he toasted:

That part of her not melted was THERE.

"To the only girl I love," and kissed me lusciously, as he stood me on my feet.

Everybody laughed, and those who had managed to find glasses, drank with Bennie.

"Captain Danfort, this is a little friend of mine. Have known her and her family for years. Lots of good tucked away in hampers."

The captain touched my hand gingerly. The old grouch was slowly becoming human. All of a sudden, he gave Bennie a friendly wallop across his broad shoulders.

"YOU SONOFAGUN! I see it all now! One for my niece—two for your little friend. That's all O. K., too. OLD SNIDE!—YOU OLD SEA COOK!"

The laugh was on the captain. He enjoyed the joke.

Sam Needy leaned against the wooden cupboards and wiped his bald head. All of a sudden, remembering Jessie Hanis in the stuffy magazine closet, he made a wild dash for her hiding place.

That part of her not melted was THERE—face all streaks and smudge from contacting dusty magazines, and brushing aside little rivers of perspiration.

"That's what I call a dirty trick! There's no hotter hole this side of the inside of your furnace! Dusty books—spiders—cobwebs—steam pipes—and the blackness of tar. Sam Needy, you're entirely devoid of romance—stuffing my poor carcass in a coop like that—look at me—wipe me off—iron me out—I'm twisted double from being four feet eleven and crushed into a hole three feet ten high. My cracking knees met my pointed chin. Say, boy, you're almost guilty of murder!"

"Honest, Jessie!—awfully sorry!—almost forgot you were there!—we were all so excited!"

"You mean YOU were!"

"Anything you say, Jessie. Here's a cool drink."

"You'll need a cultivator to stir your crazy memory—you slippery eel—where's my powder puff?" She reached in her stocking for the coveted article, while gales of laughter followed her explosion.

Sam Needy loaned her his handkerchief to wipe away the beads of perspiration. She made a screamingly funny, wry face, then slapped her nose and chin with the puff.

After Jessie Hanis' facial was completed, Nance Bing started everybody singing the chorus of "Kk-k-k-a-ty."

Miss Bing is a human magnet and sings with a heart and vim that thrills. I love her.

Following "Kk-k-k-a-ty" we sang the refrain from "Oh, How I Miss You Tonight." In walked Jack Burden with half the guests who had hidden themselves in various corners of the neighbors' yards. They had heard the music and knew the main excitement was over.

Soon after this, most of us said goodnight to Sam—congratulated him on a successful battle—not losing his temper—and defending the cute little mermaid. Sam Needy has the reputation of being an obeyed personage.

Because Jack was around, I could only shake hands with Bennie and sincerely thank him for his protection—so did Jack—for Bennie had no idea what the outcome of the raid would be when he ordered Jack to climb out the pantry window, and me into the hamper.

WHEW! — even writing about it exhausts me — it was SOME EXCITING NIGHT!

"My Wonderful One"—"MY WONDERFUL ONE!"
I whistle it—sing it—hum it—and feel it all to "onct."
"MY WONDERFUL ONE!"

* * * * * * * *

Have eaten but little today. Digestion is on the outs with appetite. Galloping blues for mine. 'STERRIBLE!

Wish Bennie and I were out on a rough sea—that the ship would capsize—he and I would be washed up on the beach and ALIVE. Wish it were an island a thousand miles from anywhere—nothing to eat on it excepting birds, fruits, nuts and berries. Wish there were heaps of wild flowers and pretty scenery.

HOT DIGGITY DAY it would be for US!

I'm no CANNIBAL, but such a far-away spot would be PARADISE!

MEBBE? YOU KNOW IT WOULD BE EVEN MORE. It would be nothing less than HEAVEN!

That bunch of blue cloth and brass buttons is GLORIOUS no matter what he does. SO 'TIS!

BUT—he seldom wears a uniform any more.

FORGET IT—YOU FRIZZLED-BRAINED BOLSHEVIK!

Dicky's due back in Chicago tomorrow!

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We just moved into our new home. It's a dream—right on the lake, too—and Allen and Prudence are looking forward to the stork. ISN'T MOTHER BRAVE? I ADORE HER!

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Avoid Bennie whenever possible—too much for me.

Dicky is a bit queer of late. Wonder what's on his conscience. He acts guilty of something he seems, at times, to want to confide in me. Don't like to see him so "off feed." Occasionally see the other boys—dance and have glorious times—but things don't appear exactly as they did. Dicky is so intensely jealous of me. Can't understand him. The boys fear making scenes. I dread them, too.

* * * * * * * *

HORRORS!
THAT HIDEOUS PICTURE!
WHY CAN'T I FORGET?
WHY, OH, WHY DID BENNIE KISS THE WIDOW?
JUST WHY!
Must have been because he's FICKLE and IRISH!
SOME COMBINATION!
Bennie's certainly a PASSIONATE BUDDHA!
I'm going to sip a "nip" from Allen's guest-decanter.
Next—a quiet, sweet smoke—all alone.
HELL'S BELLS!
OH, MY BUDDHA! MY BIG-BEN! MY BENNIE!
WHY DID YOU KISS THAT VAMPING DAME?
She got all "het-up," and you fell for her line of chatter.
I'M SICK!
HELL!

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Old Rip Van Winkle can't get anything on me!
SEQUENCE and I have slept for ages, it seems!

* * * * * * * *

THREE YEARS LATER

NO LONGER A FLAPPER!

(Reads like a funeral.)

Had anyone told me all the events which have transpired in the last thirty-six months, I'd have laughed at the utter impossibility and incongruousness of fate. Yet, I don't like to think "fate" had anything to do with my life.

GUESS IT WAS JUST NAN WHO PUT HER LITTLE "MISS FIX IT" ON HER OWN EXPERIENCES, and as usual, MADE A MESS OF IT ALL—MEBBE. BUT—MEBBE NOT!

IMPULSIVE NAN!

Time has come. Time has gone. Much has been proven. AND MUCH IS ONLY TOO REAL.

My next birthday I, Nan, will be TWENTY-ONE!

Right now, I've oceans of secrets to reveal!

Have not written in my diary for so long, BECAUSE!

BECAUSE—a woman's crutch!

First: I, Nan, grew to DREAD MY DIARY because Bennie figured so conspicuously in it, and every time I opened the pages, his name fairly jarred me.

I COULDN'T STAND THE REMINDERS. THEY HURT! BITTERLY HURT!

Briefly: During the following spring, summer and fall after my engagement to Dicky was announced, Bennie continued to spend Wednesday and Sunday evenings with Allen, Prudence and me. More than half the occasions I was not home. Dicky saw to that, and generally knew when Bennie would arrive.

It was wonderful to be courted as extravagantly as Dicky courted me. He was so thoughtful, devoted and lavish in his expenditures and attentions during the early months of our engagement.

Breaking the Volstead law finally got Dicky as it has many other WISE boys.

His ORIGINAL supply of good drinks became exhausted. He thought it a duty to his popularity to invest in some highly prized home-brew. Sometimes he purchased the "sure-aged" stuff from rum runners whose labels were fakes like their business and wares. Other times a bartender-M. D. sold him prescriptions, and an unscrupulous druggist gave him rot-gut and told him it was the genuine old stuff.

Disease, then blindness manifested irretrievable headway.

One night a nurse from the C——— Hospital 'phoned me: "Mr. Richard Thornton has but a few hours to live, and expresses a desire for you to come at once."

Dicky could not see me when I arrived, tho he knew my voice. He reached for my hand as I knelt beside his bed.

"Nan," he whispered with effort, "will you forgive me?"

I DID. The hour was not for argument.

It seemed pitiful to see this emaciated form — once so strong and handsome—taking leave of life without a member of his family present—not even a former friend, excepting me, to care whether he passed out in pain or peace.

Nothing more was said after I had spoken my forgiveness. Dicky appeared satisfied simply to know I was near.

Now and again his wasted hand caressed mine, and a faint smile temporarily altered the set expression of his thin lips.

In less than an hour after my arrival, Dicky quietly passed to his eternal rest.

When his WILL was read, he had left me: "My affianced wife and dearest friend," one hundred thousand dollars in excellent securities and government bonds. I can only have the interest on most of this amount until I'm thirty-five; after that I can collect the principal or any part of same.

It is depressing that a man of Dicky's ability lost his self-respect to such an extent that BRAIN-BURNING, BOWEL-EATING LIQUOR, and ROTTEN, FAKE BOOZE FIRST LED HIM INTO DISEASE, THEN COMPLETELY BLINDED HIM, and LASTLY CAUSED HIS DEATH.

How empty the laugh and shallow the tears caused by alcoholic beverages of all descriptions!

"DRUNKENNESS IS A FORM OF INSANITY," says Doctor Butterworth. "There is no GENUUINE or LASTING GOOD to be derrived from even the BEST of liquor; and NOT A DROP of the BEST for sale."

The FLOOD of cocktails that I used to think necessary to a perfectly good time are now a nightmare to me.

Even the memory of some of our celebrations where mixed drinks were the principal refreshment, and where a KICK had to savor of daring and danger—ALL THAT gives me the shudders, especially my fortunate and NARROW ESCAPES.

It was Prudence's TRUST that SAVED ME from GOING THE LIMIT.

It was some of the other mothers' PICKING that drove their daughters to ADVENTURE.

I don't thank God that Dicky is DEAD, and his suffering is over; but, having to die such an ignominious death, I DO THANK GOD that HIS FORMER FRIENDS and MINE have witnessed the frightful lesson IN OUR OWN SET, and FROM ONE SO POPULAR.

It's quite possible that Dicky's death BEFORE OUR MARRIAGE saved me from a lifetime of misery.

I had gradually grown to fear and dislike Dicky—always his breath was "mint and Hennessy."

Unfortunately, Dicky and Curtiss Gillett became very intimate pals. That seemed to be the beginning of Dicky's downfall. Slowly, but surely, he lost all ambition—lost the bigness of spirit which had characterized him as an exceptionally brilliant and fascinating man.

Once in particular, I recall Dicky laughed torturingly at the tears of poor Ann Gillett, and called her a "SCRATCHY OLD SKIRT" when she remonstrated with him for encouraging and loaning Curtiss large sums of money, that he might have as much with which to gamble as Dicky.

When I carefully rebuked Dicky for his impishness to Ann, he replied:

"See here, Nan, that she-gas-bag is a BAT! Nothing short of a silly, intolerant, old BAT! If she'd only croak, Gillett would be able to breathe without a chaperon. THAT'S how much I think of Ann Gillett," and he snapped his fingers. "PLAIN OLD BAT!"

Such was the reward of faithful Ann for sticking to a MENTAL SHORT-WEIGHT! A beastly, insane DRUNK! A PARASITE!

It was about this time that I realized Allen and Prudence better know the truth concerning Dicky, so I told them how he had been behaving, and his peculiar actions.

Allen had him shadowed for a month, and found things far worse than I had suspected.

When I was about to break the engagement, Dicky suddenly lost the sight of one eye. Gossip about this soon spread around our circle, and decency prevented me from severing our relationship—at least publicly.

Prudence and I had a long talk with Dicky's physician, who frankly made no bones of telling about Dicky's PHYSICAL and INCURABLE CONDITION, and cause of his blindness.

We all had been particularly careful not to touch anything belonging to him, and for months he had refrained from so much as touching my hand.

I kept his engagement ring, and a very serious, silent counsel. His humiliation BEFORE ME, as well as his UNMENTIONABLE SUFFERING, PROVED A BITTER PUNISHMENT. Had this disease been inherited, and not contracted it would have been another story; but—

Poor Dickey was glad to die. His regrets were lamentable, and his shame pitiful. A mere shadow of the man—a sodden outcast—ONCE MAGNIFICENT RICHARD THORNTON.

In the meanwhile, I remained within the Allen home circle, and actually became acquainted with Daddy and Prudence—not to mention my WONDERFUL NEW BABY BROTHER THEY HAVE NAMED BENJAMIN KENESAW ARNOLD, II. I simply adore the baby. He doesn't resemble the Bourniques much, excepting his soft, wavy hair and fair flesh; but his eyes are like Allen's, and expression and finely formed body like the man after whom he is named.

I sigh a LITTLE! Many memories visit me.

Allen struts about like a proud king-pigeon.

Think of Prudence starting to raise another family at her age! She is, of course, in her middle forties, and this handsome, buxom baby-boy is the result of her sweet, wholesome life, and her great love for Allen.

I AM SO PROUD OF HER!

To know that my mother was willing to sacrifice her life, if necessary; and to unselfishly give her time, home, harmony, freedom and love AT HER AGE to a tiny mite like BENJAMIN II, is a beautiful proof of what she willingly did for ME and Brother Buddy, and justifies my sublime IDEAL OF HER.

Surely, my mother is the FINEST, BRAVEST, MOST UNDERSTANDING MOTHER I HAVE EVER KNOWN!

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REVELATIONS!

NEXT COMES BENJAMIN KENESAW ARNOLD, I.

It's difficult to write about him—ONCE MY VERY OWN BENNIE! In spite of all the changes, in my secret heart HE WILL FOREVER REMAIN MY DEAR OLD BIG-BEN!

Events are shaped by the Potter, according to the clay and HIS WILL.

Well, Bennie went to Paris with his man-prodigy, a former policeman-artist. Together they saw France again. (Both had done their bravest during the World's War.) While over there with this student, Bennie wrote frequently of his pleasures, his friends's progress, their side trips and pastimes. He wrote about the splendid people he met, the plays, and events he attended.

HE AND I EXCHANGED LETTERS REGULARLY. I reached a point of feeling that MY BIG-BEN was some day coming home TO ME.

Many of his letters recalled the night he had proposed and been accepted. In them he had written that THAT NIGHT had been the GALA NIGHT—THE MOST SACRED OF HIS ENTIRE LIFE. He loved to dream about it, and wondered if its memory was as beautiful to me as it was to him.

He wrote about the hours we had communed together in LOVE, and FAITH, and HOPE.

HIS LETTERS WERE SYMPHONIES OF ENTICEMENT and DREAMS!

Frequently he mentioned our motor rides, our marvelous dances, and always finished by saying how sweet those hours would remain to memory, and how TRUE LOVE NEVER DIES.

Once he wrote that, tho it was pathetic Dicky had to pass along in the manner he did, he (Bennie) was not surprised at the turn affairs had taken. It must, after all, have been the Will of God, and many more encouraging and beautiful reminders.

Bennie's letters were GEMS of ART!

How I watched for them!

HOW I LOVED THEM!

HOW I LOOKED FORWARD TO THEM!

How perfectly they were always written and carefully worded!

What appropriate and elegant stationery he always used; and his seal never daubed, but dignified and correct!

GRADUALLY Bennie influenced me to write freely and to acknowledge the blessedness of the old love; his power over me; the relief when released from poor Dicky; and the truth

of Bennie's statement on the fatal night when he said that "Eventually we would be united—why not break with Dicky THEN?"

MEEKLY—EAGERLY—WORSHIPINGLY—I DID AS BENNIE DESIRED! (All of which must have greatly amused the male!)
OH, VINDICTIVE, CLEVER MALE!
CALCULATINGLY CRUEL AND POLISHED PRINCE!
MARVELOUSLY PASSIONATE, LOVABLE CREATURE!
WITH PERFECT CONTROL! (All but once, with Susan.)
STEEPED WITH ENVIABLE CALM!
MYSTERIOUSLY RETALIATIVE!
SECRETLY—BITTERLY—CRUELLY SARDONIC!
ENTICINGLY and MAGNETICALLY LOVING!
ADORABLY DIFFERENT!
SUPERB PHYSICAL SPECIMEN!
VOICE LIKE A MELLOW CELLO!
ONCE UPON A TIME MY BENNIE!
BENJAMIN KENESAW ARNOLD, GENTLEMAN!

OH, THE HOT **MORTIFICATION** OF IT ALL!

Had confessed to Allen and Prudence how happy I would be when Bennie returned to the States. Oh, yes, indeed! MIGHTY HAPPY!
Prudence and Allen rejoiced with me!
How we giggled, hoped, and planned!

About the time Bennie had RECEIVED ALL OF MY SAPPY, FLOPPY, LIMP CONFIDENCES, and I HAD PROVEN A PERFECT DUPE OF A PLAYTHING, I received the engraved announcement of his MARRIAGE, IN PARIS, to

SUSAN PRESTON KELLOGG!

AT LAST SHE GOT HIM!

AT LAST SHE GOT HIM! . . . . . .

Only too well, I, Nan, can recall the night when I unforgivingly, retaliatively, intolerantly and spitefully HANDED HIM OVER TO SUSAN!

THEN AND THERE I, FOREVER, MUTILATED ANY HAPPINESS WITH BENNIE! LITTLE MISS FIX-IT!

I WOULD NOT FORGET!

I WOULD NOT FORGIVE!

NOT THEN!

N O T T H E N !

MY IRISH LOVER, MY VINDICTIVE ADORER, MY CALM BENNIE waited a long, painfully long time to pay me in my own coin WITH COMPOUND INTEREST!

I'm not so certain whether SUSAN is a persistent old cat, or BENNIE is an unforgiving, sardonic heathen!

But they ARE married!

AND TO EACH OTHER!

BENJAMIN and **SUSAN ARNOLD!**

SOUND FUNNY?
QUITE FUNNY!

I'm thankful the air is refreshing and bracing, and that I, Nan, can imbibe rejuvenatingly and deeply!

AFTER ALL, I'M WHAT THEY CALL "COMPARATIVELY YOUNG!"

* * * * * * * *

Another Year.

HOW THE MONTHS DO PASS!

I'm no longer a B. B. (Brilliant Bud) or a G. S. (Great Sport).

Have TAMED down until the memory of former days rather SHOCKS me.

Yet I, Nan, always kept within range—thank the Lord!

* * * * * * * *

Have loved many times, or THOUGHT I WAS IN LOVE. (That was a characteristic of mine!)

Have loved and discarded; loved and lost; loved again and lost; and lastly, I've tried MY final gamble in the serious game of MATRIMONY!

I, TOO, AM MOST HAPPILY MARRIED!

As I wrote, I'm no longer a bird of gay plumage or a devil-may-care flapper.

Neither is WHITNEY HARRIMAN a CUB of silly notions or irresponsible actions.

WE TWO ARE UNITED—TO EACH OTHER!

WHITNEY HARRIMAN and NAN LIVINGSTONE!

How rapidly the years pass and the world moves!

LIFE IS JUST OPEN TO US!

HAPPINESS IS OURS!

THE BLUEBIRD IS SINGING!

THE RAINBOW LOOKS PROMISING!

Whitney represents his father's extensive interests in Chicago. We have a private car called the "Nanett;" an "apotment" here! and a home with my wealthy father-in-law in New York.

I'M WHITNEY'S ADORED WIFE, AND THE MOTHER OF A BEAUTIFUL BABY GIRL NAMED: "PRUDENCE PATRICIA HARRIMAN!"

SURPRISED?

I'm Whitney's Adored Wife, and the Mother of a Beautiful Baby Girl Named: "Prudence Patricia Harriman"!

Grandpa Harriman is radiant over the baby, and perfectly lovely to me.

Daddy "GRANDPA ARNOLD," and youthful "GRANDMA ARNOLD" are two perfect dears about Whitney and the baby. They love them both unselfishly.

They seldom mention Bennie.

Allen has rather encouraged Bennie's decision to live abroad with Susan, and give his attention to his special hobbies—ART, and assisting poor students.

Bennie's investments have made him independently wealthy.

Isn't it splendid how perfectly everything has adjusted itself? And every one seems so happily and peacefully satisfied!

Secretly, I never see a well-built traffic-policeman that I don't think of the days long past recall, and the queer combination of society-bachelor and traffic-cop.

I admire ruddy, manly-looking traffic-policemen. Some of them are likable and fine.

Diary, do you recall the DANE detective? He was a massive, handsome, blonde brute! And did we flirt? Yes, most shamelessly.

WELL—HE WAS A HANDY DOO-BUNK!

He had unusually polished manners; and Bennie was a bit flustrated when the Dane and I danced together—perhaps jealous. Hope he was, to confess the truth.

Could that Dane PET? He could almost usher his partner to a state of sweet Coma. That I DO know!

MOST firemen and policemen are lovable and brave. That is, SOME SWEET, GOOD WOMAN THINKS SO!

ANOTHER DAY

BUDDY is married to REENE, and they have an apartment near us.

Reene is sweet as ever, but greatly depressed because the family physician told her she could never have children. My little "Prudence Patricia," and mother's "Benjamin II" are Reene's comforts. Some day she and Buddy intend to adopt a boy and a girl.

In the meanwhile, Buddy is deeply interested in buying and selling real estate, and has done very well, especially when we recall his care-free youth.

Allen has been a great incentive to Buddy, and has proven the same to all of us.

Reene is patient, loving and encouraging. Buddy's work is her work. His hopes are her hopes. They are perfectly mated. Best of all, Buddy loves her devotedly and LOYALLY—A WOMAN'S ALL!

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Arrived at a vital conclusion:

A DIARY, for a married woman, is a more or less dangerous article to have about the house—REVEALS TOO MUCH!

I've decided to slip mine into an old brief-case that my own Daddy used to carry, going to and from the bank, when we lived in T., Virginia. The brief-case I'm going to tuck away in the packing trunk which contains the Bournique and Livingstone silver.

Perhaps my grandchildren may take a peek at these pages, read some of their "granny's" ADVENTURES AND SECRETS and have a good thrill over the SMOLDERING FLAMES of my flapperhood days.

If each generation becomes a little bit more sophisticated than the prevous generation, this Diary may read rather TAME.

If, on the other hand, the pendulum swings the other way, and generations hence become more conservative than we now boast of being, my grandchildren may feel that MY DEAD BONES ARE BETTER THAN MY ESCAPADES.

Any way it happens, I, NAN LIVINGSTONE HARRIMAN, won't know much about it, so it worrieth me not!

By that time traffic-policemen will be unknown.

Everything will be done by electricity.

Motor cars will look like funny oxcarts do now.

Subways will be as ancient as the Celts.

Graveyards will be discarded for the crematory.

We will travel in the air, and talk over wireless 'phones to any country.

Radio, as it is now, will be the infant of something infinitely superior. We may talk to the planets—who knows!

A tango, waltz, hesitation, or fox-trot will be lost in the maze of up-to-date contortions with newer handles.

Short skirts on old ladies, and spiffy garters on the rolled stockings of sweet mamas and flappers will be relegated with the now ancient hoop skirts and bustle.

Bobbed hair, marcels, painted lips and roughed cheeks on PERFECT GENTLEWOMEN will then be an enigma too much of a mystery to solve.

Hair adornment and head styles will be just as unique as they are during this generation—but different.

They may wear shredded wheat for skirts by then; or long, clinging velvets which trail the dust; but whatever changes take place, **THIS** PROGRESSIVE, and AGGRESSIVE, MODERN GENERATION will be a WAY BACK NUMBER.

VERY UP-TO-DATE TODAY!
ANCIENT HISTORY TOMORROW!

Counting the average number of years between now and the possible time for grandchildren, it isn't so awfully far in the future, after all! I shiver!

TEMPUS FUGIT! YES, TEMPUS FUGIT!

WHAT A SUPER-AGE IS THIS!

It has been a rare privilege to LIVE during the great discoveries of my time!

EVERY DAY something new, more efficient, more marvelous is being INVENTED, DISCOVERED AND USED.

I WILL LIVE TO SEE MUCH MORE!

It seems almost impossible that much more could be invented or discovered, but there WILL BE, and PLENTY!

If two, or even three, generations hence means being two or three times as efficient, stupendous, and mervelous as THIS generation has already proven, what a GLORIOUS AGE THAT WILL BE! BEYOND COMPREHENSION!

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It would be a shame not to mention that Siggy Betooson Larson and Murphy Kenna are married and are the proud parents of TWINS—two fine, sturdy boys, possessing more of the Irish features than Scandinavian. They named one

little cherub MURPHY KENNA, III, and the other PATRICK HENRY KENNA.

Dear old Seena Betooson Larsen wanted either BETOOSON or LARSEN to figure as a name for one of the twins; but Murphy insisted his infants were "sturdy, classical Micks;" and to wait for girls to arrive before adding the Norske names.

Siggy makes an ideal mother, and watches the two nurses with a jealous eye.

Murphy Kenna, I, is about the happiest grandfather in Chicago, and has already planned that one grandson must be a lawyer-POLITICIAN, and the other must be a lawyer-BANKER. BOTH must KNOW law, but devote their lives to the other two vocations.

(Funny how grandparents and parents map out futures for their infants, and then said infants do about as they please.)

Siggy insists that one baby boy has every indication of being a CHIMNEY-SWEEP, and the other a STREET-VENDER forever crying his wares.

That is the way of PROGNOSTICATIONS and INFANTS!

WHAT REVELATIONS,—EACH NEW GENERATION!

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Remember PEGGY, the minister's daughter, afraid of her PERFECT parents, and obliged to go up into the country to have her baby?

Do you recall JOHN ALDEN?

Well, John confided the entire tragedy to his own father and mother. Immediately after graduating from Columbia Law, it was announced by the senior Aldens here in Lake Forest, that several months before, John had been quietly married to a charming eastern girl of lovely family, who had died giving birth to a son. John had supposedly continued to reside with her family until this last summer, when he brought back the baby to the beautiful Alden home for his own parents to raise.

After all this had ben properly announced and absolutely BELIEVED, John Alden resumed his former ardent courtship of Peggy.

Everybody among the BUSYBODIES wondered IF Peggy would accept him AFTER HAVING BEEN TURNED DOWN FOR THE FIRST WIFE.

Prudence and I didn't wonder—we approved.

We KNEW John had NEVER been married before.

Faithful PEGGY knew it, too; and that John's tactful methods were the only protecting ones for the BABY and HER.

NOT A BREATH OF SCANDAL WAS UTTERED.

IT WAS ALL LOVELY and PERFECTLY CARRIED OUT.

One Sunday morning, during regular church services, JOHN and PEGGY rose, and met her father at the chancel rail, where they were quietly MARRIED. Prudence and Allen rose at the same time and joined the bride and groom, to be their only attendants.

Everybody in the church was pleasantly surprised and rather pleased at the culmination of a youthful romance, and just KNEW that PEGGY would make AN IDEAL STEP-MOTHER FOR JOHN'S WONDERFUL LITTLE SON.

MR. and MRS. JOHN ALDEN are now located in Oak Park, an attractive town just outside of Chicago. We see them frequently, and they are sublimely happy with their John Alden, Jr.

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ALLEN ARNOLD is thinking seriously of going into PRIVATE LAW practice, forming a partnership with JOHN ALDEN, who is making a brilliant record for one so young. They are very congenial, and Peggy and Prudence have proven unusually loyal friends.

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I am not one bit jealous of Peggy being a pal of Prudence. Have just MOVED OVER a little to make room for one more lovely woman, whose FRIENDSHIP IS TRULY WORTHWHILE.

The FLAMES thru which dear Peggy passed have burned into her consciousness a mercifulness and loving kindness which makes every one care for and crave her companionship.

Peggy is a great help to John, too, and HE IS PROUD OF HIS LITTLE FAMILY.

* * * * * * * *

One Sunday morning, during regular church services, JOHN and PEGGY rose and met her father at the chancel rail, where they were quietly married.

Later.

Diary, you should see my NEW as well as the INHERITED HARRIMAN FAMILY SILVER! All the gorgeous GOLD and SILVER PLATE which had been Whitney's father's and grandfather's was presented to US because of family tradition.

Also, father Harriman insisted on the purchase of a complete chest of MODERN STERLING, with all the EXTRA embellishments of GOLD, for either STATE or FAMILY SERVICE. So Whitney and I have both types from which to choose.

Think I like the FAMILY HEIRLOOMS better, tho my new appointments are very beautiful.

No bride could dream of anything more lovely than has been given to me by Whitney Harriman, Sr., including the family COAT-OF-ARMS, and the gorgeous linens, which greatly pleased Prudence.

Were I born the daughter of my father-in-law, he couldn't be more kind and generous to me.

His wife died several years ago, and he is trying to prove both father and mother, supplying every detail that he thinks she might have desired done or given.

HE IS A WONDERFUL MAN!

Of course, in my heart and life WHITNEY comes in a class all by himself—HE IS MY HUSBAND and THE FATHER OF MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

THINK OF NAN LIVINGSTONE HAVING A DAUGHTER!

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IN REVIEWING MY FLAPPER DAYS: Please don't think me too fickle. Men or boys made love to me according to their estimate of values; I let them; even encouraged it, for the thrill and experiences it gave me; all of which I analyzed fairly well FOR A GIRL OF MY AGE, who had inherited from BOTH sides of my family an INTENSE and ACTIVE NATURE, difficult to curb, and filled with MORE than my share of IMPULSIVENESS.

I always liked the opposite sex; and particularly I LIKED LOVE!

LOVED TO BE LOVED—ALWAYS!

As much as formerly, I LOVE TO BE LOVED!

My admirers gave me an EXCITING, COMPARATIVE, and MERRY YOUTH! They made life SEEM ONE PERPETUAL HOLIDAY!

It was a THRILLING PANORAMA, and I'm grateful to Prudence that, regardless of SET-JAWED GOSSIPS, like Inez and her mother, **I HAD MY YOUTH** and **WAS BELIEVED IN AND TRUSTED BY MY MOTHER!**

It may have been TRUST BY DIPLOMACY, but I was NEVER the wiser, and, THANK GOD, IT WORKED!

When I DID RACE a little bit, PRUDENCE NEVER PICKED ON ME or told me I'd go to the ETERNAL BOW-WOWS. She never moaned, tore her hair, or wrung her hands.

SHE SUBSTITUTED LOVE FOR HYSTERIA!

PRUDENCE JUST TENDERLY UNDERSTOOD!

She was vastly MORE than merely a MOTHER—she was a moral PAL, and NOT a picky MORALIZER!

Too-precise youth NEVER made priceless UNDERSTANDING MOTHERS AND FATHERS!

CONSTANT SUSPICION on the part of parents, and FEAR in the hearts of children, MAKE a deceitful palship between both!

Fortune (or misfortune) has played some peculiar tricks on me, and many sudden changes.

No spider ever wove a more intricate web than caught me as I matured thru the restless days of nervous energy and flapperhood, to real womanhood.

I am wondering if the good DOWAGER would like me any better now? Once I had a resentment-complex against her, and called her a sour grape!

During that period MY OWN opinions were more or less single track. Like most girls, I THOUGHT I had the system down PAT.

Youth RESENTS not being able to explode EMPTY THEORIES, and make itself HEARD.

Wish the DOWAGER really knew the depth of my heart NOW!

Wish the DOWAGER could SHARE this CHARM, domestic PEACE, and LOVE all about me!

Wish the DOWAGER knew that from the cub, WHITNEY became a well-grounded MAN who never TWITS, never becomes SARCASTIC or SARDONIC, is NOT EGOTISTICALLY SENSITIVE, and not in the least vindictive, but IS a PAL, a LOVER, a HELPER, and truly TRIES to be JUST and UNDERSTANDING.

Wish the DOWAGER knew that, from the flapper, NAN developed into a GRATEFUL WOMAN whose GREATEST DESIRE is to be ON THE LEVEL.

Wish every woman could experience the MOTHER-JOY and PRICELESS LOVE of a little "PRUDENCE PATRICIA!"

How glad I am SOCIETY may SEE and KNOW that NAN LIVINGSTONE fortunately GREW UP SWEET and CLEAN, EVEN WHEN, IN HER YOUTH, SHE APPEARED LIKE A MADCAP!

It's a satisfaction to know that REAL MOTHERS are WISE, and DON'T make LIARS out of their children concerning matters which WILL BE EXPERIENCED by ALL LIVE-WIRE, GROWING, HUMAN ANIMALS!

I am glad MOTHERHOOD came to me!

If I can be TO MY "PRUDENCE PATRICIA" half as understanding as "GRANDMA PRUDENCE" was TO ME, I'll be accomplishing MUCH! Very, VERY MUCH!

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In the first part of my DIARY, SLANG was certainly prevalent.

Some of it was "PAT"—some of it EMPTY—and a tiny bit will merrily pass along for a generation or two, being PERT and NATURAL.

NEVER will I "bawth" or "apotment" so affectedly but that the honest, "peppy" phrases of the day will serve as part of my vocabulary.

The LIVINGSTONES were solid, fine, human folk. The BOURNIQUES saved the family from being "ordinarily nice."

"PRUDENCE PATRICIA" and "WHITNEY" ARE MY LIFE!

THE WORLD IS A WONDERFUL PLACE!

I am young, and it's GLORIOUS TO LIVE!

Life, NOW, is far more interesting than in my FLAPPER days, when to GO, to DANCE, to MOTOR, to DRESS, to DINE, to SMOKE, to WINE, to DARE many things, and to TRY many things ONCE—WAS MY WHOLE EXISTENCE.

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From the beginning of our serious courtship, WHITNEY called me "PRECIOUS!"

Since the baby came, he has called me "PRECIOUS LITTLE MUMZEY!"

DIARY, do you recall it was during my birthday party, at the CASTELMO ULTRA, where and when I first met WHITNEY? I was seventeen that happy day.

I liked him then MIGHTY WELL—but the great love came with association and confidence.

WHITNEY IS ALL MAN!

CLEAN CUT MAN!

HE IS MY MAN!

MY LOYAL MAN!

That tall, handsome, blonde giant just remains lovingly PUT!

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The hall chimes are melodiously sounding the hour of six! SNAP OUT OF IT, NAN!

Soon WHITNEY will return to dinner, and YOU want to look as nearly like your former flapper-self as possible.

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A few weeks ago ALLEN told me that last spring, while playing a game of Polo, BENNIE was injured for life, and is probably now a hopeless invalid. Recently he has been able to go about in a WHEEL CHAIR. If his recovery is half-way successful, BENNIE and SUSAN will venture a trip back to the States next summer. He seems to feel he just must see Chicago once more.

WHITNEY and I are going to offer them our apartment to use while they are here, as we expect to take PATRICIA and spend a few months in SWITZERLAND JUST ABOUT THAT TIME.

It will seem queer to OFFER SUSAN ANYTHING; but she was certainly generously GOOD when she gave me the opportunity of becoming THE MUCH LOVED WIFE OF WHITNEY HARRIMAN.

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My DIARY, revealing LIFE'S SMOLDERING FLAMES—'TIS ALMOST FINISHED!

In glancing thru the pages, often I've laughed aloud—sometimes I've sighed!

Don't know whether I should have hanged SEQUENCE, or SEQUENCE hanged ME. At any rate, impulsive, flapping NAN WAS A CHRONIC RAMBLER.

There were NUMEROUS BLESSINGS in disguise that, at the time, appeared like bitter CROSSES!

Even NOW I feel sorry over some of the DEFEATS saucy NAN experienced. They were very REAL and TRAGIC for her.

DISAPPOINTMENTS often seem BIG SORROWS to the flexible heart of a little FLAPPER!

I, NAN LIVINGSTONE HARRIMAN, KNOW THAT YOUTH DOES REQUIRE YOUTH; and I AM HAPPY!

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IMPORTANT NEWS!
PRUDENCE PATRICIA has just cut her first little tooth!
That IS thrilling—to parents!
ALSO: We snapped a picture of Benjamin II when HIS first tooth came thru, and sent it to his uncle in Europe.

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Forgot to mention that CURTISS GILLETT committed suicide during one of his regular SPREES.
Dear ANN is now the HAPPY WIFE of INSULL ADAMS. They frequently spend the evening, informally, with the ALLEN ARNOLDS.

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Last Entry.

FINALLY:
DEAR DIARY!
BRIEF CASE!
PACKING TRUNK!
PERHAPS A SIGH!
THIS IS THE HOUR TO PLACE YOU AWAY FOR ALWAYS!
"ALWAYS" is a long, long time!

Just now I heard WHITNEY in the lower hall.
WHITNEY—MY LOYAL ONE

PRUDENCE PATRICIA is cooing like a dove, and about to be carried to the nursery.

WHAT A SATISFYING ENDING TO MY DIARY!

TAPS!

DEAR DIARY! BRIEF CASE! PACKING TRUNK! PERHAPS A SIGH! THIS IS THE HOUR TO PLACE YOU AWAY FOR ALWAYS! JUST NOW I HEARD WHITNEY IN THE LOWER HALL!

FINIS

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